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GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

From a Painting by Mr. West in the Poſſeſſion of the Bishop of Briſtol.

Peter Dale

THE

WORKS

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON;

Formerly printed ſeparately, and now collected together:

With ſome other PIECES, never before printed.

Publiſhed by GEORGE EDWARD AYSCOUGH, Eſq.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS LORD LYTTELTON,

BARON OF FRANKLEY, &c.

My Lord,

IT is to your goodneſs, and to that friendſhip with which you have long honoured me, that I owe ſeveral of the following papers, the works of your late excellent father, and my much reſpected uncle; and I now take the liberty in this public manner to make you my moſt grateful acknowledgements.

When your lordſhip was ſo kind as to beſtow on me ſeveral of the new pieces, you were pleaſed to leave it to my diſcretion to ſelect thoſe which I thought moſt proper for publication. I have therefore ventured, on my own feeble judgement, to

give the greater part of them to the world, for the following reaſons:

Firſt, Becauſe I eſteem it an injury done to this country, and to the many admirers of your noble father, to keep papers written by his lordſhip, and preſerved by him at any period of his life, locked up in private cabinets.

Secondly, Becauſe almoſt every line of theſe tracts conveys the moſt uſeful inſtructions and admonitions to mankind, and are calculated to aid the great cauſes of public and private virtue.

If it ſhould be aſked, Why I choſe to publiſh the juvenile letters of his lordſhip, written during his travels through France and Italy? Perhaps it would be ſufficient to anſwer, Becauſe they are replete with profitable and entertaining accounts of the political tranſactions of thoſe times, together with the moſt ſenſible and pertinent remarks on the ſtate of Europe at that period; but I ſhall further add, that I have ſtronger and more weighty reaſons for their publication, not only becauſe they are the produce of the beſt of *heads*, but becauſe they are effuſions from the beſt of *hearts*; and becauſe they are the early and wonderful proofs of his generoſity, piety, and above all his filial reverence; and may be juſtly deemed the firſt ebullitions of virtues, which, being afterwards matured by age and experience, extended their beneficent influence over mankind in general, and were more immediately felt by the inhabitants of this free country.

I muſt

I muſt now beg leave to aſſure your lordſhip, that it is my deſire that this work may not only give ſatisfaction to the public, but alſo be honoured with your lordſhip's particular approbation. I am proud to confeſs that I have ever had the higheſt veneration for your refined taſte, ſound judgement, and ripened abilities; and, at the ſame time, permit me to add my moſt ardent wiſhes that theſe great talents, which are certainly equal to thoſe your father poſſeſſed, may, like his, be exerted with indefatigable zeal in the ſervice of your country; and that, like him, your lordſhip may hereafter prove a ſhining ornament of the ſenate, and one of the firmeſt pillars of the conſtitution.—*Sed quid verbis opus eſt?* Your lordſhip has already foreſtalled my hopes; and my wiſhes, even at this early period, are nearly accompliſhed.

I remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Much obliged and

Moſt affectionate friend,

and

Obedient, humble ſervant,

GEORGE EDWARD AYSCOUGH.

CON-

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OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

LIFE

OF

CICERO.

Μεῖὰ μέντοι θεὺς κ᾽ ἀνθρώπων τὸ πᾶν γένος τὸ ἀεὶ ἐπιλιγόμενον αἰδεῖσθαι· οὐ γὰρ ἐν σκότῳ ὑμᾶς οἱ θεοὶ ἀποκρύπτουσι, ἀλλ᾽ ἐμφανῆ πᾶσιν ἀνάγκη ἀεὶ ζῆν τὰ ὑμέτερα ἔργα. ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝ.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

SIR,

THE honour I do myſelf of addreſſing theſe remarks to you, is a proof how confident I am in the partiality of your friendſhip; if they have any other claim to your regard, it is only from a ſpirit of liberty, which, where-ever it appears, is always ſure of your favour and protection. The ſubject of them, which is the Life of Cicero, muſt be doubly intereſting to you, as he was the moſt excellent Orator of all antiquity, and bore the moſt eminent character in the Roman Senate, while it remained free, and was worthy of that name.

I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect, and higheſt ſenſe of your favours to me,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient

humble Servant.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

LIFE OF CICERO.

AMONG all the celebrated characters in the Roman Hiſtory, there are none more worthy our attention, than thoſe great men who were at the head of the Republick when ſhe was arrived at her higheſt degree of power and glory, and, by a natural conſequence of exceſſive proſperity, was fallen into thoſe vices and corruptions, which ſoon after produced a change of government, and brought her into an infamous ſlavery. This revolution was either haſtened or delayed according as they who had the management of affairs were more or leſs infected with the general depravity; ſome there were who preſerved themſelves quite untainted; who gallantly ſtood in the breach, and ſtruggled hard for liberty. Such were Marcus Cato, Quintus Hortenſius, Quintus Catulus, and Marcus Brutus; whoſe virtues were the more valuable to their country, becauſe they were exerted at a juncture when ſhe found herſelf moſt in need of their aſſiſtance: with theſe Cicero has generally been placed, and if we may take his own word, Rome had not a more unſpotted patriot to boaſt of than himſelf: but I doubt, when we look ſtrictly into his conduct, we ſhall often find it very different from theirs who really deſerve that name; and it will appear, even from the teſtimony of his own letters, in which he ſpoke more naturally and with leſs vanity than he does in his orations, that his publick character was far from being perfect; that he acted upon many occaſions more like an ambitious orator than a philoſophical republican; that his virtues were blended with many weakneſſes and pernicious failings; and that, notwithſtanding his exalted notions of integrity, he ſometimes yielded to the corruption of the age, and ſacrificed the welfare of his country to his

private intereſts and paſſions. What makes him the leſs excuſable is, that none ever underſtood the rules of virtue or ſaw the beauty of it more than he: his writings are the nobleſt leſſons of publick honeſty, diſintereſtedneſs, and the love of liberty, that are to be found in all antiquity: and it is the excellent and almoſt divine ſpirit which appears in thoſe books, that has made the majority of readers conclude the author of them to have been in his own practice, what he takes ſo much pains to recommend, and inculcates with ſuch force of eloquence. And, to do him right, in many parts of his adminiſtration he was the patriot he deſcribes: the Commonwealth had great obligations to him; no leſs than its preſervation at one criſis: but there wanted a ſteadineſs and uniformity in his conduct, which alone could entitle him to the reputation he was ſo deſirous of obtaining, and that has been given him rather by the partiality of learned men, than from the ſuffrage of hiſtorical juſtice.

I ſhall endeavour, in the following obſervations, to ſet his actions in their proper light, and, without aggravating or ſoftening any thing, conſider them as they were directed to the advantage or prejudice of his country; in doing which, I ſhall dwell only upon ſuch circumſtances as are important to his character, paſſing by a great number of other facts which have no relation to my deſign.

The firſt cauſe of moment that he undertook was the defence of Roſcius Amerinus, in which he gained great honour by his oppoſition to Sylla, who was the proſecutor, and whoſe power had frightened every body elſe from appearing in his behalf: ſuch a ſpirit in a young man at his firſt entrance into publick buſineſs was admired by all the world, and ſeemed to promiſe ſomething very extraordinary: but though the danger of offending the tyrant could not deter him from pleading for Roſcius, yet he thought it not prudent to expoſe himſelf to his reſentment afterwards; but left Rome, and retired into Greece, under pretence of travelling for his health. He there applied himſelf to the ſtudy of eloquence; and having the advantage of the beſt maſters in the world, he made ſuch improvements in it, that when he came to the bar upon his return to Rome, he ſoon eclipſed all his competitors, even Hortenſius himſelf, who could not ſee without uneaſineſs the ſuperiority he was gaining over him, though they afterwards became very good friends: the conformity of their ſentiments upon publick buſineſs, and the intereſts of the Commonwealth, having united them notwithſtanding their emulation. This great ability in ſpeaking could not fail to raiſe him very high

high in a government where every thing was disposed of by the favour of the people; and for the first proof of their good-will towards him, he was sent to Sicily in the office of quæstor, where he behaved himself with so much justice, integrity, and moderation, that his reputation as a magistrate was not inferior to that which he had obtained before as an orator. To ingratiate himself still further with the Sicilians, he engaged in the prosecution of Verres, who, during his prætorship in their island, had drawn upon himself an universal hatred by his rapaciousness, insolence, and other crimes, which were too often committed with impunity by the Roman governours: and Verres himself, infamous as he was, did not want the countenance and protection of some of the most considerable men in Rome, who endeavoured to shelter him from justice for a reason obvious enough, because they were unwilling any enquiry should be made into offences of that publick nature, in the guilt of which so many of their friends, and perhaps they themselves, were too much involved. But the eloquence and credit of Cicero condemned Verres in spite of their opposition; and the Sicilians were so pleased with the service he had done them upon that occasion, that they put themselves wholly under his protection, and continued their esteem and affection to the end of his life.

Soon after his success in this affair, which recommended him extreamly to the Roman people, who were always glad to see magistrates prosecuted for mal-administration, he was made edile; and having gone through that office with a deserved applause, he was unanimously chosen prætor. As that dignity was the second in the Commonwealth, the possession of it inspired him with higher thoughts and more aspiring hopes than he had entertained before: he then began to take such measures as he judged most likely to contribute to his advancement: and as Pompey was more capable than any body of assisting him in that design, he fought all means of gaining him to his interests; and with that view pronounced his famous oration *pro Lege Manilia*, in which he entirely forsook his former character of a lover of his country, and became a principal instrument of illegal and arbitrary power. As the part that Cicero acted in this affair deserves a very particular consideration, I shall set it in as full a light as possible; the more, because Plutarch takes no notice of it, which it is not very easy to account for, considering his usual impartiality.

The extravagant affection of the people, in committing to Pompey the command of the war against the pirates, had

vested him with so exorbitant a power, that it utterly destroyed the equality essential to a Commonwealth. His commission gave him an absolute authority over the whole length of the Mediterranean as far as Hercules's pillars, and along all the coasts of it to the distance of fifty miles from the sea; he was impowered to take what money he thought fit out of the publick treasury without accounting for it, and to raise as many soldiers and mariners as he judged convenient. Besides this, he had a liberty of chusing out of the body of the senate, fifteen persons to serve him as lieutenants, to whom he assigned their provinces at his own discretion. In vain did the consuls, with most of the senators, oppose this prodigious authority, so contrary to the maxims of their government: their resistance served only to inflame the people, and occasioned them to add to their decree, that Pompey should have power to fit out five hundred sail of ships, to raise an army of an hundred and twenty six thousand men, and that he should have twenty four senators and two quæstors to obey his orders.

With this force he soon reduced the pirates; and his victory was hardly known at Rome, when Manilius, one of the tribunes of the people, to gratify his insatiable ambition, proposed the giving him the government of Lucullus and the command of that general's army then carrying on the war with Mithridates, and that he should still retain the whole extent of that authority which had been granted him by the former decree, though the reasons for which it had been given were entirely ceased. This was nothing less than delivering to him all the forces both by sea and land, and making him absolute master of the Roman empire: what rendered the favourers of this decree more inexcusable was, that they had not the least pretence of publick necessity to justify the proposing it, as they seemed to have had in the commission they gave him against the pirates, who were at that time very formidable enemies: but Lucullus, who commanded in Asia, had overcome Mithridates in several battles, and was as capable of finishing the war as he whom they appointed to be his successor. Such an excessive power entrusted to one man, where there was so little occasion for it, appeared to the senate an utter subversion of the constitution; but such was their fear of Pompey, whose greatness was become no less terrible than that of Sylla, that, except Quintus Catulus and Hortensius, none durst contradict the passing of it. These two great men, one of which was beyond dispute the second orator in Rome, spoke with much warmth and force against

the

the decree, endeavouring to perſuade the people of the unreaſonableneſs and danger of it; and perhaps they would have made ſome impreſſion, if Pompey's faction, apprehending the effect their orations might have produced, had not ſet up an abler ſpeaker than either of them to harangue on their ſide of the queſtion. Cicero mounted the *roſtrum*, and with an eloquence worthy of a better cauſe, moſt artfully reflected on Lucullus, whoſe reputation, as well as his authority, was to be made a ſacrifice to the envy of Pompey; then he proceeded to deſcant upon Pompey's character, which he ſet off with all the ornaments of rhetorick, attributing to him the whole ſucceſs not only of the African, Spaniſh, and Piratick wars, but even of that againſt the ſlaves, the honour of which was ſolely due to Craſſus. Thus by cruelly injuring two of the greateſt generals that were then in the Commonwealth, by a moſt ſervile flattery of the man who was manifeſtly overturning all its liberties, he brought the people to conſent to the Manilian Law, which, had a regard to the intereſt of his country been his conſtant principle, he ought to have oppoſed as violently as he did afterwards the Agrarian, or any other attempt againſt the ſafety and freedom of the ſtate. It is certain that theſe extraordinary honours conferred on Pompey, as they broke the balance of the Republick, ſo they irritated the ambition of Cæſar, and afterwards furniſhed him with a pretence of demanding as great a power for himſelf, and ſeizing it by force when it was refuſed.

I come now to ſpeak of his conſulſhip, which really deſerves all the praiſes that not only the Greek and Roman hiſtorians have beſtowed upon it, but even thoſe which he himſelf is ſo laviſh of whenever he has an opportunity to mention it. His oppoſition to the law propoſed by Rullus, which was preſented to the people in a form they were always eaſy to be caught with, was a matter of the moſt delicate nature; and nothing leſs than his conſummate addreſs in the managing thoſe aſſemblies, could poſſibly have hindered its being carried by the artful contrivers of it: but by ſhewing the people that under the notion of a popular decree they were really ſetting up a private tyranny, from which no advantage could ariſe to the poor, for whoſe ſake alone this law was pretended to be formed, but the revenues of the publick would be diſſipated and its liberty deſtroyed; he ſtopped the execution of their deſigns, and ſaved the Commonwealth from the yoke which was juſt ready to be impoſed upon it. I believe no affair was ever managed with greater prudence, nor ever ſo much ſkill exerted in any oration as in thoſe he made upon this occaſion,

which

which are certainly master-pieces in their kind, though others of a more pompous stile are generally more admired. His conduct in Catiline's conspiracy is too well known to be repeated here: the vigilance, firmness, and activity, with which he discovered and prevented that design, can never be too much extolled; nor could any thing have depreciated the services he then did his country, but his being so sensible of them himself. As to the charge brought against him by his enemies of having violated the Porcian law, by putting to death the chief of the conspirators without allowing them a trial, he was abundantly justified in so doing by the urgent necessity of affairs, and by the order of the senate, *That he should take care the Republick might receive no detriment.* This commission vested him with something like a dictatorial power, and the extream danger of the Commonwealth required it; for the least delay would have been fatal. But as the people were always jealous of any stretch of authority in the senate, they were more easily wrought upon to take umbrage at this extraordinary act, which Cicero himself calls in one of his letters *Invidiosa Potentia.* — After the expiration of his consulship all mens eyes were turned upon him, as one who they hoped would continue to be the chief support of those that were affectionate to the Commonwealth. What engagements he then entered into, what friendship he cultivated, what policy he observed, demands a very strict examination, though this period of his life, from the death of Catiline to his banishment by Clodius, has been passed lightly over by historians; and therefore many parts of it are only to be collected from his private letters, in which he gives a very particular account of every step he took, and of the many changes both in his sentiments and behaviour that happened during that remarkable interval. We shall find him sometimes devoted to Pompey, sometimes at variance with him; sometimes imploring his protection, sometimes despising his power; now resolved to stand or fall with the Commonwealth, now making his terms with its tyrants; almost always reasoning differently, and yet frequently reasoning better than he could prevail upon himself to act. When he was to make an oration to the people upon quitting the consulship, the secret enemies of his administration declared themselves, and Cæsar who was one of the prætors, together with Metullus and Bestia, two tribunes, would not suffer him to give an account of his conduct as was always usual, but commanded him to abjure his office, and leave the rostrum. This they grounded upon

upon his having put to death some Roman citizens without a legal trial; and they thought it would be a great mortification to Cicero's vanity, to deprive him of so fair an opportunity of making his own panegyrick: but the readiness of his wit found a way to disappoint their malice; for he took the oath in a new-invented form, and instead of swearing that he had acted nothing contrary to the interests of the republick, he swore that he had saved the city and the whole state from ruin. As extraordinary as this oath was, all the people took it after him in the same words, and the affront that his enemies would have done him fell entirely upon themselves. The next day he complained of them in the senate, and prevailed upon that order to pass a decree, *That no prosecution should be brought against him for what he had executed by virtue of the power which they had given him.* This drove the cabal against him to propose a law for the calling home Pompey with the army under his command, to secure the liberties of the people against the pretended tyranny of Cicero: but by the invincible opposition of Cato this project failed. However, it made such an impression upon the mind of Cicero, that he resolved to neglect no methods of binding Pompey more strongly to his interests, who had already very great obligations to him, as has been shewn before. Accordingly, when that general was preparing to return to Rome, he wrote to him: and having complained of his want of friendship, in not congratulating him upon what he had done during his absence for the service of the state; he compares Pompey to the younger Scipio, and himself to Lelius, desiring that their union might be as strict as was the famous one between those two great men. This produced an appearance of amity towards him, but he himself suspected it not to be sincere, as is evident from his 13th epistle to Atticus, in which he says of Pompey, That indeed he made great professions of esteem and consideration for him, and affected openly to support and praise him; but it was easy enough to see he envied him, though he endeavoured to conceal it. Cicero's vanity makes him call that envy, which was really ill-will, for Pompey could not be a friend to any body that had declared himself in the interests of the Republic. The character that Cicero gives of him in the same letter, is very different from that of Scipio, to whom he had compared him a little before: his words are, speaking of his conduct, *Nihil come, nihil simplex, nihil ἐν τοῖς πολιτικοῖς honestum, nihil illustre, nihil forte, nihil liberum.* And again, in the 20th of the same book, *Is vir nihil habet amplum, nihil excelsum, nihil non summissum & populare.*

Would

Would one believe, that the hero of the fine oration *pro lege Manilia*, and the Pompey thus deſcribed, was the ſame man? Had he nothing great? nothing elevated? nothing but what was mean and vulgar? was there neither dignity, nor ſpirit, nor freedom, nor candour, nor honeſty, nor good-nature in his whole behaviour? But to this perſon, ſuch as he is here repreſented, Cicero earneſtly laboured to recommend himſelf: and he had ſoon after more need than ever of his protection in the famous quarrel with Clodius, which he entered into more to ſatisfy the ill humour of his wife Terentia, who was jealous of an intrigue between him and Clodia, than out of any regard to the ceremonies of the *Bona Dea*. Had he known the parts and capacity of Clodius as well as he did afterwards when he came to feel them, in all probability he would not have expoſed himſelf to the enmity of a man ſo able to do him miſchief, and with whom he had always lived before in a degree of friendſhip. But beſides that he thought his ruin infallible from the evidence he brought againſt him, the perpetual riot and debauchery in which he paſſed his time, made him apprehend no great conſequences from his reſentment: but he was ſoon convinced, that a turn to pleaſure does not always render thoſe that follow it unfit for buſineſs, eſpecially when they are excited to action by any violent paſſion. Clodius found means to corrupt his judges, and was no ſooner acquitted but he turned all his thoughts to the purſuit of his revenge upon Cicero, and kept him in continual alarms till he got an opportunity of compaſſing it, which obliged him to court Pompey more and more, though ſuch a conduct was extreamly inconſiſtent with his principles of liberty. As much diſtruſt as he had expreſſed of that great man's friendſhip in the letter to Atticus I mentioned firſt, he now deceived himſelf into an entire dependance on it, and moſt of his letters were filled with boaſts of his good policy in ſecuring ſuch a powerful protector againſt Clodius and all his faction. How little foundation he had for ſo much confidence, will appear by the ſequel of that affair. In the mean time there was a buſineſs brought before the ſenate, which, as it very much affected one of the main points of Cicero's policy, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of. It had always been his favourite ſyſtem, through the whole courſe of his adminiſtration, to ſtrengthen the power of the ſenate, by a cloſe union with the equeſtrian order, they making a very conſiderable body, and carrying a great weight along with them to which ever ſide they inclined. He ſucceeded ſo well in this deſign, that during the conſpiracy of Catiline

they

they were a conſtant guard to the ſenate, and ready upon all occaſions to ſupport the reſolutions of that houſe. This was certainly a very important ſervice to the Commonwealth, and it was no ſmall honour to Cicero to have been the author of it *(a)*: but moſt of this order being employed in collecting the taxes of the Republic, or in farming of its revenues, there were grievous complaints made againſt them from all parts of the empire for the frequent abuſes of their office, in all which Cicero was forced to defend them contrary to truth and equity, for fear of alienating them from the ſenate. But ſoon after the affair of Clodius, Cato, who did not underſtand thoſe managements, accuſed the judges who abſolved him of corruption, many of which were Roman knights, and obtained a decree againſt them. This was reſented as an affront upon the whole body, and Cicero, to pacify them again, was obliged to ſpeak in the ſenate againſt the decree *(b)*. But a much worſe matter that followed ſhortly after involved him in new trouble upon their account. Many of them who had farmed the Aſian revenues of the cenſor, whoſe office it was to ſett them, had taken them at too high a price, out of emulation to go beyond the other bidders; and afterwards, repenting of their bargain, made a moſt impudent requeſt to the ſenate, that they might be diſcharged of ſo much of their rents as they thought would burthen them too much. It was impoſſible for Cato to be patient under ſuch a demand: he oppoſed it with all his might, and on the other ſide Cicero, who knew of what conſequence it was not to diſoblige the order, ſupported them no leſs vigorouſly: the diſpute between them laſted a good while, but at length Cato, who had juſtice and reaſon entirely on his ſide, got the better, and the petition was rejected. Experience ſoon ſhewed how much more uſeful it would have been for the Commonwealth to have followed Cicero's advice. The knights, exaſperated at the ſeverity of the ſenate, abandoned their party, and gave themſelves up to Cæſar, who knew very well how to turn this diviſion to his own advantage. It was the fault of Cato not to ſee that publick affairs are incapable of perfection, and that it is impoſſible to govern a ſtate without ſubmitting leſſer intereſts to greater: hence it was that with admirable intentions for the ſervice of his country, he ſometimes did a great deal of miſchief, for want of diſtinguiſhing between what was good in ſpeculation, and what in practice. This was ſeldom the caſe with Cicero: when he departed from

(*a*) L. II. Ep. i. (*b*) Ibid.

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the intereſts of the Republick, it was for the moſt part with his eyes open, and without the excuſe of error. During theſe wrangles between him and Cato, the triumvirate was ſecretly forming, and Cæſar, under the ſpecious pretence of reconciling Pompey and Craſſus, was working himſelf into a ſhare of power with them which he knew better than they did how to ſupport (*a*). Cicero perceived it, and takes notice to Atticus of his growing greatneſs. But as dangerous as this union was to the Commonwealth, he did not think fit to oppoſe it, or break with Pompey upon that account; though he makes the ſtrongeſt declarations of his reſolution not to abandon the good cauſe, but ever to maintain it at all events. It ſeems he flattered himſelf with an unaccountable chimæra of being able to govern them both, as he tells Atticus in the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book. And again, in the third of the ſame book, he informs his friend that Cæſar had aſſured him he would do nothing but by his advice; poſſibly Cæſar, being ſenſible of his foible, might have ſoothed his vanity in making him believe ſo; but it is much more likely, that his conduct was owing to other motives which are mentioned in that letter, viz. *Reditus in gratiam cum inimicis, pax cum multitudine, ſenectutis otium.* Thus he manifeſtly gave up the care of the Commonwealth to a precarious ſafety and ſhameful eaſe; but he could not help reproaching himſelf for it at the end of the letter, and acknowledging that this was acting very differently from the virtuous maxims of his conſulſhip, and very much beneath his reputation.

The fifth letter of the ſecond book is ſo extraordinary a confeſſion of his weakneſs, not to give it a worſe name, that I am ſurprized how it came to drop from him even to ſo intimate a friend as Atticus. He very ingenuouſly tells him, That if they whom he afterwards calls Tyrants, would have bribed him with the place of augur, they had it in their power to have gained him. *Quo quidem uno (Auguratu ſcil.) ego ab iſtis capi poſſum; vide levitatem meam.* But, being diſappointed in the object of his ambition, he reſolves, out of the abundance of his virtue, to retire from buſineſs, and philoſophize: accordingly he went into the country; and in the letters he wrote from thence, treats both Clodius and Pompey with great contempt, and even threatens the laſt with a publick recantation of all the fine things he had ſaid of him. While he was abſent, Pompey married Cæſar's daughter; upon which, Cicero, whoſe penetration ſaw all the conſequences

(*a*) L. II. Ep. i.

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of the fatal alliance, returned to Rome, and, joining with Curio and other oppoſers of Cæſar in the ſenate, endeavoured to obſtruct his deſigns, though without offending Pompey, with whom he ſtill kept up a ſhew of friendſhip. But the ſtorm which had hung over him ſo long now broke upon his head: Cæſar, to be revenged, aſſiſted Clodius, and got him to be choſen tribune of the people. No ſooner was he entered upon this office, but he openly menaced Cicero with a proſecution for the death of the conſpirators. This threw him into one of his uſual terrors; but Pompey flattered him with repeated aſſurances that he would not ſuffer Clodius to proceed: at firſt he gave credit to theſe promiſes; but finding that the deſign againſt him ſtill went on, he began to ſuſpect that he was betrayed. His affairs were in this diſagreeable poſture, when Cæſar, who deſired only to draw him off from giving him trouble at Rome, offered to carry him his lieutenant into Gaul, for which province he was ready to ſet out. Plutarch ſays he ſollicited it himſelf, but the letters to Atticus expreſsly affirm that the propoſal came from Cæſar. Be it how it will, there could nothing more advantageous have happened to Cicero at that time. The employment was very honourable, and would have effectually ſecured him from the malice and power of his enemies: being ſenſible of this himſelf, he was inclined to accept of it, and would have gone with Cæſar, if Clodius, perceiving that he was in danger of loſing his revenge, had not very artfully changed his conduct, and, by affecting to ſeem moderate and void of rancour, perſuaded people that he had laid aſide his reſentment, and was even diſpoſed to a reconciliation if ſought for. Cicero was weak enough to be duped by this behaviour, and refuſed the lieutenancy of Cæſar, who thereupon inſiſted with Pompey upon giving him up to the fury of Clodius, and declared in an aſſembly of the people, that he thought Cicero had acted illegally in putting to death the accomplices of Cataline. Clodius puſhed the affair ſo vigorouſly, that Cicero ſoon found he had undone himſelf in not making uſe of Cæſar's offer. He fell into a moſt unmanly dejection, changing his robe, and walking about the ſtreets in a ſordid habit, to move the compaſſion of the people, while Clodius inſulted and reviled him for his want of ſpirit. The ſenate indeed, and the whole equeſtrian order, gave him all the marks he could deſire of affection and concern; but the faction againſt him was the ſtronger: Craſſus was his enemy upon many accounts, Catulus was dead, Lucullus retired from buſineſs: Pompey was his only reſource and he ſtill counted upon ſome return for the many ſervices

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he had done him in the course of his administration. But it is the just punishment of those who make themselves the tools of other men's ambition, *That whenever the interests of those they serve may happen to demand it, they are sure to be sacrificed: for no very ambitious man was ever grateful any further than it was useful to him to be so.* This Cicero most cruelly experienced, when, going to Pompey to implore his protection, he, to avoid his importunities or reproaches, refused to see him. Upon this he utterly lost all hopes, and, abandoning himself to the most abject complaints, consulted with his friends what he should do to avoid the present danger. Most of them advised him to go voluntarily into banishment, as the only means to prevent a Civil War; which council he resolved to follow, as most conformable to his own genius and circumstances.

In how spiritless and effeminate a manner he behaved during his exile, is sufficiently known to all the world: the stain that is left upon his character was too great to be varnished over by all the glory of his triumphant return, which he chiefly owed to the imprudence of Clodius in quarreling with Pompey, though the vigorous proceeding of his friend Milo and the firmness of the senate were of no small service to him. As soon as he was re-established in his former dignities, he linked himself more closely than ever in friendship with Pompey, making his court to Cæsar at the same time, whom he found it was not safe for him to offend. This complaisance had the effect that he proposed from it; he obtained the place of augur which he desired so passionately, and not long after the government of Cilicia. His behaviour in the administration of this province would have done him a great deal of honour, if he could have been content with the reputation he had acquired of a wise and upright magistrate, without aiming at the glory of a soldier, to which he was far from having so good a title. Cato's answer to the letter, in which he solicits him to get a triumph decreed him by the senate, is a very handsome reproof of his vanity, and a more gentle one than one would have expected from the roughness of that great man's character. But notwithstanding all the pains he took to soften his denial, Cicero was grievously offended at it; which ill disposition of his, the enemies of Cato, particularly Cæsar, omitted no endeavours to confirm (*a*). Upon his return to Rome he found the Civil War just ready to break out between him and Pompey: this extreamly embarrassed him, for he was very desirous to be

(*a*) L. VII. Ep. i, ii.

upon

upon good terms with both, and both equally courted him to their party. At first he attempted to bring them to some agreement, but he soon found that design impracticable; for ambition, which had formerly made them friends, now made them enemies: then he laboured to dissuade Pompey in particular from hazarding a war, by representing to him the inequality of their forces, and that it was now too late to quarrel with the man whom he himself had made so strong: these arguments, just and reasonable as they were, had no effect upon Pompey, who was infatuated with a vain conceit of his own power, and a false confidence which betrayed him to his ruin. All his efforts towards preventing a rupture meeting with no success, Cicero found himself in the greatest perplexities for which of the two factions he should declare. On one side he saw a general without authority, troops without obedience, neglect of all necessary preparation, and a continual series of mistakes; on the other an active leader, a well-disciplined army, great courage, and admirable conduct: whichever got the better, the Commonwealth was almost equally sure of being enslaved. That this was the case, very plainly appears from many passages in his Epistles to Atticus, where he says, That let the success of the Civil War be what it would, the consequence of it would certainly be a tyrant. I shall only cite one, which is in the 7th letter of the 7th book, *Depugna, inquis, potius quam servias: ut quid? si victus eris, proscribare; si viceris, tamen servias.* The only difference was, That the tyranny of Pompey would be established upon the authority of the senate, and Cæsar chose rather to build his upon the favour of the people. Under these difficulties Cicero remained some time, in a most uneasy situation; at last he tells Atticus the conclusion of all his reasonings in the following words (*a*): *Quid ergo, inquis, acturus es? Idem quod pecudes quæ depulsæ sui generis sequuntur greges: ut bos armenta, ego bonos viros, aut eos qui dicuntur boni, sequar, etiam ruent.* He resolves to herd with his own kind; that is, to follow those who had the reputation of being the honest party, the majority of senators, and the men whose dignity was most eminent in the Commonwealth. But though he had taken this resolution, he delayed a good while to execute it, from the natural timidity of his temper. In the mean time, some of his friends that were in Cæsar's army, and Cæsar himself, were very earnest with him to stand neuter at least, if he could not join with them, which conduct they persuaded

(*a*) L. VII. Ep. vii.

him would be moſt for his honour, as well as infinitely for his advantage. But Pompey preſſed him to come immediately to his camp, and in ſuch a manner as let him ſee, that he reſented the uncertainty of his behaviour. This alarmed him, and he began to declare himſelf according to his firſt intention, though he every day ſaw more reaſon to apprehend the ill ſucceſs of their party. But what determined him at laſt was the ſeverity with which Pompey threatened to proceed againſt all who remained unactive and neuters in the quarrel; *Crudeliter minabitur otioſis* (*e*), ſays he in a letter to one of his friends. And in another to Atticus he tells him (*f*), that the leaſt he (Atticus) would ſuffer if Pompey ſhould be victorious, was a confiſcation of all his fortune; and that as many as continued in the ſame neutrality muſt expect to come off no better. He himſelf, therefore, upon the report of ſome diſadvantage Cæſar lay under in Spain (which, contrary to the expectation of his enemies, he ſoon ſurmounted), ſet ſail, and joined Pompey at his camp in Greece, who received him coldly, as knowing he came thither very much againſt his will. He endeavoured to revenge himſelf by bitter railleries upon the ill management of their affairs, and ſo derided the weakneſs of the party, that it drew from Pompey this ſevere reproof, *Puſs into Cæſar's camp, and then you will give over ridiculing us, and begin to fear us.* Cicero ſo far followed his advice, that he withdrew himſelf before the battle of Pharſalia, and immediately after that deciſive action made his peace with the conqueror. From that time to the death of Cæſar, he led a moſt inglorious and diſhonourable life, courting the uſurper, whom in his heart he hated, with the moſt abject and ſervile adulations, entirely forgetting the dignity of his former character, and not even hiding the diſgraceful circumſtances of his preſent ſituation by a prudent and modeſt retreat, but expoſing them to the eyes of the publick, and braving the cenſures of mankind. Yet in this unworthy and contemptible ſcene of action, which brought ſuch a cloud upon his reputation, one merit he ſtill preſerved, that in his flatteries to Cæſar he ſhewed a regard to the intereſts of his friends, and the ſafety of thoſe who had faithfully ſerved the Commonwealth. Such a conduct ſhews there were yet ſome ſparks of virtue remaining in him; and though it does not atone for the mean homage which he paid to the tyrant of his country, yet it certainly leſſons the guilt and takes off from

(*e*) Ad Familiares, L. IX. Ep. v. (*f*) Ad Varronem, L. XI. Ep. vi.

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the infamy of his crime. The conſpiracy againſt Cæſar, which was formed and executed without his participation, is a plain proof how low he was then fallen in the opinion of honeſt men; for who was ſo fit to have engaged in a deſign againſt the life of an uſurper, as the deſtroyer of Catiline and his accomplices? from whom could the Republick ſo properly expect her freedom, as from him who had before defended it in ſo imminent a danger? But they who eſpouſed that cauſe which he had deſerted, ſaw and knew that he had no longer ſpirit enough for ſo great an undertaking; and therefore they contented themſelves with requiring his approbation afterwards, which they were ſatisfied he would not refuſe them when the blow was ſtruck; and then indeed, as they expected he would do, he returned to the maxims of his former policy, and his character in ſome meaſure recovered its former luſtre. He entered into the intereſts of the conſpirators, and did them all the ſervice he was able, the particular inſtances of which it will not be neceſſary to mention here. But when he found that all was going again to wreck by the cabals of Antony and other friends of Cæſar, when Brutus and the other heads of the conſpiracy were obliged to yield to the violence of the conjuncture and abandon Italy, he too judged it prudent to retire, and took ſhipping to go into Greece; but, meeting with contrary winds, he was driven back once or twice to ſhore; by which delay, time was given to his friends in Rome to acquaint him with Antony's having made a decree, for the perpetual aboliſhment of the dictatorſhip, which Sylla and Cæſar had made ſo odious, and ſome other popular acts, that gave them hopes he would return to his duty, and no longer hinder the reſtoration of the Commonwealth. Being thus called back by, what he terms himſelf, the general voice of his country, and looking upon the accidents which had delayed his paſſage as miraculous declarations of the will of Providence to command his return, he made what haſte he could to Rome, where he was received by the whole city with uncommon honours. But the good opinion he had conceived of Antony did not laſt long: ſome harſh words he ſpoke in the ſenate concerning him, occaſioned a very ſharp reply, which Antony reſenting, loudly threatened him in his oration, and accuſed him as an accomplice of Cæſar's murder. Cicero from that moment kept no meaſures with him; but, arming himſelf with all the thunder of his eloquence, poured forth thoſe terrible invectives which compelled the ſenate to declare war upon Antony, and ſoon after drove him out of Italy. This was certainly a very great action, and one of the

ſhining parts of Cicero's life; but poſſibly he would have done the ſtate more ſervice, in the ſituation it then was, if his animoſity againſt Antony had been leſs violent, becauſe it precipitated the execution of thoſe deſigns which ended in the ruin of the Commonwealth; at leaſt this was the opinion of Brutus, as appears by ſeveral paſſages in his letters. But there is another part of his conduct, which it will be more difficult to know how to juſtify. I mean his committing the ſafety of the Republick to an ambitious boy, who, from the near relation he bore to Cæſar, could never be a proper perſon to defend it in conjunction with his father's murderers. At firſt indeed it might look like good policy, to make uſe of his credit among the friends and ſoldiers of Julius Cæſar, againſt the more formidable greatneſs of Mark Antony; but when he afterwards grew ſo powerful, it was a moſt inconſiderate and fatal miſtake to continue him any longer in employment, and put the laſt ſtake of liberty into the hands of one who had ſo great temptations to betray it. It ſeems Octavius, unexperienced as he was, had diſcovered the old man's weak ſide, and, by flattering and perſuading him that he would always act ſubſervient to his authority, had engaged him to that exceſſive confidence which his friends ſaw the danger of, though he did not. Brutus in particular, whoſe eyes were ever open to all that might affect the Commonwealth, made him ſtrong and frequent inſtances to have a care of ſetting up one tyrant while he was pulling down another: but when, without any regard to theſe remonſtrances, he carried his ſervility ſo far as even to ſupplicate Octavius for the lives of Brutus and the other conſpirators, that truly great and free-ſpirited Roman could not help venting his indignation againſt him in two letters, one to Atticus (*a*), and the other to Cicero himſelf, which are at the ſame time the nobleſt monuments of the heroick virtue of him that wrote them, and the moſt unanſwerable condemnations of that conduct which gave occaſion to them. And indeed he had too much reaſon to ſay, that Cicero acted as if he was not ſo ſolicitous about ſecuring the liberty of his country, as to chuſe a maſter who would be favourable to himſelf. But what moſt of all exaſperated Brutus was, that in the exceſs of his complaiſance for Octavius, he had even reflected upon Caſca, whoſe cauſe had been eſpouſed by him with ſo much warmth, and upon whoſe action he had beſtowed ſuch high encomiums, while he had freedom and courage to ſpeak his mind. Of this Brutus, whoſe reputation was ſtrongly

(*a*) Ep. xvi, xvii. ad Brutum.

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linked to that of Casca, most grievously complains to Atticus, and tells him with a noble contempt, that though he and his associates, in the generous design of delivering the whole world from slavery, did not boast so much of the *Ides of March* as Cicero of the *Nones of December* (*a*), yet their glory was not inferior to his, nor their characters less sacred. I must transcribe both the letters, if I were to repeat all the admirable reproofs which they contain of Cicero's baseness and indiscretion, in so meanly courting the enemy of the Commonwealth, and for having planted and supported a tyranny, whose roots were like to strike deeper, and grow more strongly, than that of Antony; which he valued himself upon having attempted to destroy. All that can be alledged in his excuse is, that he believed he should be able to deprive Octavius of the power he had given him, when the interest of the state should require it: there are some passages in the history of those times, which seem to favour this supposition, and even to assure us, that he intended doing it, when he was prevented by the sudden forming of the triumvirate. It is said that Pansa, who received a mortal wound at the battle of Modena, declared at his death, to the young Cæsar, that the senate only made use of him as an instrument of their vengeance upon Antony, and that they were determined to make him the next sacrifice to the jealousy of the republick. There was also an expression of Cicero reported to him, in which, by an equivocation easily understood, there was intimated a design to cut him off (*laudandum juvenem ornandum tollendum* (*b*) as soon as he had served their turn; upon which, he openly declared that he would take care to put it out of their power. If this was the case, it very much takes off from the ingratitude of Octavius, in consenting to the death of his benefactor, since such double dealing could hardly deserve the name of an obligation, let the effects of it be ever so advantageous. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think, that though his behaviour in regard to Cæsar was productive of infinite mischiefs, yet he meant well in it to the Commonwealth, and that the fault was rather of his judgment than his heart: but to whatever cause it is to be ascribed, he suffered death as a punishment for it, and fell himself the earliest victim to that tyranny his mismanagement had established (*c*). There was something mean in the circumstances that immediately preceded his murder;

(*a*) At which time Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Catiline.
(*b*) V. Epist. D. Bruto, lib. XL. ad Familiares, Ep. 20.
(*c*) See Plutarch.

but at the inſtant of death itſelf he behaved with dignity, and ſhewed a firmneſs not unworthy of a Roman.

In his private character he was very amiable, only ſometimes too much given to raillery, a fault which very witty men are ſeldom wiſe enough to ſhun. I cannot paſs ſo ſevere a cenſure as ſome have done upon his grief for the death of his daughter Tullia, whoſe extraordinary merit is a ſufficient anſwer to thoſe who reproach it with the name of weakneſs. Great minds are moſt ſenſible of ſuch loſſes; and the ſentiments of humanity and affection are uſually moſt tender, where, in every other reſpect, there is the greateſt ſtrength of reaſon.

I ſhall cloſe theſe obſervations with one remark upon the works of Cicero, that they are a ſtong proof how eſſential freedom is to the excellency of writing, particularly in the two moſt manly kinds of it, philoſophy and oratory; ſince, after the loſs of the Roman liberties, they were ſo far from ever being equalled, that all attempts which were made to imitate them, ſerved only to demonſtrate that the genius and learning of Rome were ſunk together with its conſtitution. Poetry indeed, and other parts of literature which are only proper for amuſement, may poſſibly flouriſh under the ſmiles of an arbitrary Prince; but force and ſolidity of reaſoning, or a ſublime and commanding eloquence, are inconſiſtent with ſlaviſh reſtraint, or timorous dependency.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ROMAN HISTORY.

From a Manuſcript of the late Lord LYTTLETON, communicated by WILLIAM HENRY LYTTLETON, Eſq.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ROMAN HISTORY.

IN the early part of my youth I wrote a little treatiſe, entitled *Obſervations on the Life of Cicero*, which went through two editions; the firſt coming out in the year 1731, the ſecond in the year 1741. During the laſt of theſe years Dr. Middleton alſo publiſhed his *Life of Cicero*, in the preface to which elegant and elaborate work he did me the honour to take ſome notice of mine, and expreſſed a wiſh that I would re-conſider the ſubject in a more extenſive view of that great man's whole conduct. Finding my mind diſengaged from other occupations, I now obey that call; and, upon examining the general ſtate of the times in which Cicero lived, I have made ſome reflections, which induce me to enlarge my firſt deſign, ſo as to take in the whole period from the firſt alteration of the Roman republick into an abſolute monarchy, by the ſhort uſurpation of Cornelius Sylla, to the final ſettlement of the *Imperial* power, another ſpecies of deſpotiſm, no leſs violently aſſumed, but more moderately exerciſed, and more artfully conſtituted, by Auguſtus Cæſar.

The means by which Sylla, after a dangerous conteſt, obtained an uncontrouled dominion over Rome, are ſo well ſet forth by Plutarch, that no comment upon them will be neceſſary here (*a*). I ſhall only take notice of a weighty obſervation, made by another hiſtorian, who wrote in thoſe times, viz. that the army, which, under the command of this conſul, expelled Caius Marius and all his party out of Rome, *was the firſt Roman army which ever had entered into that city in a hoſtile manner*. To this I will add, that Sylla was the firſt Roman general who ventured to reſiſt a decree of the people, how-

(*a*) V. Plut. Vit. Syll. & Mar. App. Alexandrin. de Bello Civili, L. i.

ever

ever ill procured, and to continue himself in the command of an army against their orders, by the aid and strength of that army. But it must be also observed, that although the dissentions preceding this event had not risen to the heighth of civil war, yet for some time before these legions drew their swords in their general's quarrel, the violent outrages of the tribune Sulpicius and his armed band of ruffians, which he called his Anti-senate, had, in effect, destroyed the legal government and liberty of the state. Nor was it only the fury of a popular faction which had produced these disorders. By the barbarous murder of Tiberius Gracchus the senate itself had set the example of such pernicious riots. The laws, which could not guard the sacred person of a tribune from the clubs of a mob brought against him by the nobles, became as unable to protect the nobles from the daggers of villains, banded together against them by seditious plebeians. And this anarchy soon constrained both parties to resort to a military force.

At the end of the civil war Sylla found himself master of the Roman Commonwealth. Had he then sheathed the sword, without doing any injury to the freedom of his country, he would have been ranked among her greatest heroes: but, against the whole tenor of his former behaviour, he shewed himself a worse tyrant than Marius had been in the utmost excesses of his despotism and cruelty, after Cinna had brought him back to Rome.

It would be out of the compass of what I propose in these remarks, were I to relate all the horrors of the bloody proscription carried on by Sylla's orders: but, concerning the magistracy, under the name of which he chose to exercise his tyranny, (I mean the dictatorship) something must be said in this place.

The institution of this office was almost coæval with the liberty of Rome. Twelve years after the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, or, as some reckon, only eight (*a*), (*ita lex jubebat de dictatore creando lata,*) a law was made for the creating of a dictator, with a power superior to that of all other officers, military or civil, and subject to no appeal, being only restrained by the following limitations—that it was to be exercised within the bounds of Italy, and not for more than six months. The idea of it seems to have been taken from Alba (*b*) of which city the Romans were a colony, and may therefore have adopted, without much deliberation, what had been practised there: but the occasion of their having recourse to it

(*a*) Liv. l. i. c. 18. (*b*) Liv. ut suprà.

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was (according to Livy) the inſtant dread of a war, which thirty Latin cities, confederated with the Sabines, threatened to make againſt Rome.

Other reaſons have been given, but this ſeems the moſt probable; becauſe military operations are better carried on by a ſingle commander, than by two equal chiefs; and the people, at a time of imminent danger, might more eaſily be induced to conſtitute ſuch an officer for the defence of their country againſt foreign enemies, than if the law had been firſt propoſed by the ſenate for any political purpoſe. Yet they ſhould have conſidered, that the dictatorial power extended over the ſtate, as well as over the army, and that the nobles might uſe it as an engine againſt *them* upon other occaſions.

The nomination of this magiſtrate appears to have been aſſigned by law to either of the two conſuls; but the choice was confined to ſome one of thoſe ſenators who had before obtained the conſulſhip: and the uſual method was, for the ſenate to decree, upon any great exigency, that a dictator ſhould be made, and to direct on what perſon of conſular dignity the nomination ſhould fall. Yet it was in the power of either of the conſuls, without any order from *them*, and without the approbation of his colleague to name, of his own accord, any conſular ſenator to this ſupreme magiſtracy; and their approbation, concurring with ſuch an appointment, fully ratified and confirmed it, however diſagreeable it might be to the people. A remarkable inſtance of this, and likewiſe of the uſe occaſionally made of the dictatorial power for the purpoſes of the ſenate, occurs in the account which is given by Livy of the events of the year 316 from the building of Rome (*a*). He tells us, that the ſenate reproaching the conſuls with a neglect of their duty, for not having exerted the authority of their charge to puniſh a conſpiracy of the Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, with ſome tribunes of the people, againſt the Commonwealth, one of them ſaid, "The blame laid on them was unjuſt: for they, being ſubject to the controul of the laws, which had given an appeal from them to the people, wanted ſtrength in their magiſtracy, more than they did in their minds, to inflict the vengeance due to a crime of this nature. (*Opus eſſe non forti ſolum viro, ſed etiam libero exſolutoque legum vinculis. Itaque ſe dictatorem Lucium Quintium dicturum.*) That there was need of a man, not only courageous, but moreover *free, and not fettered with the reſtraints of the laws. He therefore would name Lucius Quintius dictator.*"

(*a*) L. iv. c. 13, 14, 15. Ann. Urb. Condit. 316.

The

The whole senate approving it, Lucius Quintius was accordingly named to that office; and the next day guards of soldiers having been placed in the forum, Caius Servilius Ahala, whom he had appointed his general of the horse, cited Mælius, by his orders, to come before his tribunal, and answer there to the charge brought against him in the senate. But, he calling on the people to succour him in this danger, which, he said, was drawn upon him by his kindness to them and the malice of the senate, some of them rescued him from the hands of an officer, who was going to carry him before the dictator: whereupon Servilius, assisted by a band of young patricians, followed him into the crowd, in which he had taken refuge, and killed him there with his own hand: after which, covered over with the blood he had shed, he went back to Quintius, and told him what he had done. That magistrate praised him *for having freed the republick*; and then, in an harangue which he made to the people whom the sight of this deed had thrown into a tumult, declared *(Mælium jure cæsum, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit, qui vocatus a magistro equitum ad dictatorem non venisset,) That Mælius, though he were innocent of aspiring to make himself king of Rome, with which he had been charged, was yet justly put to death, because, having been cited by the master of the horse, to come before the dictator, he did not come.*

When we consider, that this man was probably guilty of no other treason, than affecting to render himself too popular, by largesses of corn to the people, in a time of great dearth; it must appear that a power, which, upon such an occasion, could so suddenly be called forth, and so violently exercised, was not very consistent with the much-boasted liberty of the Roman republick.

The constitution of that state is praised by Polybius (*a*), as a happy mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, but the dictatorship brought into it a kind of domination more properly tyrannical than regal.

For, in a limited monarchy, the king is not absolute, but restrained by the laws, and his ministers are responsible to the other estates of the kingdom, or the courts of judicature therein, for any abuse of his power: but a dictator in Rome (*absolutus legum vinculus*) was absolved by his office from all restraints of the laws, and not accountable to the senate, or assembly of the people, or any other jurisdiction, for any act he had done in the exercise of his charge, however arbitrary

(*a*) Polyb. l. vi.

or illegal. If it be ſaid, that the regal power in the Roman conſtitution was exerciſed by conſuls, and the dictatorſhip was only an extraordinary remedy, to which recourſe was had in ſudden emergencies, when the ordinary courſe of government was unable to anſwer the exigency of the ſtate, or provide for its ſafety, I anſwer, that not only the conſuls, or the ſenate, or both theſe powers united, but the people alſo as one conſtitutional part of the Roman commonwealth, ought to have judged of the neceſſity of employing this remedy, ſo dangerous to their freedom, and without their conſent it never ſhould have been uſed. Thus, in England, where a mixed conſtitution of government unites the powers of monarchy, ariſtocracy, and democracy, much more happily than that of Rome ever did, even in its beſt ſtate, (as I hope to ſhew in the courſe of theſe remarks) if extraordinary dangers require that the Habeas Corpus law (the great ſecurity of our freedom) ſhould for a time be ſuſpended, it can only be done by the joint advice and authority of the whole legiſlature. And if, in any caſe where delay would be fatal, the ſafety of the publick apparently obliges the king, in whom alone the executive power reſides, to act againſt this or any other law, without having been previouſly impowered ſo to do by both houſes of parliament, his miniſters are reſponſible for it to their country, and can no otherwiſe be ſecured than by a bill of indemnity, which, if the neceſſity pleaded for their juſtification is found to have been real, the lords and commons will not refuſe to paſs. But, in Rome, a ſingle conſul, agreeing with the ſenate to name a dictator, without the concurrence and againſt the will of the people, might ſubject, at any time, the liberty and the life of every Roman citizen to the arbitrary power of one man, ſet above all the laws, and in no way reſponſible, for the exerciſe of his ſovereignty, to the juſtice of the ſtate. Indeed, after the end of the ſecond Punic war, the ſenate itſelf grew ſo jealous of the danger of this office, that, for 120 years before Sylla took it, no dictator was appointed. The manner in which he choſe to have it conferred on him demands obſervation.

Both the conſuls of the year 670 (*a*), from the building of Rome, having periſhed in the war which Sylla and his friends made againſt them, he notified to the ſenate, that, agreeably to the cuſtom of their anceſtors in ſuch caſes, they ſhould create an *interrex*, to hold the *comitia* for electing new conſuls. They named to that office the preſident of the ſenate,

(*a*) Appian. de Bello Civ. l. i.

Lucius

Lucius Valerius Flaccus, to whom Sylla wrote, and bade him report his opinion to the people, that the preſent ſtate of affairs required the appointment of a dictator; not for the term of ſix months, but till the whole commonwealth, and every part of the empire, which the civil wars had ſhaken, ſhould be more firmly ſettled, and brought into better order; adding, at the end of his letter, that, if the ſenate approved it, he offered himſelf to do the republick this ſervice. His offer was underſtood to be a command: he therefore was named dictator by the *interrex*, without any term being fixed for the expiration of his office; and thus (ſays Appian) *the dictatorſhip, which had before been a tyranny limitted to a ſhort time, this reſtraint being taken off, became a tyranny compleat* (*a*).

Nor yet was the dictator content with this indefinite prolongation of his power; but cauſed a law to be propoſed by the *interrex* to the people, which *ratified all his acts, whatever they might be; and authorized him to put to death, without a trial, any citizen of Rome, according to his pleaſure.*

Cicero, ſpeaking of this law, in one of his orations, calls it *the moſt unjuſt and moſt unlike a law, that had ever been made* (*b*); and in his treatiſe *De Legibus*, conſiders it *as null and void in itſelf.* Yet to ſuch an extreme degree of ſervility were the people and ſenate reduced, that it was enacted without the leaſt oppoſition; and Sylla rewarded Flaccus for having been the propounder of it, by naming him to the dignity of his general of the horſe!

Having thus, under the colour of a legal authority, aſſumed the moſt abſolute and enormous deſpotiſm, he made ſeveral laws for the ſettlement of the ſtate, chiefly tending to raiſe the power of the ſenate. This was contrary to the policy of every other tyrant, who, either at Rome, or elſewhere, had ever enſlaved a free country! But the ſpirit of party was ſtrong in Sylla's mind; and, as all his greateſt enemies had courted the people, he was led by reſentment, and by every connexion he had hitherto formed, to favour the nobles. In acting on this plan his principal object was, to reduce the authority of the tribunes of the people. But, before I take notice of what he did to that purpoſe, ſome account muſt be given of the nature and power of the tribunitial office.

About fifteen years after the expulſion of Tarquin, in the 260th year of Rome (*c*), the people obtained, by a treaty with the ſenate, that they ſhould, for the future, have magi-

(*a*) Appian. de Bello Civ. l. i. (*b*) De Lege Agrariâ, contra Rullum, Orat. 17. De Legibus, l. i. c. 15. (*c*) Liv. l. ii. c. 33 Dionyſ. Halic. l. viii.

ſtrate

ſtrates of their own, whoſe perſons ſhould be deemed inviolably ſacred; and that no patrician ſhould be capable of holding this magiſtracy, which, by what was called *interceſſion*, had a power to protect them againſt any injuries from the conſuls or ſenate (*a*). The number of theſe magiſtrates, at their firſt inſtitution, was five, and continued ſo till the year of Rome 296, when it was augmented to ten, and never afterwards altered. They were annually choſen; and a law was made, in the year of Rome 282, that the elections ſhould be in the aſſembly of the people, not by centuries, but by tribes (*b*), from which the patricians were entirely excluded, and where, the loweſt of the populace always making a majority, the ſenſe of the better ſort was little regarded. Soon after their firſt creation, the tribunes added to the power of protecting the people that of accuſing the nobles and judging them by the people, and of ſtopping, by a negative from any one of their number, any decree of the ſenate! Theſe points being gained, notwithſtanding all the force of a warm oppoſition on the part of the nobles, the tribunes in proceſs of time extended their authority to a right of propoſing any law to the people without the aſſent of the ſenate, and referring to them any buſineſs treated of in that houſe.

The exerciſe of theſe powers was carried on with a violence more reſembling the anarchy of a ſtate of war, than the orderly acts of regular magiſtrates in a well-ſettled commonwealth. Tiberius Gracchus, in the year of Rome 619, forbade any publick buſineſs to be carried on in the city, till, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of one of his colleagues, his Agrarian law had been propoſed to the people. He alſo ſealed up the door of the treaſury, that none of the quæſtors, who had the adminiſtration of the publick revenue, might enter into it; and ſtopped the prætors from performing the duty of their office in trying of cauſes, by threatening them with fines, till every obſtacle to his legiſlation from any other magiſtrate ſhould have been removed (*c*). In the year of Rome 614, the tribunes of the people contending for what they had no right to, that each of them ſhould have a power to exempt from the obligation of military ſervice ten citizens at his choice; and the conſuls of that year reſiſting the attempt, they ordered both thoſe ſupreme magiſtrates to be carried to priſon; which was accordingly done: an act, by which the whole majeſty of the conſular power, which repreſented the regal, was violated and deſtroyed. If ſuch exertions of the tribu-

(*a*) Liv. l. iii. c. 30. (*b*) L. ii. c. 56, 57. (*c*) Liv. l. lv. c. 2.

tial

nitial power had been frequent, the government muſt have fallen into a mere democracy, or rather, indeed, into a tyrannical oligarchy in the perſons of the tribunes; but the adminiſtration of this power being divided, at firſt, between five perſons, and afterwards between ten, a check was uſually given to the extravagances of it, by the oppoſition of ſome one among thoſe magiſtrates to what the others propoſed: and to this, on many occaſions, the ſenate had recourſe, particularly in their conteſt with Tiberius Gracchus about his Agrarian laws (*a*), the paſſing of which they obſtructed by the interceſſion or negative of Marcus Octavius, one of his colleagues: nor could he any otherwiſe get over that obſtacle, than by cauſing the people to depoſe Octavius, if he would not deſiſt from that oppoſition which his magiſtracy gave him a right to make. This had never been done in any other inſtance, and was then conſidered by many as an odius act of violence, which, for the purpoſes of a factious demagogue, flagrantly violated the ſanctity given by the laws to the perſon of a tribune, and tended to deſtroy the ſacred power of that office by the people themſelves. But Gracchus pleaded, with great force, the neceſſity of it, in order to prevent the betraying of the people, in points of the higheſt moment, by ſome of thoſe very magiſtrates who were inſtituted to ſerve them. And it muſt be confeſt that the blame of this irregular act ought leſs to fall on him than on the bad conſtitution of the magiſtracy itſelf. As unanimity in all thoſe inveſted therewith could ſeldom be hoped for, the only means of giving conſiſtency to it, and carrying things on in a quiet and orderly courſe, would have been the deciding of all differences among them, by a majority of votes: but, each having a power, by his ſingle oppoſition, to ſtop any act of his colleagues, the obſtinacy of one was ſufficient to obſtruct any buſineſs; and that impediment could not be removed by any other method than depriving him of his office.

(*a*) See Livy, l. ii. c. 44. l. iv. 48. l. vi. 35. 39. et al. Appian, Plutarch, Epitome libri lviii. Liv. Freinſhem. Supplem.

NOTES on the preceding OBSERVATIONS.

P. 34. *And the uſual method was, for the ſenate to decree, upon any great exigency, that a dictator ſhould be made, and to direct on what perſon of conſular dignity the nomination ſhould fall.*

In relating the tranſactions of the year 318 from the building of Rome, Livy uſes theſe words, "Major itaque ex ivibus amiſſis dolor quam lætitia fuſis hoſtibus fuit; *et ſenatus (ut in trepidis rebus) dictatorem dici Mamercum Æmilium juſſit.*" See alſo other proofs of their exerciſing this power, which the ſame hiſtorian gives, l. iv. c. 46. Ann. Urb. Condit. 317. l. ix. c. 38. Ann. Urb. Condit. 444.

Yet we find that ſome conſuls did not think themſelves bound to obey ſuch an order: for (as Livy alſo informs us) in the year of Rome 324 (*a*), the ſenate, alarmed at the extraordinary preparations of the Æqui and Volſci againſt the Roman ſtate, and ſtill more apprehenſive of bad conſequences from the diſcord between the two conſuls, who differed in all counſels the one from the other, recurred to the expedient of creating a dictator: but thoſe magiſtrates, ſo diſcordant in all other points, agreed in pertinaciouſly refuſing to name one: whereupon, as the danger, by new intelligences brought, ſeemed to be more and more dreadful, Quintus Serlius Priſcus, who, with a great reputation, had held the higheſt dignities of the commonwealth, applying himſelf to ſome of the tribunes of the people, who were preſent in the senate-houſe, told them, *the ſenate called upon them in that extremity to compel the conſuls, by their power, to name a dictator.*

There had never been a precedent, either of ſuch a refuſal on the part of the conſuls, or of ſuch an application on the part of the ſenate. The tribunes, glad of the opportunity to augment their power, after conſulting apart with all their colleagues, declared, *It was their pleaſure, that the conſuls ſhould obey the decree of the ſenate; and, if theſe ſhould perſiſt in a longer reſiſtance againſt it, they would ſend them to priſon.* The conſuls chuſing (ſays Livy) to be overcome by the tribunes rather than by the ſenate, yielded to this command; but not without a proteſt againſt the injury done to the conſular power, which the ſenate thus betrayed. Nor yet could they agree which ſhould name the dictator, but ended the diſpute by caſting lots.

L. iv. c. 26.

In the year of Rome 347 (*a*), when the consular office was exercised by three military tribunes, instead of two consuls, these making a resistance to a decree of the senate for creating a dictator, the tribunes of the people were again applied to by that body, for the aid of their power to force a compliance: but they, discontented at seeing the plebeians perpetually excluded, by the influence and intrigues of the patricians, from the military tribuneship, to which, by law, they might attain, though not to the consulship, sullenly refused their assistance. Yet they said, that, when all the dignities of the state should be, without distinction, communicated to the people, *they would then take good care that the decrees of the senate should not be made ineffectual by any arrogance of the magistrates.* This resource having failed, the contention was kept up between the senate and two of the military tribunes; who, thinking themselves equal to the conduct of the war, complained "that the dignity they had obtained from the people should be thus taken from them." but the third said, that hitherto he had remained silent, because he rather desired that his colleagues should yield to the authority of the senate, without any force upon them, than suffer the power of the tribunes of the people to be implored against them. That even now he would willingly give them more time to alter their opinion, if the exigency of the state could bear that delay; but, as the necessity of war would not wait for longer consultations, he would prefer the service of the public to their good-will, and contenting himself with the sole authority of the senate (whatever opposition might be made against it) would name a dictator that night." He did so; and this shews, that any one of the consuls, or military tribunes, with consular power, might name a dictator without the consent of his colleague or colleagues: the reason of which, doubtless, was, that the natural unwillingness in the mind of such a magistrate, to make over to another the supreme command, would probably hinder its being unnecessarily or wantonly done; but on many occasions a contrary disposition might be well apprehended; and the absence of one consul, or military tribune, on the public service abroad might happen to disappoint the desire of the senate, if the concurrence of both consuls, or of all the military tribunes had been necessary to this act.

In the year of Rome 542 (*b*), the senate decreed, that the consul, before he went out of the city, *should ask the people*

(*a*) Liv. l. iv. 58. (*b*) Liv. l. xxvii. 5.

who

whom they would be pleaſed to have him name dictator, and ſhould name the perſon they ordered; adding, that, if the conſul refuſed to refer this matter to the people, the prætor ſhould do it; and if the prætor would not, it ſhould be done by the tribunes. The conſul did refuſe, declaring that he would not conſult the people on a matter *which was in his own power*, and forbade the prætor to do it; whereupon it was done by the tribunes of the people, *and the people enacted, that Quintus Fulvius, who was then at Capua, ſhould be named dictator.* Quum conſul ſe populum rogaturum negaſſet, *quod ſuæ poteſtatis eſſet*, prætoremque vetuiſſet rogare; tribuni plebis rogarunt, *plebeſque ſciwit, ut Q. Fulvius, qui tum ad Capuam erat, dictator diceretur.*

I find no other inſtance in the Roman hiſtory of the ſenate's ſubmitting to the will of the people the nomination of the perſon who ſhould be raiſed to this office.

The purpoſe of creating a dictator at this time was only that the comitia, or aſſembly of the people for electing the magiſtrates of the enſuing year, might be held by that officer, inſtead of one of the conſuls; it being neceſſary that both ſhould be abſent from Rome upon military ſervice, in their ſeveral provinces, when the aſſembly was held. The cauſe of referring the affair to the people, in this extraordinary manner, was a difference which aroſe between the ſenate and the conſul, M. Valerius Lævinus; the latter chuſing to name M. Valerius Meſſalla, who commanded the Roman fleet in Sicily, to which province he was going; and the fathers denying that a dictator could legally be named out of Italy. The diſpute was ended, in conſequence of the decree of the people, by the other conſul, Marcellus, being ſent for to Rome, and naming Quintus Fulvius, agreeably to their order.

P. 34. "He tells us, that the ſenate reproaching the conſuls with a neglect of their duty, for not having exerted the authority of their charge, to puniſh a conſpiracy of the Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, with ſome tribunes of the people, againſt the commonwealth, one of them ſaid, *The blame laid on them was unjuſt: for they, being ſubject to the controul of the laws, which had given an appeal from them to the people, wanted ſtrength in their magiſtracy, more than they did in their minds, to inflict the vengeance due to a crime of this nature. That there was need of a man, not only courageous, but moreover free, and not fettered with the reſtraints of the laws. He therefore would*

name Lucius Quintius dictator (a). The words of Livy are these: Tum Titus Quintius, consules immerito increpari, ait, *qui constricti legibus de provocatione, ad dissolvendum imperium latis, nequaquam tantum virium in magistratu, ad eam rem pro atrocitate vindicandum, quantum animi haberent. Opus esse non forti solum viro, sed etiam libero exsolutoque legum vinculis. Itaque se dictatorem Lucium Quintium dicturum.*"

These words seem entirely to overturn the opinion of some learned writers on the Roman history, that the law, proposed by the consuls, Horatius and Valerius, in the year of Rome 306, established a right of appealing to the people against the acts or decrees of a dictator. For, had this been true, it would have been the grossest absurdity for Livy to make T. Quintius, no more than ten years afterwards, (ann. U. C. 316) give it as a reason for naming a dictator, that the consuls, *being subject to the laws of appeal*, had not strength in their magistracy sufficient for the exigency of the state at that time. A magistrate *equally subject to the laws of appeal*, could not have supplied the defect of power in them. But the historian says expressly, that the dictator was free from that restraint, *liber exsolutusque legum vinculis.* Indeed it appears that the law of Horatius and Valerius had no reference to the dictatorial office, the object of it being to prevent the introduction of any new-invented magistracy, such as the decemvirate had been, without the controul of an appeal to the people (*b*). Livy writes of it thus: "*Aliam deinde consularem legem de provocatione, unicum præsidium libertatis, decemvirali potestate eversam, non restituunt modo, sed etiam in posterum muniunt sanciendo novam legem, ne quis ullum magistratum sine provocatione crearet, qui creasset eum jus fasque esset occidi, neve ea cædes capitalis noxæ haberetur.*" The dictatorship certainly was not a magistracy *created* after this law, having been established long before, in the year of Rome 253 or 257. And what power the law *de dictatore creando* had originally given to it, the same historian informs us in the following words: "Creato dictatore primum Romæ, postquam præferri fecures viderunt, magnus plebem metus incessit, ut intentiores essent ad dicto parendum. Neque enim, ut in consulibus, qui pari potestate erant, alterius auxilium, *neque provocatio erat, nec ullum, nisi in curâ parendi, auxilium.*" It was therefore a power without appeal, either to any other magistrate or to the people; a power a-

(*a*) Ann. Urb. Condit. 316. (*b*) L. iii. c. 55.

gainst

gainſt the terror of which the people had no help, but unreſiſting obedience. And this refutes the opinion of Algernon Sidney, who, in his celebrated Eſſay on Government *(a)*, contends that when dictators are ſaid to have been *ſine provocatione*, it is only to be underſtood in relation to other magiſtrates, and not to the people; which, he ſays, "is clearly "proved in the caſe of Quintus Fabius, whom Papirius, "the dictator, would have put to death (Liv. l. iii. c. 33.) "*Tribunos plebis appello* (ſays Fabius's father) *et provoco ad* "*populum, eumque tibi fugienti exercitus tui, fugienti ſena-*"*tus judicium, judicem fero, qui certè unus pluſquam tua* "*dictatura poteſt polletque: videro ceſſuruſne ſis provoca-*"*tioni, cui Tullus Hoſtilius ceſſit?*"

But, if we look to what followed (as the ſame hiſtorian relates it) *(b)* we ſhall find that Papirius continued firm in aſſerting the majeſty of his office; and, though he ſpared the life of Fabius, at the interceſſion of the people, yet he took care to expreſs, that the offender was not ſaved by any reverſal or over-ruling of the ſentence which he had paſt againſt him, nor by any right in the tribunes, or in the people, to help him, but was given to their prayers. "Stupentes tri-"bunos, et ſuam jam vicem magis anxios, quam ejus, cui "auxilium ab ſe petebatur, liberavit onere conſenſus populi "Romani *ad preces et obteſtationem verſus, ut ſibi pœnam* "*magiſtri equitum dictator remitteret*, tribuni quoque *in-*"*clinatam rem in preces ſubſecuti orare dictatorem inſiſtunt* "*ut veniam errori humano, veniam adoleſcentiæ Q. Fabii* "*daret*, ſatis eum pœnarum dediſſe. Jam ipſe adoleſcens, "jam pater M. Fabius *contentionis obliti* procumbere ad "genua, et iram *deprecari* dictatoris. Tum dictator, ſilen-"tio facto, bene habet, inquit, Quirites, vicit diſciplina "militaris; *vicit imperii majeſtas*, quæ in diſcrimine fue-"runt, an ulla poſt hunc diem eſſent. Non noxæ eximitur "Q. Fabius, qui contra edictum imperatoris pugnavit; ſed "noxæ damnatus donatur populo Romano, donatur tribuni-"tiæ poteſtati, precarium non juſtum auxilium ferenti."

From all this it appears, that no lawful authority in the tribunes or people of Rome delivered Q. Fabius from the ſentence pronounced by the dictatorial power. He was only ſaved becauſe they *ſupplicated* for him; and their *ſupplications* themſelves were a very ſufficient proof *that no appeal lay to them.* They might indeed (as the right of making laws was in them, eſpecially with the conſent of the ſenate) have

(a) P. 118. *(b)* Liv. viii. l. 34, 35.

paſſed a law *(plebiſcitum)* to reſtrain the dictatorial power from acting againſt Fabius, as they afterwards did paſs one, in favour of Minucius, to render the power of the maſter of the horſe equal to that of the dictator (*a*): for laws may be made repugnant to the principles of any conſtitution by an abuſe of the legiſlative authority in thoſe to whom it is truſted: and this, it ſeems, was what Papirius apprehended; but he firmly maintained the conſtitutional power belonging to his office, of judging in this caſe without the controul of any appeal to them; and this independency, aſſerted by him, they in effect acknowledged, when they had recourſe to entreaties againſt the execution of his decree, inſtead of reverſing it, or ſtopping its effect, by any act of theirs.

(*a*) Liv. l. xxii. 25.

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON THE PRESENT

STATE OF OUR AFFAIRS,

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

IN A

LETTER to a MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,
from a FRIEND in the Country.

A LETTER TO A MEMBER of PARLIAMENT, FROM A FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

SIR,

I AM a private gentleman of ſome property in the county of ——— and voted for you at the election of this parliament. I voted for you neither as a whig nor as a tory; but as a gentleman, whom I believed to be in the intereſt of my country. For this reaſon only I preferred you to your competitor, and *gave* you the vote I might have *ſold* to him. Since that time I have heard with pleaſure of your conduct, and find no reaſon to repent of my choice. You ſerve me well in parliament, and I don't deſire to be ſerved by you *any where elſe*. I have never ſolicited, I never will ſolicit you, though you ſhould come to have a better intereſt at court, for any of *thoſe little places*, which ſeem of late to have been multiplied, only to anſwer the demands of men in my ſituation, as far as poſſible, upon thoſe in yours; and which are become almoſt the *only ſubject of correſpondence* between members of parliament, and their *friends in the country*. You will therefore permit me to take the liberty now of correſponding with you on another foot, and after four years ſilence to remind you a little of what I have a right to expect from you as my repreſentative. The importance of the conjuncture will excuſe my preſumption. It is not difficult for us now to ſpeak upon theſe matters: they are brought ſo home to our minds, they are made ſo plain to our ſenſes, that we cannot be doubtful what opinion to form. It is hardly neceſſary to *reaſon*; it is enough to *feel*. There is a time, when wrong and miſchievous meaſures may be diſguiſed; but there is a time too when they will diſcover themſelves. While the evil ſeeds are ſowing, thoſe alone are alarmed, who have penetration enough to ſee things in their cauſes; but when

when they are grown up, and the fruits appear, the groſs of mankind have capacity to judge, and ſpirit to complain. This, Sir, is the circumſtance of the people of England. They ſuffer too much to be amuſed: and if they continue to ſuffer, it will not be from error, or inſenſibility, but from ſuch cauſes as I do not care to ſuppoſe. There is reaſon to hope that their complaints will be redreſſed; and in that hope I write this letter to you. I ſhall propoſe to your conſideration ſome particular points which, we in the country think, ſhould make the buſineſs of this ſeſſion; and if you agree to my reaſonings, I dare promiſe myſelf, you will not afterwards *differ from them in your conduct*.

Sir, we are a trading nation; and whatever affects our trade is our neareſt concern, and ought to be our principal care.

Of all the branches of our commerce that to our own colonies is the moſt valuable upon many accounts. If I am rightly informed, it is by *that alone* we are enabled now to carry on the reſt. And as it is the moſt uſeful to us, ſo for many reaſons it naturally ought to be *the moſt ſecure*. Foreign markets may be loſt or ſpoilt by various accidents: other nations may get in, and carry commodities, that may be preferred to ours; or, by working cheaper, may be able perhaps to underſell us *there*. And by theſe means I am afraid we have found our trade decline conſiderably in many parts of the world. But in our own plantations nothing of this can happen. The trade we have there is engroſſed by ourſelves; all other nations are excluded from it, and we carry it on under ſuch regulations as are moſt for our advantage. In conſequence of which, it is the nurſery of our ſeamen, the ſupport of our navigation, and the life of our manufacturers.

But of late years our merchants paſſing to and from our colonies have been ſtopt, examined, plundered, and abuſed by the Spaniards, our ſhips confiſcated, and our ſeamen enſlaved, ſo that the navigation thither is become ſo dangerous, that, if an effectual ſtop be not ſoon put to theſe practices, this moſt beneficial commerce will be utterly loſt. The original ſource of them is a right of ſovereignty which the Spaniards arrogate to themſelves in the American ſeas; a claim that has always been treated with deriſion and ſcorn by every power in Europe, and particularly by us who were really maſters of thoſe ſeas, from the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, down to the weak one of King Charles the Second. And this claim of Spain is ſtill ſo far from being owned by us, that though it *be a ſecret motive*, they have not *yet* had the inſolence to avow it openly as *the cauſe* of their proceedings

But they treat every Britiſh ſhip, which they are able to maſter, as if the ſailing only in thoſe ſeas was a ſufficient cauſe of confiſcation. They have ſeized and condemned outward-bound ſhips, above a hundred leagues from any ſhore, without any pretence at all; and where they are graciouſly pleaſed to aſſign pretences for their depredations, *thoſe pretences are worſe than the depredations themſelves*. They pretend that every ſhip, which has *logwood*, *cocoa-nuts*, or *pieces of eight* aboard, is lawful prize. Now two of theſe grow in our own colonies; and the South-ſea company, by the Aſſiento contract, furniſh the Spaniards with Negroes, which they pay for in pieces of eight; and as the principal market for theſe Negroes is Jamaica, this occaſions the circulating a great deal of that ſpecie there: ſo that we might with full as good reaſon ſtop the ſhips of Spain in their paſſage by Jamaica, or our other plantations, and confiſcate them formally, if we find aboard of them either *logwood*, *cocoa-nuts*, or *pieces of eight*; for this will juſt as well prove that *they* have been trading with *our colonies*, as our having ſuch goods aboard can prove that *we* have been trading with *theirs*. And their manner of trial is a mockery of juſtice, which would be highly *ridiculous*, if the effects of it were not ſo *terrible*. The cauſe is tried in their own courts in America, a Spaniſh advocate is to plead for our merchants, and the judges themſelves almoſt always ſhare in the prize. The conſequence of this is, that every ſhip which is taken by them muſt be confiſcated.

But ſuppoſing, for argument's ſake, that all thoſe ſpecies of goods upon which ſentence is paſt by this moſt righteous judicature, were undeniable proofs of an *illicit trade*, on what ground of the law of nations, or by what article of any treaty, have the Spaniards a right *to ſtop or ſearch our ſhips at all?* Where a general trade is allowed, one ſpecies of goods may be prohibited; as, for inſtance, wool, or fuller's earth; and the exporting it may be highly penal: but did this country ever pretend, whenher naval power was at the height, to ſtop ſhips *out at ſea*, in order to ſearch whether ſuch commodities were aboard? would the little republick of Genoa endure our doing it? could any thing leſs than a conqueſt bring her to ſubmit to it? But the doing it in America is much leſs defenſible. For where no general trade is allowed, no one particular ſpecies of goods can be more *prohibited* than another, and *the ſearching there* has no object at all, and no foundation in reaſon. All the rules therefore laid down in the treaty of 1667, between England and Spain, concerning the method of ſearching for prohibited goods, are plainly confined to

Europe,

Europe, where a general trade is allowed; and have no relation to America, where all trade is forbid. For in the one case they may be necessary, but in the other they must be useless. And it is much to be wished, that this most manifest distinction *had been better understood by our ministers* in their treating with Spain; and that, by insisting on articles which are not to our purpose, they had not weakened those by which our rights are secured. The ground on which those rights stand is the law of nations, which establishes a freedom of navigation to all, and considers the sea as an universal benefit, not a particular property or dominion of one: there is no nation *so powerful*, none *so proud* in the world, as directly to deny this maxim; there is none *so weak*, none *so abject*, as to give it up. We have been so far from departing from it by treaty, that in all those we have made concerning America it is expressly stipulated, and indubitably confirmed, particularly in that of 1670; which declares that *the freedom of navigation ought by no manner of means to be interrupted*, and makes no other exception to this general rule, than a reciprocal prohibition to both nations in America, to come *into* the ports and havens of the other *to trade there*; for in cases of distress, or necessity, the same treaty allows, that *they may come into them*, and ought to be kindly received. As to our sailing *near their coasts*, it is not only permitted, but it is of absolute necessity in the course of our voyage to and from our own plantations in America: *how near* we shall go to them, it is impossible to fix, because it depends upon circumstances we cannot command, as winds, and tides; but *very near* we must go frequently; and they reciprocally must go near to ours. No treaty therefore has ever settled any bounds, except the ports and havens of either crown in America, within which it shall not be lawful to sail; nor can they be settled, so as not to be liable to *infinite difficulties*, and *endless chicane*.

It remains then certain, that in reason, and justice, by the law of nations, and by all our treaties, the way to and from our own dominions in America is as free as the passage between London and Bristol; and that Spain has no more right to stop and search our ships in the seas of America, than in the *British* channel.

Indeed this practice of *searching* is so very inexcusable, that it cannot be supported upon any notion of right. Nothing can warrant it but superior force, and the famous argument of Brennus *Væ Victis!* All sorts of mischiefs must arise from admitting it, or from merely suffering it, as we have sadly experienced,

experienced, and no one inconvenience can attend its being denied. Were our ships found trading in the *Spanish* ports and havens themselves, even in that case, though they ought to be *confiscated*, it is a great absurdity to suppose they should be *searched*. For as the ship and cargo, be it what it will, is forfeited by our being there without distress, or necessity, to what intent or purpose is *a search* to be made after any particular species we may have aboard? but upon this pretence to stop our ships on the high seas, is *to insult our understanding, and despise our power*, as well as to infringe our rights, and to destroy our trade.

Thus for some years things have gone on from bad to worse, England complaining and remonstrating, Spain chicaning and insulting; satisfaction sometimes refused, sometimes promised, never given: our negotiations, and our losses always continuing, and *encreasing almost in the same proportion:* at last our merchants, weary of these useless methods, applied *a third time* to parliament, and petitioned there for redress. In the course of their examination it appeared too plain, that we had been treated by Spain with the utmost injustice, the utmost barbarity, and the utmost contempt: and that no one effectual step had been taken to procure reparation for our losses, satisfaction to our honour, or security for our trade. It appeared indeed, that as far as *writing* would go, our ministry had tried to put a stop to these insults. They had spared no pains, they had spared *no paper*. Memorials, representations to the court of Spain had been as frequent, and as little minded, as the orders and cedulas sent from thence, in behalf of our merchants, to the Spanish tribunals, and governors in America. Neither produced any effect, but to encrease the depredations, augment our sufferings, and amuse the sufferers. Nay, though in consequence of a treaty with Spain, in which we served her *more perhaps than we could justify*, commissaries were appointed to adjust these differences, and obtain restitution for our losses, as a return for *favours received*, though they continued negotiating for some years in Spain, though much was promised from this commission, yet it does not appear, that any body got by it, *but the commissaries themselves*.

Upon the proof of all this it was the sense of parliament, that more effectual measures ought to be pursued. And to enable his majesty to take them, great supplies were voted, great armaments made; the whole nation expected, and desired a war, if such a peace could not be gained, as would retrieve our honour, and secure our trade. Soon after the parliament rose, the war

appeared

appeared inevitable: ſtrong fleets were fitted out, and ſent to Spain, and the Indies: this could not be done without a vaſt expence, great obſtruction to our trade, and hardſhips on our ſailors. Yet ſuch was the ſpirit of the people, ſuch the reſentment at the indignities put upon the king and nation, that they came into it chearfully; and not a murmur was heard unleſs againſt the Spaniards. I believe it will be difficult to find a period in hiſtory, when this nation was ſo univerſally and ſo eagerly bent upon a war, as at that time. They had a juſt abhorrence, and a juſt *diſdain* of the Spaniards; nor did *thoſe*, who are known to judge the beſt of foreign affairs, apprehend any danger, *at that criſis*, from any *other more formidable* power; ſo that all concluded we ſhould act *with vigour*, when it was more than probable we might act *with ſucceſs*: and the effort we had made, the force we had raiſed, was very ſufficient to give us a ſuperiority in ſo juſt a quarrel; a quarrel in which all nations trading to America had an equal intereſt, and a *common cauſe* with England: it was now believed, our adminiſtration would ſhew, that their former remiſſneſs did not proceed from fear, or negligence; but that they curbed their ſpirit till *the point of time*, when they might be ſure to exert it with *deciſive advantages*. This their friends gave out, and candid men were willing to think; eſpecially as it was ſaid, that *one great perſon* had declared, he thought it for the intereſt of a miniſter to have war rather than peace. But in the height and warmth of theſe expectations, while all Europe was intent on the motions and operations of our fleets, we heard of a convention being ſigned, and that we might expect a ſpeedy accommodation of our differences by a peace.

Of the terms of this convention you will, no doubt, be appriſed at the meeting of the parliament; and then you will judge, whether it is proportionate to the charge we have been at, the opportunity we have neglected, the wrongs we have ſuſtained, the ſatisfaction and ſecurity we have a right to expect.

I only beg leave to mark out to you *two principal points*, upon which I think you cannot miſtake in forming your judgement. If we make a peace, it ought to be ſuch, as *will remove*, in the moſt effectual manner, both the *cauſe*, and *pretence*, of the injuries done us by the Spaniſh nation.

Now *the pretence* for them has been ſolely this, that they claim a right of ſtopping and ſearching our ſhips, on the high ſeas, or near their own coaſts; which claim of theirs is unſupported by treaty, and directly repugnant to the law of nations,

nations, to the rights of our crown, and the freedom of our navigation. If therefore we clearly aſſert, that *they have no ſuch right*; that where we have *no trade* with them there can be *no prohibited goods*; that we have a liberty to ſail *as nigh* to their coaſts as the courſe of our voyage, the convenience of winds and tides, and other circumſtances of navigation, may require; that, in purſuing that courſe, our ſhips *are not to be ſearched* or *ſtopt* on any account; that, *in caſes of neceſſity*, they may even *enter their ports*, and that only in caſe of *trading there* they are to be ſeized; if we expreſsly aſſert *all this* in our treaty of peace, it may be a ſecure and laſting one, and deſerves well the ſanction of parliament.

But if we leave this *looſe*, or if we admit of *any limits*, within which *a ſearch may be made on any pretence*, we have yielded every thing, we have no ſecurity, all will be ſubject to diſpute and chicane; we ſhall have the ſame weary round to run, of applications to Madrid, references from thence to the Weſt-Indies, and from the Weſt-Indies to Madrid again; and, after the ſolemn hearing of our wrongs in parliament, after laying open all our wounds to the view of the world, after declarations of right, and lofty threats of reſentment, after millions ſpent, we ſhall be in a worſe condition, than we ever have been yet by any former treaty, or than we ſhould have been, if we had taken no notice of the complaints of our merchants, and not moved in them at all.

As to the other point, *the cauſe* of all theſe injuries, I take it to have been the contempt this nation is fallen into, from what unhappily may have ſeemed to our enemies a deſpicable tameneſs and puſillanimity in our conduct. How far this has gone, I am aſhamed to ſay. Thoſe, who to inſult us could not preſume on their own ſtrength, by long obſerving, or ſuppoſing they obſerved, a weakneſs in our councils, have come to ſuppoſe it in the nation itſelf: and on this preſumption they became as arrogant, as they imagined England to be timid, and weak. They have certainly acted as if they thought we were *the meaneſt of nations*, or that *the meaneſt of miniſters* had conducted our affairs. This prejudice, therefore, muſt be removed, or we ſhall continue to ſuffer, as much as we have done, and ſtill more: for, where impunity is certain, inſolence knows no bounds. If the peace we make does not retrieve our reputation, it is impoſſible it can laſt, for *it may be broke without fear*. Spain can have no reaſon to keep it, unleſs it is made on ſuch terms, as to convince her that the temper, and ſpirit of our court is changed; and that we will bear no longer what we have

borne

borne so long. Should any article of it be *dishonourable* or *mean*, though all the rest were advantageous, that alone would be fatal, because it would leave us exposed to endless insults and affronts, the certain consequence of a stain imprinted on our national character. Reputation is to a people, just what credit is to a merchant. The first depends on an opinion of strength, as the latter does on an opinion of opulence. But that opinion of opulence is a real advantage, that opinion of strength is a real security. When a contrary notion prevails in the case of the merchant, when his credit is hurt, there comes a run upon him suddenly, and, by being thought insufficient, he becomes so in reality. The same thing may happen to a nation from the loss of character. An opinion of its weakness may encourage enemies, may unite them against it in a sudden attack, may dishearten its friends, and leave it destitute of succour. All which might have been prevented, had due care been taken to support the opinion of its strength by a spirited conduct. I hope attention will be had to this in our peace with Spain, and that we shall on no account yield to any thing *scandalous*, but seek reparation to our honour, as well as to our merchants. And I dare answer for *them*, that, great as their losses are, they had rather endure them without any compensation, than have it made in a way, that may be disgraceful to their country. Sure I am it would be better for *them* to lose their money, or for *us* to pay it out of our own pockets, than, for the sake of retribution to them, to admit of a treaty, in which the security of our commerce is not firmly established, beyond a possibility of all future cavils, by express declarations of our right *not to be searched*. For to admit of such a treaty would be no less an absurdity than *to be bribed with our own money to our own undoing*.

In these plain lights, Sir, I hope you will consider this convention, when it shall be laid before you in the course of the session. You will not, I dare say, suffer yourself to be amused with nice distinctions, and refinement of policy. You will remember how useless, nay, how fatal, all these subtilties have hitherto proved, and what they are like to produce. You will desire to see a treaty, which shall not be *the beginning*, but *the end of negotiation*; which shall speak so plain, that every English country-gentleman, and every Spanish governor in the Indies, shall understand the sense of it, as well as the *Walpole's*, and *La Quadras*.

You

You will not be satisfied with a present compliance, and temporary expedients, which are only patch work, nor refer that to commissaries, which requires instant dispatch; nor suffer that to be argued which is incontestable; but demand a solid and a durable peace, founded on real security, and express acknowledgment of all those rights that have been questioned by Spain, either with regard to our commerce, or *to our possessions*. For nothing less than this *will satisfy the nation*.

And when this is done, you will consider of the methods, how to turn this peace to the best advantage, and secure it effectually for the time to come. The only way of doing that, Sir, is, to put the nation *in a condition to be feared*; and this can only be done, by reducing its debt, and gradually lessening its taxes.

It is a melancholy thought that so much time should have been lost from this necessary work, since it has been in our power. I believe it could be proved almost to a demonstration, that ever since the peace of Utrecht, we might have attended to it constantly, without the least interruption from our neighbours abroad, who had no desire to disturb us, till within these few years past, when, notwithstanding *great compliances* on our side, the hostilities of Spain have loudly called for our resentment. In all our quarrels during the late reign, though it can no more be doubted that *the interest of England* was the only point considered, than that Bremen and Verden were *never thought of in them*, yet how far *that interest* was rightly understood by us, is not quite so clear. To some it appears we had no grounds for quarrelling, no more than we had upon other occasions for negotiating; and that we might better have been quiet, if such active abilities, as some of our ministers were endowed with, could have been content to repose. But the entering lightly into wars, and alliances, in which we had no concern, or a very distant one at most, if it was the fault, was not the only fault of our government.

Those who cannot see into the depth of our policity, and the inscrutable wisdom of our councils, may be apt to think, that we have been no less faulty in our way of *managing peace*, in our neglect of using the advantages attending it, and in finding the secret by an unaccountable conduct, to make it *as expensive*, and *as ruinous* as war: that we have *purchased dishonour* at *as dear a rate*, as we did glory in some former reigns: that this has continued, this has fixed upon us the difficulties, which, with tolerable management, ought to

have been conquered long ago: and that to this it is owing, not to King William, or Queen Anne, if we are a diſtreſt and a declining nation. Had it not been for this, ſay they, we have had leiſure enough to pay off great part of our debt, and to encreaſe the ſinking fund to ſuch an annual ſum, as would enable the government to maintain our dignity, without waſting our ſubſtance. Had *that* been done, we had been now *a mighty* people, eaſy at home, and formidable abroad. And though we had no diſputes with Spain, yet, on other accounts, it would be highly deſirable for us to be *in thoſe circumſtances*, rather than in a ſtate of indigence, which muſt be a ſtate of fear. For though by reaſon of ſome lucky circumſtances at this juncture we have no cauſe to apprehend any inſtant danger from France, thoſe, who look forwards at all, have very dreadful apprehenſions. The Empire is already open to her by Alſace, and Loraine, and there has been a terrible alarm, that it may ſoon be ſo by Luxembourgh. The weakneſs of the Low Countries is apparent to every body; and God knows how ſoon they may be made a ſacrifice either to *the friendſhip*, or the arms of France. If the power of that crown in former times had equalled its ambition, Europe had been loſt; if its ambition now ſhall equal its power, it will probably accompliſh what it then deſigned. And bad is our condition, when our fate is to depend on a ſpirit of conqueſt not prevailing in that court.

They have wiſely been doing what we ought to have done. They have, by œconomy, by attention to trade, by eaſing their people, and huſbanding well the money they raiſe, laid ſuch foundations for their future greatneſs, that if an enterpriſing miniſter ſhould ſucceed to *this*, he will find advantages, which his greateſt predeceſſors, Richlieu, Mazarin, Colbert, Louvois, never had, and will have reaſon to expect a much more glorious ſucceſs. What may then be the circumſtances of that kingdom, and *this?* On one ſide mortgaged revenues, credit ſunk at home and abroad, an exhauſted, diſpirited, diſcontented people: on the other, a rich and popular government, ſtrong in alliances, in reputation, in the confidence and affection of its ſubjects. Will the conteſt be equal between *theſe two powers?* and what an aggravation is it to the pain of this thought, to reflect how eaſily we might have been in a condition, to ſave ourſelves and Europe from this danger and fear; if, for theſe twelve years paſt, (to go no higher) our debt had decreaſed, in proportion to the means that have been in our hands, and no

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greater expence had been incurred by the * government, than the real neceſſity of affairs required! We might then have ſpoke to France with as much authority, as becomes this nation in the common cauſe, eſpecially if we had taken any care at the ſame time to ſet ourſelves at the head of the Proteſtant intereſt, which is our natural poſt; and has, on former occaſions, given great advantages as well as luſtre to the crown of England. Had we purſued theſe meaſures, we ſhould now have nothing to dread; by purſuing them ſteadily we may yet be ſafe, we may yet be conſiderable, we may yet hold the balance of Europe. But till a wiſer adminiſtration ſhall reſtore our affairs, little dignity, or vigour, is to be expected in our councils. Some *appearance of vigour* may perhaps be maintained; but it will impoſe on nobody; no, *not on ourſelves*. To think that keeping up, at a vaſt expence, great fleets and armies, with a reſolution not to employ them, can ſecure our reputation, is as groſs a miſtake, as if, in private life, a gentleman known to be in debt, and not diſpoſed to clear himſelf, ſhould think to cheat his creditors, and ſupport his credit, by encreaſing his equipage, making ſumptuous entertainments, and beggaring his family with new debts and mortgages.

It is ſcarce to be computed what it has coſt this nation *in well-equipt* fleets, and *well-dreſt* troops, for ſome years paſt; and I ſhould be glad to be told (bating the fineneſs of the now) what uſe they have been of to us either at home or abroad. They give, to be ſure, an air of magnificence; but then it is well known, that we owe almoſt fifty millions, and have been forced to apply the ſinking fund, not to diſcharge that debt, but *to furniſh out theſe ſhows*.

In moſt parts of England gentlemens rents are ſo ill paid, and the weight of taxes lies ſo heavy upon them, that thoſe who have nothing from the court can ſcarce ſupport their families; and thoſe in place are hardly ſavers on the account, if what they give be balanced againſt what they receive. There are indeed ſome rich people who have money in the funds; and out of tenderneſs to *them* I ſuppoſe it was, that when intereſt was naturally and apparently fallen

* N. B. Had the ſinking fund been duly applied ſince the year 1727 to the payment of the national debt, at leaſt twelve millions might have been paid off: the ſinking fund would then produce at 4 per cent. little leſs than two millions, and (were intereſt reduced to 3 per cent.) conſiderably more. Upon ſuch a bottom as this, we might well maintain a new French war.

to three *per cent.* the national debt was ſtill continued at four, by which the publick has loſt millions, and ſuch an opportunity, as it may not again be in our power to retrieve.

Yet if peace ſhould be ſettled on a durable foot, I hope *the worthy gentlemen*, who, two years ago, propoſed the reduction of intereſt, will renew his motion; and that it will not be *mended* ſo as to be made *leſs eligible*, and then objected to, and *thrown out by the amenders*. I hope too care will be taken, that, when the ſcheme ſhall have its effect, reduction of intereſt *and taxes* ſhall go hand in hand; and that the ſinking fund ſo encreaſed ſhall not be left at the diſpoſition of a miniſter, but applied in part to take off ſome of the duties, which are ſuch a load on induſtry, and ſo dangerous to freedom.

All theſe particulars, Sir, deſerve your ſerious attention. We expect to find we have *a peace*, not by his majeſty's ſpeech alone, and the congratulatory compliments of both houſes of parliament (which during all our late ſufferings, and the hoſtilities of Spain, have been annually made with great encomiums on his meaſures) but by *the fruits of peace*, a conſiderable leſſening of our expences, and relief to the people at whoſe charge it was gained.

We may yet recover, low as we are, with good management. To make *a great ſtate little*, is not ſo difficult indeed, as to make *a little one great*; yet it is not to be done immediately; and with all the ſkill *ſome* have ſhewn in endeavouring it here, it will require ſtill more time to ſink us ſo, as that *with the help of friends*, we may not riſe again. The natural ſtrength of this nation is great, its reſources great, and in one reſpect greater than ever, becauſe, the funds *having been tried*, and found *ſufficient*, the borrowing on them again, when our debt is reduced, would be ſecure and eaſy. To reduce it therefore ought to be the principal object of all who meddle with our public affairs. We ſhall judge of all your other virtues now by your frugality. The beſt œconomiſt for the public will be the beſt member of parliament, the beſt counſellor of ſtate, and the beſt miniſter. I do not know how it has happened, but for ſome time paſt, an ignorant country-gentleman might be almoſt provoked to ſay that *our flegm* has ſhewn itſelf only in *bearing affronts*, and *our ſpirit* only in *ſquandering away the public money*. I ſuppoſe we ſhall now have no occaſion to ſhew our fire, but we ſhall have great occaſion for a reſerved and cautious temper. Let this operate in the granting of money, in a conſtant refuſing of new powers to the crown, and watching over the uſe of thoſe already granted. Above all, beware of new ad-

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ditions to the civil list. It is a strange circumstance, and will not sound well to posterity, that while the publick loses in so many articles, so many gains have been of late made to the crown: that when every gentleman's estate is falling in value, the estate of the crown should be so much encreased, that if we were to purchase it back with fifty thousand pounds *per ann. more than it was given for*, we should save by the bargain. I will just take notice how great profits have accrued to the civil list upon the gin-bill only. All that had been gained by the highest amount of the duties on spirits, that is, by the highest excess of the evil designed to be reformed, was made up to his majesty out of the aggregate fund, by way of compensation for the loss he should sustain *upon saving the lives of many thousands of his subjects*. At the same time all he might gain by the encrease of the brewery, and by that of the wine licence duty, (which together cannot be *less*, and ought to be reckoned at *more* than an equal proportion to the decrease on the spirits (*a*) is, by the bounty of this act, preserved to him entire, and without account. So that *the preventing a national mischief*, of so destructive a nature, that, rather than suffer it to continue, the legislature was forced to ruin many particulars, and grievously hurt our sugar colonies, has *(no doubt to the comfort of the sufferers)* been so happily managed, that it may prove an advantage to the civil list of seventy thousand pounds a year, and probably more. I would only observe, that if our other popular vices could be turned as much to account as the drinking of spirits has been, the estate of the king of England would be more a gainer *by the sins of the people*, than the exchequer of the pope.

But there is another article I must not pass over in silence, because it may probably come before the house this session; and that is, that his majesty has been, and still is, in possession of 50,000*l. per ann.* which most people think was designed by parliament for the prince of Wales, over and above the fifty which he now enjoys. It seems evident to me by all I have heard, and read upon this subject, that the parliament which gave the civil list could not intend, that his majesty should retain for himself any part of this hundred thousand pounds a year; since supposing the prince to have *it all*, and allowing his majesty to spend one hundred thousand pounds a year extraordinary in *pensions, bounties, secret-service money*, &c. he will still have, for the support of his household,

(*a*) N. B. The share of the civil list upon foreign spirits is about $\frac{2}{3}$; upon home spirits about $\frac{1}{3}$; upon beer and ale about $\frac{1}{2}$.

a revenue equal to that of the late king. The expence of his family has been *unhappily* leſſened, ſince the conſideration of this matter in parliament, by no leſs a ſaving than *the whole ſum in diſpute*; and as for the charge which remains, it will be abundantly ſupplied out of ſo large an income as ſix hundred thouſand pounds a year, with the great additional profits ariſing from the gin bill, crown land, plantation rents, and other articles commonly known by the name of *licks*, &c. So that if the prince has not the fifty thouſand pounds *per annum*, which I apprehend he has a right to from the intention of parliament out of the ſeven hundred and fifty thouſand enjoyed by his majeſty, (excluſive of the profits on the articles abovementioned) if, I ſay, this be not given to him, upon the birth of two children, and the hopes of a third, it certainly ought *to be returned to the public*. If his royal highneſs has it, it will not indeed be *loſt to the public*; it is like to circulate freely, and the poor will have their ſhare of it; but as I am arguing now upon a principle of *ſaving*, I muſt needs ſay, *the nation wants it*, and the royal family *all together has enough*. Let the wealth of our princes always encreaſe with that of their people: let them ſhare the fruits of every public bleſſing, of every benefit derived to us from their government: but to have *them rich*, while *we are poor*, is, methinks, both an indecency, and a weakening of one ſtrong motive to them for governing with a conſtant regard to the proſperity of their ſubjects.

Sir, from what I have ſaid to recommend œconomy, I would not have you imagine any argument can be drawn, to defend a bad and diſhonourable peace, ſhould it appear that ſuch a one has been made with Spain. To make all proper ſavings is the duty of our miniſters; but an acquieſcence under wrongs and inſults is not œconomy: an acquieſcence that may coſt us millions is not œconomy: an acquieſcence that may ruin our trade, the only ſource of our riches, is not œconomy: it is not œconomy to neglect an opportunity of doing ourſelves juſtice at a cheaper rate, than we can hope to obtain it for in any future conjuncture. It can never be admitted, that becauſe peace is *cheaper* than war, and becauſe it is good to ſave money, therefore *any terms* of peace are to be gladly received rather than to make war *with any advantages:* and I ſhall leſs admit it *here*, becauſe we have already borne an expence, which, if rightly managed, might have been ſufficient to have procured us victory, and the fruit of victory, peace.

Sir,

Sir, there is another way of reasoning, similar to this, which I foresee, and which before hand I beg leave to warn you against, That because we ought to have great apprehensions of the growing power of France, if we go on ourselves as we have done of late, and suffer *them* to go on to take advantage of our conduct, therefore we are to submit to all the injustice of Spain, and give up the rights we are most concerned to support, for fear that France should declare against us in the war.

I have said before, it seems highly improbable, *that court* should engage in such a measure, *at this time*, from the present state of their government, and the unsettled condition, which any change might put it into for some years to come. But supposing the worst that it is possible to suppose, supposing we knew that France would side against us with Spain, even in that case I think it is reasoning wrong, it is reasoning with regard to the present day alone, to make *that* an argument for accepting a peace upon disadvantageous and dishonourable terms. For if we are really fallen into such a state, that when any power in Europe shall think fit to insult and injure us, and we take up arms to defend ourselves, France will interpose, and without any regard to her alliance, and the justice of our cause, *insist on our giving up our rights*, or else declare herself *our enemy*; if this is our situation, it is *an extremity*, which we must *fight ourselves out of as well*, and *as soon as we can*. For what can we expect by delaying it longer, but to draw on farther insults, farther wrongs, farther contempt; to be treated on all occasions *as a province to France:* to be daily weakened more and more by the incroachments of all our neighbours upon every branch of our trade; and to be at last devoured without the means of resistance, when all our friends *are ashamed of us*, and when a long *state of dependency* shall have sunk our courage, and prepared our minds, to endure the infamy of *a foreign yoke?* But we have the strongest grounds to think that our affairs are not so desperate. France is no party concerned in this dispute with Spain; and the present genius of that court is, not to engage without necessity, in any quarrel that must cost her a war. She may perhaps desire to mediate, and to mediate partially; but it is in the power of England to refuse that mediation: she may speak in an unfriendly, or perhaps in angry style; but we have profited little by a great deal of experience, if we have not learnt, that there is a wide distance *between talking angrily*, and *declaring war*. It seems evident upon the whole, that what we ought to apprehend, is not an immediate, but a future danger from France; and

the care of the legiſlature ſhould extend to *that*, not by approving a peace, which may deſerve to be cenſured, but by attending to things, which, either in war or peace, are of extreme importance to the ſtrength of the kingdom, and therefore demand particularly the inſpection of parliament.

Such is the ſtate of *our manufactures*, ſuch is that of *our colonies*; both ſhould be enquired into, that the nation may know, whether *the former* can ſupport themſelves much longer under the various preſſures that affect our manufacturers; and how is it poſſible that *the latter* ſhould decline, when if it had not been *for a falſe report of his death*, Sir O———o B———n might have *governed one of them*; and ſo many gentlemen of *no leſs fortune and character* have been frequently ſent *to take care of the reſt?*

The ſtate of *our garriſons* abroad too may deſerve to be conſidered, and whether the abſolute power, lodged in ſome of *our governors there*, has been *diſcreetly*, *moderately*, and *humanely* exerciſed, to the honour of his majeſty's commiſſion, and of the Engliſh name.

Sir, what I would farther ſubmit to your attention is, whether ſome *new powers* have not been aſſumed by the crown, or old ones *ſtretcht* beyond their legal bounds, by the conſtruction of miniſters, and the acquieſcence, or perhaps the authority of the judges themſelves. This is moſt likely to happen with regard to criminal proſecutions, and many inſtances of it have been complained of formerly, and fallen under the notice and the cenſure of parliament.

No longer ago than laſt year there was a loud complaint of a power aſſumed and exerciſed by the ſecretaries of ſtate againſt all law, and particularly againſt *that moſt ſacred law* the habeas corpus act; I mean the demanding ſecurity for their good behaviour, from perſons examined before them on ſuſpicion of writing, printing, or publiſhing libels againſt the government.

This having been exerciſed for the moſt part upon low and inconſiderable people, who had neither ſpirit nor ſtrength enough to ſupport their right, it had paſſed unqueſtioned many years together, till Mr. Franklin was adviſed not to comply with that demand, but to inſiſt on giving bail for his appearance only. Upon this the matter was brought by habeas corpus before my lord chief juſtice Raymond, who decided it *in his favour*, for he admitted him to bail without ſecurity for his good behaviour. Notwithſtanding which the ſame practice continued in the ſecretary's office, any and paſſed *ſub ſilentio*, till laſt year Mr. Amhurſt brought it into publick diſcourſe.

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Though the circumſtances of this fact are pretty well known, yet, as they are of a weighty and a grievous nature, I will remind you of them by a ſhort recital of all ſuch particulars as are come to my knowledge. Some time after Chriſtmas 1737, Mr. Amhurſt, hearing that a warrant from the Duke of Newcaſtle was out againſt him, ſurrendered himſelf to a meſſenger, and was carried before his grace to be examined. The crime imputed to him was, that *he was ſuſpected* to be author of a paper *ſuſpected* to be a libel. As no proofs were alledged againſt him, no witneſſes produced, an examination of this kind could not laſt long. As ſoon as it was over, he was told, that the crime being bailable, he ſhould be bailed upon finding ſufficient ſureties to anſwer for his appearance, and trial; and gave bail for his appearance, but the other terms impoſed upon him he abſolutely refuſed. Upon that refuſal he was remanded back to cuſtody, and the next day brought his habeas corpus, and was then ſet at liberty by conſent, till the twelve judges ſhould determine the queſtion, whether he was obliged to give bail for his good behaviour, as well as for his appearance, before he was entitled to his liberty.

As this determination would have been the moſt important to the liberty of every man in England, that perhaps the judges ever gave, it was impatiently expected, and deſired by the public. Several days were fixed for hearing counſel on both ſides; but they were never heard, and the queſtion remains ſtill undetermined.

A queſtion of no leſs conſequence, than whether ignominy and puniſhment (for *ſuch* the being bound to good behaviour is by the law ſuppoſed to be) ſhall be inflicted on a freeman *before any trial*, and *without his being charged upon oath*, even of ſuſpicion of guilt: a queſtion of no leſs conſequence, than whether any man in the kingdom, whom the court are pleaſed to ſuſpect of writing a libel, ſhall, by frequent, ſucceſſive commitments upon other ſuſpicions, with no proof at all, be either conſtantly impriſoned, from not being able to find ſecurity for his good behaviour, ſo often as it is aſked, which may be every week; or be expoſed to forfeit many bails at once, to the value poſſibly of ten thouſand pounds (*a*), for a ſingle breach of the peace, which in another circumſtance, he could not be fined ten ſhillings for, by any court in England.

(*a*) N. B. While a man is bound to his good behaviour, if he ſhould chance to commit any common act of natural frailty or paſſion, get drunk, for inſtance, or return a blow, he would be liable to forfeit his ſecurities.

A queſtion of no leſs conſequence, than whether the habeas corpus act ſhall be the rule of proceedings in all caſes bailable; or whether it ſhall be in the power of every juſtice of peace to add *new terms* to it, and make *new exceptions* to the advantages given by that act to the ſubject; that is, whether *they* ſhould do what all the judges in England would deſerve to be impeached for if they did, and what the parliament itſelf ought no more to do, than to repeal, or alter MAGNA CHARTA.

A queſtion of no leſs conſequence, than whether we ſhould loſe the entire benefit of the liberty of the preſs, which ſecures and ſtrengthens all our other liberties: ſince, upon ſuſpicion only of a book or paper being libellous, any man ſuſpected to be concerned in it, may be put under the load of finding ſecurity for his good behaviour, which is ſuch a vexation, and ſuch a diſtreſs, that it is commonly part, and a heavy part, of the ſentence upon *convicted criminals*, in all but capital cauſes: ſince this is in the power of every juſtice of peace (*a*); and ſince, by conſequence, no man can be ſafe who publiſhes a book, how innocent ſoever it may be, without *as many licencers*, as there are *Middleſex juſtices*.

Why this queſtion was not decided at that time, why it remains ſtill undetermined, I cannot tell. If there is no intention to revive the practice which occaſioned the diſpute, I am ſurprized and ſorry, that the terror of it is ſuffered to hang over us ſtill, and that the opinion of all mankind concerning it has not yet received the ſanction of a judicial determination, or the declaration of parliament.

From my good opinion of the preſent judges, I hope and believe, that if *they* decide it, we have nothing to fear. They know the danger, and deteſt the iniquity, of adding reſtrictions of their own to laws declaratory of liberty. They know that parliaments have often reſented ſuch proceedings; that they have been productive of the greateſt miſchiefs, the greateſt diſorders, and convulſions in the ſtate: that the arbitrary interpretation of our laws in Weſtminſter-hall has been more than once the cauſe of civil war, the diſſolution of our government, and the deſtruction of our kings. They will therefore decide, not as former judges have done, who held their places at the mercy of the crown, but as men, who *deſerve* the places, which, without a crime, *they cannot loſe*.

Yet if this deciſion ſhould be longer delayed, it will be highly proper, that the ſenſe of parliament be taken upon it,

(*a*) The law knows of no power in a ſecretary of ſtate, in this reſpect, which is not equally lodged in every juſtice of peace.

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and that we ſhould know to what we may truſt. For ſo long as this is in doubt, ſo long the nobleſt privileges, that Engliſhmen enjoy beyond all other nations, are left in uncertainty, and may be thought in danger.

And if the conſideration of this ſhall come before the legiſlature, they will be naturally led at the ſame time to conſider, if there are not grievous inconveniences that attend the trial of criminal cauſes by *ſpecial juries*; and whether moſt of the proviſions made by the act of 3 George II. ſhould not be extended *to them*. By the ſeveral regulations in that act for the return and ballotting of common juries in civil cauſes, the property tried in ſmall actions is pretty ſtrongly guarded: but it is very extraordinary, that no proviſion of that kind has been made, where the queſtion to be tried is of the higheſt conſequence. It is very well known, that even in civil cauſes, few above the value of an hundred pounds are tried without a ſpecial jury, to which this act does not extend.

Now I can ſee no reaſon for theſe regulations with regard to the property tried by common juries, which does not hold much ſtronger for extending the care of parliament to the regulating ſpecial juries alſo. The ſmall value of the cauſes tried by the former makes it highly improbable, that either of the parties ſhould attempt to influence the ſheriff to make a partial return, ſince the gain would no way equal the hazard. The ſame reaſon too will prevent an intereſted juryman, ſuppoſing ſuch a one was returned, from giving a verdict contrary to evidence, and perjuring himſelf in the ſight of his country, for ſo inconſiderable an advantage to the party he favours. And that crimes will be more or leſs frequent in proportion to the temptation to commit them, muſt be allowed.

In criminal caſes, this is ſtill more dangerous, becauſe the power of the crown may be exerted in the proſecution, and the queſtion to be tried is the impriſonment and puniſhment of a freeman. If the maſter of the crown-office, or his deputy, ſhould be ever under any influence, he may (*a*) name twelve of the defendant's friends to cover his purpoſe, and thirty-ſix of thoſe who are moſt prejudiced againſt him upon reaſons of party, or other cauſes, if he can find ſo many in the county; and as the ſolicitor for the crown would ſtrike off the former, the defendant muſt be tried from a jury among

(*a*) The rule of ſtriking ſpecial juries is, that the ſheriff of the county do attend the maſter of the crown-office with the freeholders books, out of which he is to name forty-eight in preſence of each party, who by their attornies or ſolicitors ſhall ſtrike off twelve apiece.

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the latter. It is true that officer is *ſworn*, but ſo is the ſheriff in returning common juries, and it is juſt as likely that the one ſhould *name* partially, as the other *return partially*.

But there ſeems to be leſs reaſon for allowing of ſpecial juries to be ſtruck by the maſter of the crown-office, or by any other officer, upon informations, or indictments for crimes committed in London or Weſtminſter (which is the caſe of moſt of the crown proſecutions upon libels, &c. for very few ariſe in any other county) becauſe the ſheriffs of London and Middleſex, being annual and elective officers, are leſs liable to ſuſpicion of influence, and, by conſequence, the moſt impartial officers between the crown and the ſubject.

The uſual argument in ſupport of ſpecial juries is, that it is ſometimes neceſſary for a cauſe to be conſidered by perſons of a higher rank and better education than common freeholders, and that they are never uſed in a capital caſe.

As to the firſt, admitting the reaſoning to be right, why may not ſpecial juries be balloted for out of a number of freeholders *poſſeſt of eſtates to ſuch a value*, and the liſts be made in the ſame manner as is directed by the jury-act with regard to common juries?

And as to the ſecond part of the argument, that ſpecial juries are not uſed in capital caſes, that, at beſt, is but to ſay, that the practice is *not a bad one*, becauſe *it might be worſe*; and that, becauſe the life of the ſubject is ſafe, therefore his liberty is not worth conſideration. Sir, I think it is evident, this practice is ſuch as requires a new law, no leſs than the abuſes and corruptions, recited in the preamble to the jury-act, required the regulations thereby made for ſpecial juries: nay, that without they are extended to common juries, that law is of leſs utility, than the parliament, which made it hoped and deſigned. It was certainly *well-intended*, and preſume the preſent parliament, when they ſee the defects o it, will not have leſs zeal for *the principle* it goes upon, that their predeceſſors.

But when this method of trial ſhall be better regulated, hope it will be alſo conſidered by the legiſlature, whether i be not adviſable to *take another quite away*, I mean *informations* in the king's bench for *criminal cauſes*:

Becauſe, by this method, the ſubject loſes one great benefit he is by law entitled to, that of *a grand jury*:

Becauſe, though in caſes between ſubject and ſubject, it is in the power of the court to refuſe an information, if the defendant ſhew cauſe; yet in crown-proſecutions, of which the legiſlature ought to be moſt jealous, the attorney-general

b

by his own authority, files an information, which the court cannot refuse:

Because, though it comes out to be ever so groundless a charge, the crown pays no costs, and the defendant may be undone by the expence:

Because the act restraining subjects from this method of prosecution, *with regard to each other*, without leave of the court after hearing both sides, and some farther cautions, is a strong proof that the parliament thought it a dangerous and oppressive course, which they ought to discourage: but between subjects and *the crown* the danger surely is much greater, there being more room for oppression, and the penalties on conviction more severe:

Because there is reason to think, that when the star-chamber was abolished, the parliament meant to condemn the methods of trial used in that court, and did not imagine they would rise again in the king's bench, upon pretence, that they had been *antiently*, though *very rarely* practised *there*; and that all the powers the star-chamber claimed from common law did, by the abolition of that court, devolve on the king's bench:

Because, in all cases *purely criminal*, the crown has another way of proceeding *equally easy to the king*, and much more safe to the subject, *viz.* the *method of indictment:* and because the retaining *that*, which may be made oppressive, when *there is no occasion for it*, is no honour to the crown, and no advantage *but against the innocent.*

In answer to all this it will, I know, be said, that this is an antient power vested by law in the crown; that it is invading the prerogative to attempt to take it away; and that we ought to preserve the constitution unchanged. To which I reply, that the antiquity of this power is no defence of it, if it be unfit to remain, since others as antient have been taken away: that the prerogative of the king is no more sacred than the liberty of the subject: that *this* has been abridged in several instances of late, particularly the riot act, on a supposition, that the restraint was necessary for the publick good; and the same reasoning will hold with regard to a power in the crown, the exercise of which is supposed to be dangerous to the publick.

As to the expediency and duty of preserving the constitution *unchanged*, it is no doubt in general a right maxim. But does not every *new power given* to the crown *change* the constitution, as much as an old power *taken away?*

In

In the balance of our government is the ſcale of the crown to be always *filling*, and that of the people always emptying?

Is there no danger to the ſtate, but from the *abuſe of liberty*, which is daily the argument for coercive laws, enforced with heavy penalties, and unknown to our anceſtors? May there not alſo be danger *from the abuſe of prerogative*, eſpecially in proſecutions carried on by the crown, where paſſion may mix itſelf, and where influence may prevail? And is it not as worthy of a parliament to provide a remedy againſt one of theſe dangers, as againſt the other?

We are told by a great man, by my lord Bacon, in his Life of Henry VII. that when that prince had drawn great ſums of money by taxes, and other impoſitions from his people, he uſed *to remunerate them* by good and wholſome laws, beneficial to liberty, and of a popular nature, which, as his lordſhip obſerves, *were evermore his retribution for treaſure*. And the beſt retribution it was that could be made, the moſt effectual for relief, and the moſt capable of ſtopping complaints and healing diſcontents. This honour indeed did not belong to him alone; part of it ought to be imputed to his parliaments; though parliaments in thoſe days were not ſo independent as, I hope, they are now, but were a good deal influenced by the power of the crown and the will of the king in directing their proceedings. But they both together had this merit to the nation, that what they took in ſubſidies, they paid again in laws.

It is the misfortune, (I would not ſay the fault) of the preſent times, to have laid moſt heavy burdens, ſuch as were even unknown to the days of Henry the Seventh, with unintermitting ſeverity, on the people of theſe kingdoms. In this parliaments and kings have long concurred, not without great diſcontent on the ſide of thoſe at whoſe expence it was done, and who have not always been ſo much convinced *of the neceſſity*. But as for retribution, except that retribution which conſiſts in *ſalaries* and *penſions* paid by the crown, to the happy few, who are the objects of its favour, I am afraid little of this will be found to have been given, in the ſenſe the word is uſed by my lord Bacon, to make the people amends for the hardſhips they ſuſtain. New penal laws and new powers to the crown have for theſe twenty years paſt been almoſt the only preſents made by the legiſlature to us and our poſterity, in return for above one hundred millions raiſed upon the publick, in all the various ſhapes from the land tax down to turnpikes.

But

But it is full time to think of *other retributions:* the nation requires it from your hands, requires you to ſtrengthen, to enlarge the baſis upon which their rights are fixed, and if there are any rotten parts in that great fabrick, to take them away, leſt they endanger the whole. Much of this was done at the renovation of our government by the late happy Revolution, but not all. Some defects were left through inattention or other cauſes, which it may be the glory of his majeſty's reign and of this parliament by their united wiſdom and goodneſs to remove. This will conciliate to both the affections of the people, and do more, much more, towards ſecuring the government, than *an army could of an hundred thouſand men.* We hear much of diſaffection; this would cruſh it at once: it would unite the friends of the eſtabliſhment, and confound its enemies; it would ſhew the cauſe we ſupport to be *the cauſe of liberty.*

Sir, I have now laid before you, with great plainneſs and ſincerity, what I believe the nation aſks of its repreſentatives. I am one unpractiſed in writing, and that underſtand no rhetorick, but what owes its prevalence to the ſingle force of truth: and leaſt of all do I underſtand the method of arguing, which want of genius in writers, and meanneſs of ſpirit in their pay-maſters, have made ſo common in political diſputes, attacking *private characters,* and turning a national queſtion into *perſonal* altercations and abuſive *lies.* I am ſo much unknown, that I believe myſelf very ſecure from this ſort of anſwer being made me on account of this letter. If any other ſuffers in my ſtead (as theſe hired *aſſaſſins* are apt to miſtake their object in the dark) I ſhall recommend to him, what I would practiſe myſelf in that caſe, *ſilence* and *contempt.* As to the facts and reaſonings laid down here, if they are controverted, I am ready to ſupport them againſt any attack which comes from a better hand than ordinary, and has common ſenſe in it. I am quite a ſtranger to the perſons of our miniſters, I know them only by the effects of their conduct, and neither *they* nor *their ſucceſſors* can pleaſe or offend me, but as my country gains or ſuffers by their power. And I pity thoſe, if there are any ſuch, who think *the removing an ill miniſter* is a point of conſequence, if with him *the maxims* and *the meaſures* of his government, how ſtrongly ſoever eſtabliſhed, are not alſo *expelled.*

I ſhall only add to what I have ſaid, that, unleſs ſomething be done by *this parliament,* to give new vigour to our liberties, ſtop the torrent of corruption, and revive the principles, and the ſpirit of our fathers, we have leſs to hope, than to

apprehend

apprehend from *thoſe to come.* The time, I doubt, is not far off, when by the encreaſe of influence, there may be ſuch difficulties upon country gentlemen to oppoſe the court in elections, and ſuch a deſpondency, ſuch a diſpiritedneſs on the minds of all, except the favourites of power, that no ſtruggle could be expected, no oppoſition at all to the nomination of the crown. A kind of *congé d'elire* might be ſent down into the country, and directed *to our truſty and well-beloved officers of the cuſtoms, exciſe, and army,* in all the towns and boroughs of England, Scotland, Wales, and the dutchy of Cornwall. Suitable returns would be made: but, Sir, *this would not be a parliament.*

May that Providence, which has ſaved us ſo often, when we could not, or would not ſave ourſelves, preſerve us now! may his majeſty's *gracious diſpoſitions* operate in our favour, and remove the clouds that have been ſpread ſo thick about him, to prevent his ſeeing both our intereſt, and *his own!*

May an alteration of meaſures be the aim, the effect, and *the reward* of oppoſition! may the public good be the object, the bound, and the ſecurity of power! may *the royal family,* may all parties, may the nation unite in affection, and be divided no more! may all who obſtruct this union for vile ends of their own, be *the victims of it,* and ſuffer what they deſerve! may all who deſire it, *underſtand, aſſiſt,* and *ſtrengthen one another!*

I am, Sir, &c.

For the proof of what is advanced in the firſt part of this Letter, it may not be improper to recite ſome articles of our treaties with Spain and France, that regard America.

Imo.

The TREATY of 1667 between ENGLAND and SPAIN

ART. VIII.

—— And for what may concern both the Indies, and any other parts whatſoever, the King of Spain doth grant to the King of Great Britain and his ſubjects, all that is granted to the United States of the Low Countries and their ſubjects, in their treaty of Munſter 1648, point for point, in as full and ample a manner as if the ſame were herein particularly inſerted, the ſame rules being to be obſerved whereunto the

ſubject

ſubjects of the ſaid United States are obliged, and mutual offices of friendſhip to be performed from one ſide to the other.

The articles referred to are,

ART. V.

La navigation et trafique des Indes Orientales et Occidentales ſera maintenuë ſelon et en conformité des octroys ſur ce donnés, ou a donner ci-aprés; pour ſeureté de quoy ſervira le preſent traité et la ratification d'iceluy, qui de part et d'autre en ſera procurée: et ſeront compris ſoûs le dit traité tous potentats, nations et peuples, avec leſquels leſdits Seigneurs Eſtats, ou ceux de la ſocieté des Indes Orientales et Occidentales en leur nom, entre les limites de leurſdits octroys ſont en amitié et alliance; et un chacun, ſcavoir les ſuſdits Seigneurs Roy et Eſtats reſpectivement demeureront en poſſeſſion et jouïront de telles ſeigneurs, villes, chaſteaux, forteresſes, commerce et pays és Indes Orientales & Occidentales, comme auſſi au Braſil et ſur les coſtes d'Aſie, Afrique, et Amerique reſpectivement, que leſdits Seigneurs Roy et Eſtats reſpectivement tiennent et poſſedent, en ce compris ſpecialement les lieux et places que les Portugais depuis l'an mil ſix cent quarante et un, ont pris et occupé ſur leſdits Seigneurs Eſtats; compris auſſi les lieux et places qu'iceux Seigneurs Eſtats cy-aprés, ſans infraction du preſent traicté, viendront a conquerir et poſſeder; et les directeurs de la ſocieté des Indes tant Orientales que Occidentales des Provinces-Unies, comme auſſi les miniſtres, officiers hauts & bas, ſoldats et matelots, eſtans en ſervice actuel de l'une ou de l'autre deſdites compagnies, ou ayans eſté en leur ſervice, comme auſſi ceux qui hors leur ſervice reſpectivement, tant en ce pays, q'uau district deſdites deux compagnies, continüent encore, ou pourront cy-aprés eſtre employés, ſeront et demeureront libres et ſans eſtre moleſtez en tous les pays eſtans ſoûs l'obeïſſance dudit Seigneur Roy en l'Europe, pourront voyager, trafiquer et frequenter, comme tous autres habitants des pays deſdits Seigneurs Eſtats. En ouſtre a eſté conditionné et ſtipulé, que les Eſpagnols retiendront leur navigation en telle maniere, qu'ils la tiennent pour le preſent és Indes Orientales, ſans ſe pouvoir eſtendre plus avant, comme auſſi les habitans de ce Pays-Bas s'abſtiendront de la frequentation des places que les Caſtillans ont és Indes Orientales.

ART. VI.

Et quant aux Indes Occidentales, le ſujets et habitans des royaumes, provinces et terres deſdits Seigneurs Roy et Eſtats reſpectivement s'abſtiendront de naviger et trafiquer en tous les havres, lieux et places garnies de forts, loges, ou chaſteaux, et toutes autres poſſedées par l'une ou l'autre partie; ſcavoir que les ſujets dudit Seigneur Roy ne navigeront et trafiqueront en Celles tenuës par leſdits Seigneurs Eſtats, ny les ſujets deſdits Seigneurs Eſtats en celles tenuës par ledit Seigneur Roy, et entre les places tenuës par leſdits Seigneurs Eſtats ſeront compriſes les places que les Portugais, depuis l'an mil ſix cent quarante et un ont occupé dans le Braſil ſur leſdits Seigneurs Eſtats, comme auſſi toutes autres places qu'ils poſſedent à preſent tandis qu'elles demeureront auxdits Portugais; ſans que le precedent article puiſſe deroger au contentû du preſent.

IIdo.

The Treaty of 1670 between ENGLAND and SPAIN, commonly called the American Treaty (*a*).

ART. III.

Item uti in futurum omnes inimicitiæ, hoſtilitates et diſcordiæ inter prædictos Dominos Reges, eorumque ſubditos, et incolas ceſſent, et aboleantur: et utraque pars ab omni direptione, deprædatione, læſione, injuriiſque ac infeſtatione qualicunque tam terra quam mari, et aquis dulcibus ubivis gentium temperet prorſus, et abſtineat.

ART. VII.

—Conventum præterea eſt quod ſereniſſimus Magnæ Britanniæ Rex, heredes et ſucceſſores ejus cum plenario jure ſummi imperii, proprietatis et poſſeſſionis, terras omnes, regiones, inſulas, colonias ac dominia in Occidentali India aut quavis parte Americæ ſita habebunt, tenebunt et poſſidebunt in perpetuum, quæcunque dictus Magnæ Britanniæ Rex, et ſubditi ejus impræſentiarum tenent, ac poſſident, ita ut eo nomine, aut quacunque ſub prætenſione nihil unquam amplius urgeri, nihilque controverſiarum in poſterum moveri poſſit, aut debeat.

ART. VIII.

Subditi, et incolæ, mercatores, navarchæ, naucleri, nautæ, regnorum, provinciarum, terrarumque utriuſque Regis re-

* This treaty confirms by its firſt article that of 1667, and both are particularly confirmed by the treaty of Utrecht.

ſpective

ſpectivè abſtinebunt, cavebuntque ſibi à commerciis, et navigatione in portus, ac loca fortalitiis, ſtabulis mercimoniorum, vel caſtellis inſtructa, aliaque omnia quæ ab una, vel ab altera parte occupantur in Occidentali India: nimirum Regis Magnæ Britanniæ ſubditi negotiationem non dirigent, navigationem non inſtituent, mercaturam non facient in portibus, lociſvè, quæ rex catholicus in dicta India tenet; neque viciſſim Regis Hiſpaniarum ſubditi in ea loca navigationes inſtituent, aut commercia exercebunt, quæ ibidem à Rege Magnæ Britanniæ poſſidentur.

ART. IX.

Si verò tractu temporis viſum fuerit alterutri Regum licentiam aliquam generalem, vel ſpecialem, aut privilegia concedere alterius ſubditis navigationem inſtituendi, et commercium habendi in quibuſvis locis ſuæ ditionis, qui dictas licentias, et privilegia conceſſerit, dicta navigatio, et commercium exercebuntur et manu tenebuntur juxta et ſecundum formam, tenorem, et affectum permiſſionum, aut privilegiorum, quæ indulgeri poterint, quorum ſecuritati præſens tractatus, ejuſdemque ratihabitio inſerviet.

ART. X.

Item concordatum eſt, quod ſi alterutrius confœderatorum ſubditi, et incolæ cum navibus ſuis, ſive bellicæ; ſive onerariæ ac privatæ, procellis abrepti fuerint, vel perſequentibus hoſtis inimicis ac hoſtibus, aut alio quovis incommodo cogantur ſe ad portum quærendum in alterius fœderati flumina, ſinus, æſtuaria, ac ſtationes recipere, vel ad littora quæcunque in America appellere, benignè, omnique humanitate ibidem excipiantur, amica gaudeant protectione & benevolentia tractentur. Nullo autem modo impediantur, quò minus integrum omninò habeant reficere ſe, victualia etiam & omne genus commeatum, ſive vitæ ſuſtinendæ, ſive navibus reparandis, & itineri faciendo neceſſarium, æquo & conſueto pretio comparare. Nulla quoque ratione prohibeantur ex portu, et ſtatione viciſſim ſolvere, ac egredi, quin ipſis licitum ſit, pro libito migrare loco, libereque diſcedere quandocunque, & quocunque viſum fuerit, abſque ulla moleſtatione, aut impedimento.

ART. XI.

Pari ratione ſi naves alterutrius confœderati, ejuſdemque ſubditorum, ac incolarum ad oras, aut in ditionibus quibuſcunque alterius impegerint, jactum facerint, vel (quod Deus avertat) naufragium, aut damnum quodcunque paſſæ fuerint, effectus, aut detrimenta paſſos, in vincula, aut ſervitutem ab-

ducere

ducere nefas esto, quin periclitantibus, aut naufragis benevolè, ac amicissimè subveniatur, atque auxilium feratur, literæque illis salvi conductus exhibeantur, quibus inde tutò, & absque molestia exire, & ad suam quisque patriam redire valeat.

ART. XII.

Quando autem alterutrius naves (uti supradictum est) maris periculo, aliave cogente ratione compulsæ, in alterius portus adigantur, si tres, quatuorve fuerint, justamque suspicionis occasionem præbere poterint adventus istiusmodi causa, gubernatori, vel primario loci magistratui, statim exponetur, nec diutius ibi mora trahetur, quam quæ illis à dicto gubernatore aut præfecto permissa, & victui comparando, navibusque tum refarciendis, tum instruendis commoda, atque æqua fuerit, cautum vero semper erit, ut onus non distrahant neque mercium aut farcinarum aliquid è navibus efferant, & venum exponant, nec etiam mercimonia ab altera parte in Naves receperint, aut quicquam egerint contra hoc fœdus.

ART. XV.

Præsens tractatus nihil derogabit præeminentiæ, juri a dominio cuicunque alterutrius confœderatorum in maribu Americanis, fretis, atque aquis quibuscunque, sed habean retineantque sibi eadem pari amplitudine, quæ illis jure com petit; intellectum autem semper esto libertatem navigan neutiquam interrumpi debere, modo nihil adversus genuinu horum articulorum sensum committatur, vel peccetur.

III°.

The Treaty of 1686, between ENGLAND and FRANCE

ART. V.

Et que pour cet effet les sujets et habitans, marchan capitaines de vaisseaux, pilotes et matelots de royaumes, pr vinces et terres de chacun desdits Roys respectivement, feront aucun commerce ni pesche dans tous les lieux dont l' est, ou l'on sera en possession de part et d'autre dans l'Am rique. C'est à scavoir, que les sujets de sa Majesté tres Ch tienne ne se mesleront d'aucun trafic, ne feront aucun co merce, et ne pescheront point dans les ports, rivieres, bay embouchures de rivieres, rades, costes, ou autres lieux d sont ou seront ci-aprés possedez par sa Majesté Britannique Amerique: et reciproquement les sujets de sa Majesté Brit nique ne se mesleront d'aucun trafic, ne feront aucun co merce, et ne pescheront point dans les ports, rivieres, bay

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embouchures de rivieres, rades, coſtes ou autres lieux qui ſont ou ſeront ci-aprés poſſedez par ſa Majeſté trés Chrêtienne en Amerique. Et au cas qu'aucun vaiſſeau, ou barque ſoit ſurpris faiſant trafic, ou peſchant, contre ce qui eſt porté par le preſent traité, ledit vaiſſeau, ou barque avec ſa charge, ſera confiſqué, aprés que la preuve de la contravention aura eſté legitimement faite. Il ſera néanmoins permis à la partie qui ſe ſentira gravée par la ſentence de confiſcation, de ſe pourvoir au conſeil d'eſtat du roy, dont les gouverneurs ou juges auront rendû ladite ſentence de confiſcation, et d'y porter ſa plainte, ſans que pour cela l'execution de la ſentence ſoit empeſchée: bien entendû néanmoins que la liberté de la navigation ne doit eſtre nullement empeſchée, pourveu qu'il ne commette rien contre le veritable ſens du preſent traite.

ART. VI.

De plus, il a eſté accordé, que ſi les ſujets et habitans de l'un ou de l'autre deſdits Roys, et leurs vaiſſeaux, ſoit de guerre et publics, ſoit marchands et particuliers, ſont emportez par les tempeſtes, ou eſtant pourſuivis par les pirates ou par les ennemis, ou preſſez par quelque autre neceſſité, ſont contraints pour ſe mettre en ſeureté, de ſe retirer dans les ports, rivieres, bayes, embouchures de rivieres, rades et coſtes quelconques appertenantes à l'autre Roy dans l'Amerique, ils y ſeront bien et amblement reçûs, protegez et favorablement traitez: qu'ils pourront, ſans qu'on les empêche en quelque maniere que ce ſoit, s'y rafraichir, et même acheter au prix ordinaire et raiſonable, des vivres, et toutes ſortes de proviſions neceſſaires, ou pour la vie, ou pour radouber les vaiſſeaux, et pour continuër leur route: qu'on ne les empêchera non plus en aucune maniere de ſortir des ports et rades, mais qu'il leur ſera permis de partir, et s'en aller en toute liberté quand et où il leur plairra, ſans être moleſtez ou empêchez: qu'on ne les obligera point à ſe defare de leur charge, ou à decharger et expoſer en vente leurs marchandiſes, ou balots: qu'auſſi de leur part ils ne recevront dans leurs vaiſſeaux aucunes marchandiſes, et ne feront point de peſche, ſoûs peine de confiſcation deſdits vaiſſeaux et marchandiſes, conformement à ce qui a eſté convenû dans l'article precedent. De plus a eſté accordé, que toutes et quantes fois que les ſujets de l'un ou de l'autre deſdits roys ſeront contraints, comme il a eſté dit ci-deſſus, d'entrer avec leurs vaiſſeaux dans les ports de l'autre roy, ils ſeront obligez, en entrant, d'arborer la banniere, ou marque de leur nation, et d'avertir de leur arrivée par trois

coups de mouſquet : à faute de quoi faire, et d'en-voyer une chaloupe à terre, ils pourront être confiſquez.

ART. VII.

Pareillement ſi les vaiſſeaux de l'un ou de l'autre deſdits Roys, & de leurs ſujets et habitans viennent à échouër, jetter en mer leurs marchandiſes, ou, ce qu'à Dieu ne plaiſe, faire naufrage, ou qu'il leur arrive quelqu'autre malheur que ce ſoit, on donnera aide et ſecours avec bonté et charité à ceux qui ſeront en danger, ou auront fait naufrage : il leur ſera delivré des ſaufs conduits, ou paſſeports, pour pourvoir ſe retirer dans leur pays en ſeureté, et ſans être moleſtez.

ART. VIII.

Qui ſi les vaiſſeaux de l'un ou de l'autre Roy, qui ſeront contraints par quelque avanture ou cauſe que ce ſoit, comme il a é é dit, de ſe retirer dans les ports de l'autre Roy, ſe trouvent au nombre de trois ou de quatre, & peuvent donner quelque juſte cauſe de ſoupçon, ils feront auſſi-tôt connoître au gouverneur ou principal magiſtrat du lieu, la cauſe de leur arrivée ; et ne demeureront qu'autant de tems, qu'ils en auront permiſſion du dit governeur ou commandant, & ce qu'il ſera juſte et raiſonable, pour ſe pourvoir de vivres, et pour radouber et equiper leurs vaiſſeaux.

That it may appear what was the ſenſe both Houſes of Parliament had of theſe Treaties, I have here adjoined the Reſolutions, and Addreſſes of the Lords, and Commons, upon the petition of the merchants laſt year, and his Majeſty's moſt gracious Anſwers.

Jovis, 30 die Martii, 1738.

Reſolved,

That it is the opinion of this committee, that it is the natural and undoubted right of the Britiſh ſubjects to ſail with their ſhips on any part of the ſeas of America, to and from any part of his Majeſty's dominions ; and that the freedom of navigation and commerce, which the ſubjects of Great Britain have an undoubted right to by the law of nations, and by virtue of the treaties ſubſiſting between the two crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, has been greatly interrupted by the Spaniards under pretences altogether groundleſs and unwarrantable ;

rantable; that before and ſince the execution of the treaty of Seville, and the declaration made by the crown of Spain purſuant thereunto, for the ſatisfaction and ſecurity of the commerce of Great Britain, many unjuſt ſeizures and captures have been made, and great depredations committed by the Spaniards, attended with many inſtances of unheard of cruelty and barbarity; that the frequent applications made to the court of Spain for procuring juſtice and ſatisfaction to his majeſty's injured ſubjects, for bringing the offenders to condign puniſhment, and for preventing the like abuſes for the future, have proved vain and ineffectual, and the ſeveral orders or cedulas, granted by the king of Spain for reſtitution and reparation of great loſſes ſuſtained by the unlawful and unjuſtifiable ſeizures and captures made by the Spaniards, have been diſobeyed by the Spaniſh governors, or totally evaded and eluded; all which violences and depredations have been carried on to the great loſs and damage of the ſubjects of Great-Britain trading to America, and in direct violation of the treaties ſubſiſting between the two crowns.

A motion was made, and the queſtion being put, that the ſaid reſolution be recommitted;

It paſſed in the negative.

Then the ſaid reſolution, being read a ſecond time, was agreed to by the houſe.

Mr. Alderman Perry alſo acquainted the houſe, that he was directed by the committee to move the houſe, that an humble addreſs be preſented to his majeſty, humbly beſeeching his majeſty, to uſe his royal endeavours with his catholick majeſty, to obtain effectual relief for his injured ſubjects, and to convince the court of Spain, that, how deſirous ſoever his majeſty may be to preſerve a good correſpondence and amity betwixt the two crowns (which can only ſubſiſt, by a ſtrict obſervance of their mutual treaties, and a juſt regard to the rights and privileges belonging to each other) his majeſty can no longer ſuffer ſuch conſtant and repeated inſults and injuries to be carried on, to the diſhonour of his crown, and to the ruin of his trading ſubjects; and to aſſure his majeſty, that in caſe his royal and friendly inſtances, for procuring juſtice, and *for the future ſecurity of that navigation and commerce*, which his people have an undoubted right to by treaties and the laws of nations, ſhall not be able to procure, from the equity and friendſhip of the king of Spain, ſuch ſatisfaction, as his majeſty may reaſonably expect from a good and faithful ally, this houſe will effectually ſupport his majeſty in taking

ſuch meaſures, as honour and juſtice ſhall make it neceſſary for his majeſty to purſue.

And Mr. Alderman Perry moved the houſe accordingly.

Reſolved,

That an humble addreſs be preſented to his majeſty, humbly beſeeching his majeſty, to uſe his royal endeavours with his catholick majeſty, to obtain effectual relief for his injured ſubjects, and to convince the court of Spain, that, how deſirous ſoever his majeſty may be to preſerve a good correſpondence and amity betwixt the two crowns (which can only ſubſiſt, by a ſtrict obſervance of their mutual treaties, and a juſt regard to the rights and privileges belonging to each other) his majeſty can no longer ſuffer ſuch conſtant and repeated inſults and injuries to be carried on, to the diſhonour of his crown, and to the ruin of his trading ſubjects; and to aſſure his majeſty, that, in caſe his royal and friendly inſtances, for procuring juſtice, and *for the future ſecurity of that navigation and commerce*, which his people have an undoubted right to by treaties and the law of nations, ſhall not be able to procure, from the equity and friendſhip of the king of Spain, ſuch ſatisfaction, as his majeſty may reaſonably expect from a good and faithful ally, this houſe will effectually ſupport his majeſty in taking ſuch meaſures, as honour and juſtice ſhall make it neceſſary for his majeſty to purſue.

Veneris, 7 die Aprilis, 1738.

Mr. Speaker reported, that the Houſe attended his Majeſty with their Reſolution and Addreſs of the 30th day of March laſt, to which his Majeſty was pleaſed to give this moſt gracious Anſwer, *viz.*

Gentlemen,

I AM fully ſenſible of the many and unwarrantable depredations committed by the Spaniards; and you may be aſſured, I will make uſe of the moſt proper and effectual means that are in my power, to procure juſtice and ſatisfaction to my injured ſubjects, and *for the future ſecurity of their trade and navigation.* I can make no doubt, but you will ſupport me, with chearfulneſs, in all ſuch meaſures, as, in purſuance of your advice, I may be neceſſitated to take, for the honour of my crown and kingdoms, and the rights of my people.

Th

The humble ADDRESS of the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

Die Martis, 2 Maii, 1738.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

WE your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, having taken into our serious consideration the many unjust violences and depredations committed by the Spaniards, upon the persons, ships, and effects of divers of your majesty's subjects in America, have come to the following resolutions, which we beg leave in the humblest manner to lay before your majesty, for your royal consideration, *viz.*

I. Resolved, That the subjects of the crown of Great-Britain have a clear and undoubted right to navigate in the American seas, to and from any part of his majesty's dominions; and for carrying on such trade and commerce as they are justly intitled unto in America; and also to carry all sorts of goods and merchandizes, or effects, from one part of his majesty's dominions to any other part thereof; and that no goods, being so carried, are by any treaty subsisting between the crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, to be deemed or taken as contraband or prohibited goods; and that the searching of such ships on the open seas, under pretence of their carrying contraband or prohibited goods, is a violation and infraction of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns.

II. Resolved, That it appears to this house, that as well before, as since the execution of the treaty of Seville, on the part of Great-Britain, divers ships and vessels, with their cargoes, belonging to British subjects, have been violently seized and confiscated by the Spaniards, upon pretences altogether unjust and groundless; and that many of the sailors on board such ships have been injuriously and barbarously imprisoned and ill-treated; and that thereby the liberty of navigation and commerce belonging to his majesty's subjects, by the law of nations, and by virtue of the treaties subsisting between the crowns of Great-Britain and Spain, hath been unwarrantably infringed and interrupted, to the great loss and and damage of our merchants, and in direct violation of the said treaties.

III. Resolved, That it appears to this house, that frequent applications have been made, on the part of his majesty, to the court of Spain, in a manner the most agreeable to treaties, and to the peace and friendship subsisting between the two crowns,

crowns, for redreſſing the notorious abuſes and grievances before mentioned, and preventing the like for the future, and for obtaining adequate ſatisfaction to his injured ſubjects; which, in the event, have proved entirely fruitleſs, and of no effect.

We think it our duty, on this important occaſion, humbly to repreſent to your majeſty, That we are moſt ſenſibly affected with the many and grievous injuries and loſſes ſuſtained by your majeſty's trading ſubjects, by means of theſe unwarrantable depredations and ſeizures; and to give your majeſty the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſincere aſſurances, That in caſe your friendly and powerful inſtances for procuring reſtitution and reparation to your injured ſubjects, and *for the future ſecurity of their trade and navigation*, ſhall fail of having their due effect and influence on the court of Spain, and ſhall not be able to obtain that real ſatisfaction and ſecurity, which your majeſty may in juſtice expect; we will zealouſly and chearfully concur in all ſuch meaſures as ſhall become neceſſary for the ſupport of your majeſty's honour, the preſervation of our navigation and commerce, and the common good of theſe kingdoms.

His MAJESTY's moſt Gracious ANSWER.

My Lords,

I AM ſenſibly touched with the many hardſhips and injuries ſuſtained by my trading ſubjects in America from the cruelties and unjuſt depredations of the Spaniards. You may be aſſured of my care to procure ſatisfaction and reparation for the loſſes they have already ſuffered, *and ſecurity for the freedom of navigation for the future*; and to maintain to my people the full enjoyment of all the rights to which they are intitled by treaty and the law of nations.

I doubt not but I ſhall have your concurrence for the ſupport of ſuch meaſures as may be neceſſary for that purpoſe.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE I wrote my letter, news is come into the country that two or three of our ſhips have been very lately taken by the Spaniards, one of them by a Spaniſh man of war with the king's commiſſion, on the high ſeas, the captain of which is now impriſoned at Cadiz; and that two ſloops belonging to the South-Sea company are detained, and a guard is ſet upon our factory at the Havannah. If *theſe* are the *firſt-fruits* of our peace, *what will the harveſt be?*

But

But after all, Sir, have we any peace at all? have we any hing granted us that will even bear that name? or have we een only amuſed by the Spaniards, till they could *get their oney home*, (which we hear is hourly expected in two rich- y laden ſhips,) and till the ſeaſon ſhould be paſt for us to act ith advantage?

I would alſo beg leave to aſk one queſtion more. We ere told ſome time ago that one of our men of war in the Veſt-Indies had taken the Spaniſh regiſter ſhip, but that, by rders of commodore Brown, it was immediately afterwards arried back to the latitude in which it was taken, and re- ored again. Did the captain who took it act *without*, or *gainſt orders?* if he had orders *to cruiſe*, why was his cap- ure *reſtored?* were thoſe orders only given *for ſhow*, to *muſe the merchants*, and *to look like action?* would it not ave been right and prudent to have kept the money, that was oard this ſhip, *as a pledge in our hands*, in caſe that peace ould be refuſed us upon proper terms? We might have ept it juſtly, *as a ſecurity for the payment of our loſſes*; hereas the act of the Spaniards, in detaining our effects at e Havannah, is in reality adding *a new robbery* to the paſt. et me however obſerve, that, though *reparation to our erchants* is highly fit, and neceſſary, and what we ought to mand, *it is by far the point of leaſt importance to the nation.* Ve are intereſted no doubt for them upon many accounts, t both we and they have a much greater intereſt *in the fu- re ſecurity of commerce being firmly eſtabliſhed. This* is e national concern, *this* both houſes of parliament have ongly inſiſted on, *this* his majeſty has promiſed to procure us. If *this* be neglected, any *preſent gratification* will be little advantage, and *ſhould be thought of with ſcorn.*

LET-

LETTERS

FROM

A PERSIAN IN ENGLAND

TO HIS

FRIEND AT ISPAHAN.

TO THE

BOOKSELLER.

SIR,

I Need not acquaint you by what accident theſe Letters were put into my hands, and what pains I have taken in anſlating them. I will only ſay, that having been long a holar to the late moſt learned Mr. Dadichy, Interpreter of e Oriental languages, I have acquired ſkill enough in the erſian tongue, to be able to give the ſenſe of them pretty ſtly: though I muſt acknowledge my tranſlation far infe-or to the Eaſtern ſublimity of the original, which no Eng-ſh expreſſion can come up to, and which no Engliſh rea-r would admire.

I am aware that ſome people may ſuſpect that the charac-r of a Perſian is *fictitious*, as many ſuch counterfeits have peared both in France and England: but whoever reads tem with attention, will be convinced, that they are cer-nly the work of a perfect ſtranger. The obſervations are *foreign* and *out of the way*, ſuch *remote hints* and *imperfect ations* are taken up, *our preſent happy condition* is in all re-ſpects *ſo ill underſtood*, that it is hardly poſſible any *Engliſh-an* ſhould be the author.

Yet as there is a pleaſure in knowing how things *here* affect a oreigner, though his conceptions of them be ever ſo extra-vgant, I think you may venture to expoſe them to the eyes c the world, the rather becauſe it is plain the man who vote them is a lover of liberty; and muſt be ſuppoſed more impartial than our countrymen, when they ſpeak of their own anired cuſtoms and favourite opinions.

I have

I have nothing further to add, but that it is a *great pity* they are not recommended to the public by a dedication to *ſome great man about the court*, who would have patronized them *for the freedom with which they are writ*: but the Publiſher not having the honour to be acquainted with any body *there*, they muſt want that ineſtimable advantage, and truſt entirely to the candour of the reader.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

LETTER I.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THOU knoweſt, my deareſt Mirza, the reaſons that moved me to leave my country and viſit England: thou waſt thyſelf, in a great meaſure, the cauſe of it. The relations we received from our friend Uſbec, of thoſe parts of Europe which he had ſeen, raiſed in us an ardent deſire to know the reſt, and particularly *this famous iſland*, of which, not having been there himſelf, he could give us but imperfect accounts.

By his perſuaſion we determined to travel *thither:* but when we were juſt ready to ſet out, the ſublime orders of the ſophi our maſter detained thee at the feet of his ſacred throne.

Unwilling as I was to go alone, I yielded to thy importunities, and was content to live ſingle among ſtrangers and enemies to the faith, that I might be able to gratify thy thirſt of knowledge.

My voyage was proſperous: and I find this country well worthy our curioſity. The recommendations given me by Uſbec to ſome Engliſh he knew at Paris, are a great advantage to me: and I have taken ſuch pains to learn the language, that I am already more capable of converſation than a great many foreigners I meet with here, who have reſided much longer in this country, eſpecially the French, who ſeem to value themſelves upon ſpeaking no tongue but their own.

I ſhall apply myſelf principally to ſtudy *the Engliſh government*, ſo different from that of Perſia, and of which Uſbec has conceived at a diſtance ſo great an idea.

Whatever in the manners of this people appears to me to be *ſingular* and *fantaſtical*, I will alſo give thee ſome account of: and if I may judge by what I have ſeen already, this is a ſubject which will not eaſily be exhauſted.

Communicate my letters to Uſbec, and he will explain ſuch difficulties to thee as may happen to occur: but if any thing ſhould ſeem to you both to be *unaccountable*, do not therefore immediately conclude it *falſe*; for the *habits* and *reaſonings* of men are ſo very different, that what appears the exceſs of *folly* in one country, may, in another, be eſteemed the higheſt *wiſdom*.

LETTER II.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE firſt objects of a ſtranger's curioſity are the public ſpectacles. I was carried laſt night to one they call an opera, which is a concert of muſic brought from Italy, and in every reſpect *foreign* to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the reſplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handſome women as his ſeraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who ſung upon the ſtage, and, by the luxurious tenderneſs of his airs, ſeemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaſte.

Inſtead of the habit proper to ſuch creatures, he wore a ſuit of armour, and called himſelf Julius Cæſar.

I aſked who Julius Cæſar was, and whether he had been famous for *ſinging?*

They told me, he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to expreſs my admiration at ſeeing him ſo properly repreſented, when I heard two ladies, who ſate nigh me, cry out, as it were in an ecſtacy, *O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him.*

At the ſame time I heard a gentleman ſay aloud, that both the muſic and ſingers were deteſtable.

You muſt not mind him, ſaid my friend, he is of the *other party*, and comes here only as a *ſpy*.

How! ſaid I, have you parties in muſic? Yes, replied he, it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our ſenſes and underſtanding; but to hear, and ſee, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged.

I hope, ſaid I, that a ſtranger may be neutral in theſe diviſions: and to ſay the truth, your muſic is very far from inflaming me to a ſpirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me aſleep. Ours in Perſia ſets us all a dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this.

Do but *fancy* it *moving*, returned my friend, and you will ſoon be *moved* as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have moſt of us learnt it in our turns.

LETTER III.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Was this morning present at a diversion extremely different from the opera, of which I have given thee a description, and they tell me it is peculiar to this country. The spectators were placed in galleries of an open circus: below them was an area filled, not with eunuchs and musicians, but with bulls and bears, and dogs and fighting men. The pleasure was to see the animals worry and gore one another, and the men give and receive many wounds; which the delighted beholders rewarded with showers of money, greater or less, in proportion as the combatants were more or less hurt. I had some compassion for the poor beasts which were forcibly incensed against each other: but the *human brutes*, who, unexcited by any rage or sense of injury, could spill the blood of others, and lose their own, seemed to me to deserve no pity: however, I looked upon it as a proof of the martial genius of this people, and imagined I could discover in that ferocity a spirit of freedom. A Frenchman, who sate near me, was much offended at the barbarity of the sight, and reproached my friend who brought me thither with the sanguinary disposition of the English, in delighting in such spectacles. My friend agreed with him in general, and allowed that it ought not to be encouraged in a civilized state: but a gentleman who was placed just above them cast a very sour look at both, and did not seem at all of their opinion. He was dress in a short black wig, had his boots on, and held in his hand a long whip, which, when the fellow fought stoutly, he would crack very loud by way of approbation. One would have thought by his aspect that he had fought some prizes himself, or at least that he had received a good part of his education in this place. His discourse was as rough as his figure, but did not appear to me to want sense. I suppose, Sir, said he to my friend, that you have been bred at court, and therefore I am not surprized that you do not relish the bear-garden: but let me tell you, that if more people came hither, and fewer loitered in the drawing-room, it would not be the worse for Old England. We are indeed a *civilized state*, as you are pleased to call it; but I could wish, upon certain occasions, we were not quite so *civil*. This gentleness and effeminacy in our manners will soften us by degrees into slaves, and we shall grow to hate

 fighting

fighting in earneſt, when we do not love to ſee it in jeſt. You fine gentlemen are for the taſte of Modern Rome, ſqueaking eunuchs and corruption: but I am for that of Ancient Rome, gladiators and liberty. And as for the barbarity which the foreigner there upbraids us with, I can tell him of a French king whom their nation is very proud of, that acted much more *barbarouſly*; for he ſhed the blood of millions of his ſubjects out of downright wantonneſs, and butchered his innocent neighbours without any cauſe of quarrel, only to have the glory of being eſteemed *the greateſt prize-fighter* in Europe.

LETTER IV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

IT is the law of England, that when a debtor is inſolvent, his creditors may ſhut him up in priſon, and keep him there, if they pleaſe, for all his life, unleſs he pays the whole of what he owes. My curioſity led me, the other day, to one of thoſe priſons: my heart is ſtill heavy with the remembrance of the objects I ſaw there. Among the various cauſes of their undoing, ſome are of ſo extraordinary a kind, that I cannot help relating them to thee. One of the priſoners, who carried in his looks the moſt ſettled melancholy, told me he had been maſter of an eaſy fortune, and lived very happily a good while; till he became acquainted with a lawyer, who, in looking over ſome old writings of his family, unluckily diſcovered certain parchments that gave him a right to an eſtate in the poſſeſſion of one of his neighbours: upon which he was perſuaded to go to law; and, after proſecuting his ſuit for twenty years, with a vexation that had almoſt turned his brain, he made the lawyer's fortune, reduced his neighbour to beggary, and had no ſooner gained his cauſe, but his creditors ſeized on both eſtates, and ſent him to enjoy his victory in a jail.

A ſecond informed me, that he was a citizen, and born to a conſiderable eſtate, but being covetous to improve it, had married a very rich heireſs, who was ſo vaſtly *genteel* in her expences, and found ſo many ways of *doing credit* to herſelf and her huſband, that ſhe quickly ſent him from his new houſe near the court, to the lodgings in which I found him. Why did not you divorce her, ſaid I to him, when you found that her extravagance would be your ruin? Ah, Sir, replied he, I ſhould have been a happy man, if I could have caught her with a gallant; I might then have got rid of her by law but

but, to my sorrow, she was virtuous as well as ugly; her only passions were equipage and gaming.—I was infinitely surprized, that a man should wish to find his wife an adulteress, or that he should be obliged to keep her to his undoings only because she was not one.

Another said, he was a gentleman of a good family, and having a mind to rise in the state, spent so much money to purchase a seat in parliament, that, though he succeeded pretty well in his views at court, the salary did not pay the debt; and being unable to get himself chose again at the next election, he lost his place and his liberty both together.

The next that I spoke to was reputed the best scholar in Europe: he understood the Oriental languages, and talked to me in very good Arabic.

I asked how it was possible that so learned a man should be in want, and whether all the books he had read could not keep him out of jail? Sir, said he, those books are the very things that brought me hither. Would to God I had been bred a cobler. I should then have possessed some useful knowledge, and might have kept my family from starving: but the world which I read of, and that I lived in, were so very different, that I was undone by the force of speculation.

There was another who had been bred to merchandize, but being of too lively an imagination for the dulness of trade, he applied himself to poetry, and neglecting his other business, was soon reduced to the state I saw him in: but he assured me he should not be long there; for his lucky confinement having given him more leisure for study, he had quitted poetry, and taken to the mathematics, by the means of which he had found out the longitude, and expected to obtain a great reward, which the government promised to the discoverer. I perceived he was not in his perfect senses, and pitied such an odd sort of frenzy. But my compassion was infinitely greater for some unhappy people who were shut up in that miserable place, by having lost their fortunes in the public funds, or in private projects; of which this age and country have been very fruitful, and which, under the fallacious notion of great advantage, drew in the unwary to their destruction. I asked in what *dungeon* they were confined, who had been the undoers of these wretched men? but, to my great surprize, was informed, that the *contrivers* of such wicked projects had less reason than most men in England to be afraid of a jail. Good heaven! said I, can it be possible, that, in a country governed by laws, the innocent, who are cheated out of all, should be put in prison, and the villains who cheat them left at li-

berty! With this reflection I ended my enquiries, and wished myself safe out of a land where such a mockery of justice is carried on.

LETTER V.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Was the other day in a house where I saw a sight very strange to a Persian. There was a number of tables in the room, round which were placed several sets of men and women. They seemed wonderfully intent upon some *bits of painted paper* which they held in their hands. I imagined at first that they were performing some magical ceremony, and that the figures I saw traced on the bits of paper, were a mystical talisman or charm. What more confirmed me in this belief was the grimaces and distortions of their countenances, much like those of our magicians in the act of conjuring: but enquiring of the gentleman that introduced me, I was told they were at *play*, and that *this* was the favourite diversion of both sexes.

We have quite *another* way of *diverting* ourselves with the women in Persia, answered I. But I see no signs of mirth among them: if they are merry, why do not they laugh, or sing, or jump about? If I may judge of their hearts by their looks, half of these *revellers* are ready to hang themselves! That may be, said my friend; for very likely they are losing more than they are worth.—How! said I, do you call that *play?* Yes, replied he, they never are thoroughly pleased unless their whole fortunes are at stake. Those *cards*, you see them hold, are to decide whether he who is now *a man of quality* shall be a *beggar*; or another who is now a *beggar*, and has but just enough to furnish out one night's play, shall be *a man of quality*.

The *last*, said I, is in the right; for he ventures nothing: but what excuse can be thought on for *the former?* Are the nobility in England so indifferent to wealth and honour, to expose them without the least necessity? I must believe that they are generally *sure of winning*, and that those *they* play with *have the odds against them*.

If the chance was only *equal*, answered he, it would be tolerable: but their adversaries engage them *at great advantage*, and are too wise to leave any thing to fortune.

This comes, said I, of your being allowed the use of wine. If these gentlemen and ladies were not quite *intoxicated* with

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that curſed liquor, they could not poſſibly act ſo abſurdly.—But why does not the government take care of them when they are in that condition? Methinks the fellows that *rob* them in this manner ſhould be brought to juſtice.

Alas! anſwered he, theſe *cheats* are an innocent ſort of people. They only prey upon the *vices* and *luxury of a few particulars:* but there are *others* who raiſe eſtates by the *miſeries* and *ruin* of *their country*; who *game* not with their *own* money, but with that of the *public*, and ſecurely *play away* the ſubſtance of the *orphan* and the *widow*, of the *huſbandman* and the *trader*. Till juſtice is done upon theſe, the others have a right to impunity: and it is no ſcandal to ſee *gameſters live like gentlemen*, where *ſtock-jobbers live like princes.*

LETTER VI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THOU wouldſt be aſtoniſhed to hear ſome women in this country talk of love: their diſcourſes about it are as refined as their notions of paradiſe, and they exclude the pleaſure of the ſenſes out of both. But however ſatisfied they may be in the world to come with ſuch viſionary joys, it is my opinion, that the niceſt of them all, if ſhe were to enjoy her paradiſe here, would make it a Mahometan one. I had lately a converſation on this ſubject with one of theſe *platonics* for that is the title they affect.) In anſwer to all her pretty reaſonings, I told her the following tale of a fair lady, who was a *platonic* like herſelf.

The Loves of Ludovico *and* Honoria.

THE city of Genoa has been always famed, above any town in Europe, for the refinement of its gallantry. It is common there for a gentleman to profeſs himſelf the humble ſervant of a handſome woman, and wait upon her to every public place for twenty years together, without ever ſeeing her in private, or being entitled to any greater favours than a kind look, or a touch of her fair hand. Of all this ſighing tribe, the moſt enamoured, the moſt conſtant, and the moſt reſpectful, was ſignor Ludovico.

His miſtreſs, Honoria Grimaldi, only daughter to a ſenator of that name, was the greateſt beauty of the age in which ſhe lived, and, at the ſame time, the coyeſt and moſt reſerved. So great was her nicety in the point of love, that although ſhe

could not be insensible to the addresses of signor Ludovico, yet she could not bring herself to think of marrying her lover; which, she said, was admitting him to freedoms entirely inconsistent with the respect that character requires. In vain did he tell her of the violence of his passion for her. She answered that hers for him was no less violent: but it was his mind she loved, and could enjoy that without going to bed to him. Ludovico was ready to despair at these discourses of his mistress. He could not but admire such fine sentiments, yet he wished she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy letter: and she returned him one in verse, full of sublime expressions about love; but not a word that tended to satisfy the poor man's impatience. At last he applied himself to her father; and, to engage him to make use of his authority, offered to take Honoria without a portion. The father, who was a plain man, was mightily pleased with this proposal, and made no difficulty to promise him success. Accordingly he very roundly told his daughter, that she must be married the next day, or go to a nunnery. This dilemma startled her very much. In spite of all her repugnance to the marriage bed, she found something about her still more averse to the idea of a cloister. An absolute separation from Ludovico was what she could not bear: it was even worse than an absolute conjunction. In this distress she did not know what to do; she turned over above an hundred romances to search for precedents; and, after many struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon terms. She therefore told her lover, that she consented to be his wife, provided she might be so by degrees: and that, after the ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the rights and privileges of a husband; but allow her modesty leisure to make a gradual and decent retreat. Ludovico did not like such a capitulation; but, rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last compliment to her caprice. They were married: and, at the end of the first month, he was very happy to find himself arrived at the full enjoyment of her lips.

While he was thus gaining ground, inch by inch, his father died, and left him a great estate in the island of Corsica. His presence was necessary there; but he could not think of parting from Honoria. They embarked together, and Ludovico had good hopes, that he should not only take possession of his estate, but of his wife too, at his arrival. Whether it was, that Venus, who is said to be born out of the sea, was more powerful there than at land, or from the freedom which is usual aboard a ship, it is sure, that, during the voyage, he was indulged

indulged in greater liberties than ever he had presumed to take before: nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such liberties, as have a natural and irresistible tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But while he was sailing on with a fair wind, and almost *in the port*, fortune, who took a pleasure to persecute him, brought an African corsair in their way, that quickly put an end to their dalliance, by making them his slaves.

Who can express the affliction and despair of this loving couple, at so sudden and ill-timed a captivity! Ludovico saw himself deprived of his virgin-bride on the very point of obtaining all his wishes: and Honoria had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher hands than his, and such as no considerations could restrain. But the martyrdom she looked for in that instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to Tunis. The corsair, seeing her so beautiful, thought her a mistress worthy of his prince: and to him he presented her at their landing, in spite of her own, and her husband's tears.—O unfortunate end of all her pure and heroical sentiments! Was it for this that her favours were so long and so obstinately denied to the tender Ludovico, to have them ravished in a moment by a rude barbarian, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the seraglio of the *dey*, and see what became of Ludovico after this cruel separation. The corsair, finding him unfit for any labour, made use of him to teach his children music, in which he was perfectly well skilled. This service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the remembrance of Honoria, and the thought of the brutalities she was exposed to. These were always in his head, night and day, and he imagined, that she had, by this time, killed herself, rather than submit to so gross a violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one woman, he gave equal uneasiness to another. His master's wife saw him often from her window, and fell violently in love with him.—The African ladies are utter strangers to delicacy and refinement. She made no scruple to acquaint him with her desires, and sent her favourite slave to introduce him by night into her chamber. Ludovico would fain have been excused, being ashamed to commit such an infidelity to his dear Honoria: but the slave informed him, that if he hoped to live an hour, he must comply with her lady's inclinations; for that, in Afric, refusals of that kind were always revenged with sword or poison. No constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a menace: he therefore went to the rendezvous at the time appointed,

pointed, where he found a miſtreſs infinitely more complying than his fantaſtical Italian. But in the midſt of their endearments they heard the corſair at the door of his wife's apartment. Upon the alarm of his coming, the frighted lover made the beſt of his way out of the window; which not being very high, he had the good fortune to get off unhurt. The corſair did not ſee him; but by the confuſion his wife was in, he ſuſpected that ſomebody had been with her. His jealouſy directed him to Ludovico: and though he had no other proof than bare ſuſpicion, he was determined to puniſh him ſeverely; and, at the ſame time, ſecure himſelf for the future. He therefore gave orders to his eunuchs to put him in the ſame condition with themſelves; which inhuman command was performed with a Turkiſh rigour far more deſperate and compleat than any ſuch thing had been ever practiſed in Italy. But the change this operation wrought upon him, ſo improved his voice, that he became the fineſt ſinger in all Afric. His reputation was ſo great, that the dey of Tunis ſent to beg him of his maſter, and preferred him to a place in his own ſeraglio. He had now a free acceſs to his Honoria, and an opportunity of contriving her eſcape. To that end he ſecretly hired a ſhip to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he ſhould find her very willing to accompany his flight. It was not long before he ſaw her: and you may imagine the exceſs of her joy, at ſo ſtrange and agreeable a ſurprize.

Can it be poſſible, cried ſhe; can it be poſſible that I ſee you in this place! O my dear Ludovico, I ſhall expire in the pleaſure of your embraces. But by what magic could you get in, and deceive the vigilance of my tyrant and his guards?

My habit will inform you, anſwered he, in a ſofter tone of voice than ſhe had been uſed to: I am now happy in the loſs which I have ſuſtained, ſince it furniſhes me with the means of your delivery. Truſt yourſelf to me, my dear Honoria, and I will take you out of the power of this barbarian, who has ſo little regard to your delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you was before, as I ſhall not trouble you with *thoſe coarſe ſolicitations* which gave you ſo much uneaſineſs. We will love with the purity of angels, and leave ſenſual enjoyments to the vulgar, who have not a reliſh for higher pleaſure.

How! ſaid Honoria, are you really no man? No, replied he; but I have often heard you ſay, that your love was only to my mind: and that, I do aſſure you, is ſtill the ſame. Alas! ſaid ſhe, I am ſorry mine is altered; but ſince my being here, I am turned Mahometan, and my religion will not ſuffer

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me to run away with an unbeliever. My new husband has taught me certain doctrines unknown to me before; in the practice of which I am resolved to live and die. Adieu! I tell thee, my conscience will not permit me to have a longer conversation with such an infidel.

Thus ended the Loves of Ludovico *and* Honoria.

LETTER VII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Have received thy answers to my letters with a pleasure, which the distance I am at from my friends, and country, rendered greater than thou wouldst believe. I find thee very impatient to be informed of the government and policy of this country, which I promised to send thee some account of: but though I have been diligent in my enquiries, and lost no time since my arrival here, I am unable to answer the questions thou demandest of me, otherwise than by acknowledging my ignorance.

I have, for instance, been often assured that the English parliament is a check to the king's authority: and yet I am well informed, that the only way to advancement at court, is to gain a seat in parliament.

The house of commons is the representative of the nation; nevertheless there are many great *towns* which send *no* deputies thither, and many hamlets almost uninhabited, that have a right of sending *two*. Several members have never seen their electors, and several are elected by the *parliament*, who were rejected by the *people*. All the electors swear not to *sell* their voices: yet many of the candidates are undone by the expence of *buying them*. This whole affair is involved in deep mystery, and inexplicable difficulties.

Thou askest if *commerce* be as flourishing as formerly? Some whom I have consulted on that head, say, it is now in its meridian: and there is really an appearance of its being so; for luxury is prodigiously encreased, and it is hard to imagine how it can be supported without an inexhaustible trade. But *others* pretend, that *this very luxury* is a proof of its decline: and they add, that the *frauds* and *villanies* in all the *trading* companies are so many inward poisons, which, if not speedily expelled, will destroy it intirely in a little time.

Thou wouldst know if *property* be so safely guarded as is generally believed. It is certain, that the whole power of a king

king of England cannot force an acre of land from the weakeſt of his ſubjects; but a *knaviſh attorney* will take away his whole eſtate by thoſe very *laws* which were deſigned for its ſecurity. Nay, if I am not miſinformed, even thoſe who are choſen by the people to be the great guardians of property, have ſometimes taken more from them in one ſeſſion of parliament, for the moſt uſeleſs expences, than the moſt abſolute monarch could venture to raiſe upon the moſt urgent occaſions.

Theſe, Mirza, are the *contradictions* that perplex me. My judgment is bewildered in uncertainty: I doubt my own obſervations, and diſtruſt the relations of others. More time, and better information, may, perhaps, clear them up to me; till then, modeſty forbids me to impoſe my conjectures upon thee, after the manner of Chriſtian travellers, whoſe prompt deciſions are the effect rather of folly than penetration.

LETTER VIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

AS I now underſtand *Engliſh* pretty well, I went laſt night with ſome friends to ſee a play. The principal character was a young fellow, who, in the ſpace of three or four hours that the action laſted, cuckolds two or three huſbands, and debauches as many virgins. I had heard that the Engliſh theatre was famous for killing people upon the ſtage: but this author was more for *propagating than deſtroying*.

There were a great many ladies at the repreſentation of this modeſt performance; and, though they ſometimes hid their faces with their fans (I ſuppoſe for fear of ſhewing that they did *not* bluſh) yet, in general, they ſeemed to be much delighted with the *fine gentleman*'s heroical exploits. I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, this entertainment is far more *natural* than the opera, and I do not wonder that the ladies are *moved* at it: but if in Perſia we allowed our women to be preſent at ſuch ſpectacles as theſe, what would ſignify our bolts, our bars, our eunuchs? though we ſhould double our jealouſy and care, they would ſoon get the better of all reſtraint, and put in practice thoſe leſſons of the ſtage, which it is ſo much pleaſanter to ACT than to BEHOLD.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

A Friend carried me lately to an assembly of the *beaue monde*, which is a meeting of men and women of the first fashion. The crowd was so very great, that the two sexes promiscuously pressed one another in a manner that seemed very extraordinary to Oriental eyes. I observed a young man and a beautiful young woman sitting in a window together, and whispering one another with so much earnestness, that neither the great noise in the room, nor number of passengers who rubbed by them continually, gave them the least disturbance. They looked at one another with the most animated tenderness: the lady, especially, had in her eyes such a mixture of *softness* and *desire*, that I expected every moment to see them *withdraw*; in order to satisfy their mutual impatience, in a manner, that even the *European liberty* would not admit of in so public a place. I made my friend take notice of them, and asked him *how long they had been married?* He smiled at my mistake, and told me, they were *not* married; that the *lady*, indeed, had been married about a year and half, to a man that stood at a little distance; but that the *gentleman* was an unmarried man of quality, who made it his business to corrupt other mens wives. That he had begun the winter with this lady, and that this was her *first affair* of that sort; her husband and she having married *for love*.

As I had heard of many employed in the same manner, and could not perceive that they did any thing else, I asked my friend, if there was any *seminary*, any *public foundation* for educating young men of quality to this *profession*; and whether they could carry on the business without frequent interruptions from the respective husbands? I will explain the whole matter to you, says he. There is, indeed, no public foundation or academy for this purpose; but it depends upon the private care of their several parents, who, if I may use the expression, *negatively* breed them up to this business, by making them entirely unfit for *any other:* for, lest their sons should be diverted from the profession of *gallantry* by a dull application to *graver* studies, they give them a very superficial tincture of learning, but take care to instruct them thoroughly in the more hewish parts of education, such as music, dressing, dancing, &c. By which means, when they come to be men, they naturally

naturally prefer the gay and eaſy converſation of the fair ſex, and are well received by them. As for the huſbands, they are the people in the world who give them the leaſt diſturbance: but, on the contrary, generally live in the ſtricteſt intimacy with thoſe who intend them the *favour* of *cuckoldom*. The marriage contract being here perpetual, though the cauſes of it are of ſhort duration, the moſt ſenſible men are deſirous of having ſome aſſiſtance to ſupport the *burthenſome perpetuity*. For inſtance, every man marries either *for money*, or *for love*— In the firſt caſe, the *money* becomes his own as ſoon as the wife does; ſo that, having *had* what *he wanted* from *her*, he is very willing ſhe ſhould *have* what *ſhe wanted* from *any body* rather than from him. He is quiet at home, and fears no *reproaches*.

In the latter caſe, *the beauty* he married ſoon grows familiar by uninterrupted poſſeſſion: his own greedineſs ſurfeited him; he is aſhamed of his diſguſt, or at leaſt of his indifference, after all the tranſports of his firſt deſire; and gladly accepts terms of domeſtic peace through the *mediation of a lover*.

There are, indeed, ſome exceptions: ſome huſbands, who, preferring an old miſtaken point of honour to real peace and quiet at home, diſturb their wives pleaſure: but they are very few, and are very ill looked upon.

I thanked my friend for explaining to me ſo extraordinary a piece of *domeſtic oeconomy*; but could not help telling him, that, in my mind, *our* Perſian *method* was more reaſonable, of having *ſeveral wives* under the *care* of one *eunuch*, rather than *one wife* under the *care* of *ſeveral lovers*.

LETTER X.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

WE have often read together and admired the little hiſtory of the Troglodytes related by our countryman Uſbec, with a ſpirit peculiar to his writings *. Unequal as I am to the imitation of ſo excellent an author, I have a mind, in a continuation of that ſtory, to ſhew thee by what ſteps, and through what changes, the original good of ſociety is overturned, and mankind become wickeder and more miſerable in a ſtate of government, than they were when left in a ſtate of nature.

* Perſian Letters from Paris, vol. I. let. xi. to xiv.

Continuation

Continuation of the HISTORY *of the* TROGLODYTES.

The Troglodytes were so affected with the virtue of the good old man who refused the crown which they had offered, that they determined to remain without a king. The love of the public was so strong in every particular, that there was no need of authority to enforce obedience. The law of nature and uncorrupted reason was engraven on their hearts: by that alone they governed all their actions, and on that alone they established all their happiness. But the most perfect felicity of mortal men is subject to continual disturbance. Those *barbarians*, whom they had defeated some time before, stirred up by desire of revenge, invaded them again with greater forces. They fell upon them unawares, carried off their flocks and herds, burnt their houses, and led their women captive: every thing was in confusion, and the want of order made them incapable of defence. They soon found the necessity of uniting under a single chief. As the danger required vigour and alacrity, they pitched upon a young man of distinguished courage and placed him at their head. He led them on with so much spirit and good conduct, that he soon forced the enemy to retire, and recovered all the spoil.

The Troglodytes strewed flowers in his way, and, to reward the service he had done them, presented him with the most beautiful of the virgins he had delivered from captivity. But, animated by his fortune, and unwilling to part with his command, he advised them to make themselves amends for the losses they had sustained, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; which, he said, would not be able to resist their victorious arms. Desirous to punish those wicked men, they very gladly came into his proposal. But an old Troglodyte standing up in the assembly, endeavoured to persuade them to gentler councils. 'The goodness of God, said he, O my countrymen, has given us strength to repulse our enemies, and they have paid very dearly for molesting us. What more do you desire from your victory, than peace and security to yourselves, repentance and shame to your invaders? It is proposed to invade them in your turn, and you are told it will be easy to subdue them. But to what end would you subdue them, when they are no longer in a condition to hurt you? do you desire to tyrannize over them? Have a care that in learning to be *tyrants*, you do not also learn to be *slaves*. If you know how to value liberty as you ought, you will not deprive others of

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'it, who, though unjuſt, are men like yourſelves, and ſhould 'not be oppreſſed.'

This wiſe remonſtrance was not heeded in the temper the people was then in. The ſight of the deſolations that had been cauſed by the late irruption, made them reſolve on a violent revenge. Beſides, they were now grown fond of war, and the young men eſpecially were eager of a new occaſion to ſignalize their valour. Greater powers were therefore given to the general; and the event was anſwerable to his promiſes: for, in a ſhort time, he ſubdued all the nations that had joined in the league againſt the Troglodytes. The merit of this ſucceſs ſo endeared him to that grateful people, that in the heat and riot of their joy, they unanimouſly choſe him for their king, without preſcribing any bounds to his authority. They were too innocent to ſuſpect any abuſe of ſuch a generous truſt, and thought that when virtue was on the throne, the moſt abſolute government was the beſt.

LETTER XI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE firſt act of the new king was to diſpoſe of the conquered lands. One ſhare of them, by general conſent, he allotted to himſelf, and the reſt he divided among thoſe who were companions of his victory. Diſtinction of rank and inequality of condition, were then firſt introduced among the Troglodytes: ſome grew rich, and immediately compariſon made others poor. From this ſingle root ſprung up a thouſand miſchiefs; pride, envy, avarice, diſcontent, deceit, and violence. Unheard-of diſorders were committed; nor was any regard paid to the deciſions of ancient cuſtom, or the dictates of natural juſtice. Particulars could no longer be allowed to judge of right; it became neceſſary to determine it by ſtated laws. The whole nation applied to the prince, to make thoſe laws, and take care of their execution. But the prince, unequal alone to ſuch a difficult taſk, was obliged to have recourſe to the oldeſt and wiſeſt of his ſubjects for aſſiſtance. He had not yet ſo forgot himſelf, by being ſeated on a new-erected throne as to imagine that he was become all-ſufficient, or that he was placed there to govern by his caprice. It was therefore his greateſt care, how to ſupply his own defects by the counſels of thoſe who were moſt famed for their knowledge and abilities.

The

Thus the ſenate was formed, which, with the king, compoſed the legiſlature; and thus the people freely bound themſelves, by conſenting to ſuch regulations, as the king and ſenate ſhould decree.

LETTER XII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE inſtitution of laws among the Troglodytes was attended with this inevitable ill effect, that they began to think every thing right, which was not legally declared to be a crime. It ſeemed as if the natural obligations to virtue were deſtroyed, by the foreign influence of human authority, and vice was not ſhunned as a real evil, but grew to be thought a forbidden good.

One Troglodyte ſaid to himſelf, "I have made advantage "of the ſimplicity of my neighbour, to over-reach him in "a bargain: he may reproach me, perhaps, but he cannot "puniſh me; for the law allows me to rob him with his "own conſent."

Another was aſked by his friend for a ſum of money, which he had lent him ſome years before.

Have you any thing to ſhew for it? anſwered he.

A third was implored to remit part of his tenant's rent, becauſe the man, by unavoidable misfortunes, was become very poor. Do not you ſee, replied he, that he has ſtill enough to maintain his family? By ſtarving them he may find money to pay me, and the law requires him ſo to do.

Thus the hearts of the Troglodytes were hardened; but a greater miſchief ſtill enſued. The laws in their firſt framing were few and plain, ſo that any man could eaſily underſtand them, and plead his own cauſe without an advocate.

Some inconveniencies were found to flow from this. The rules were too general and looſe: too much was left to the equity of the judge, and many particular caſes ſeemed to remain undetermined and unprovided for. It was therefore propoſed in the great council of the nation, to ſpecify all thoſe ſeveral exceptions; to tie the judges down to certain forms; to explain, correct, add to, and reſerve whatſoever might ſeem capable of any doubtful or different interpretations. While the matter was yet in deliberation, a wiſe old ſenator ſpoke thus:

"You are endeavouring, O Troglodytes, to amend what "is defective in your laws; but know, that by multiplying "laws, you will certainly multiply defects. Every new ex-

" planation will produce a new objection: and at laſt the very principles will be loſt, on which they were originally " formed. Mankind may be governed, and well governed, " under any laws that are fixed by ancient uſe. Beſides their " being known and underſtood, they have a ſanctity attending them, which commands obedience: but every variation, as it diſcovers a weakneſs in them, ſo it leſſens the " reſpect; by which alone, they can be effectually maintained. If ſubtleties and diſtinctions are admitted to conſtitute " right, they will equally be made uſe of to evade it: and if " juſtice is turned into a ſcience, injuſtice will ſoon be made " a trade."

LETTER XIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

AS the old man foretold, it came to paſs. The laws were *explained* into *contradictions*, and *digeſted* into *confuſion*. Men could no longer tell what was their right, and what was not. A ſet of Troglodytes undertook to find it out for all the reſt: but they were far from doing it out of pure benevolence: their opinions were ſold at no little price; and how falſe ſoever they might prove, in the event of the cauſe, the money was never to be returned. Nay, the longer the diſpute could be protracted, the more the parties concerned were to pay. This point being once well eſtabliſhed, cauſes, that before were diſpatched in half an hour, now laſted half a century. There were three courts placed one above another: on the door of the loweſt was writ, *Law*; on that of the ſecond, *Equity*; and on the higheſt, *Common Senſe*. Theſe courts had no connexion with one another, and a quite different method of proceeding. No man could go to the laſt, without paſſing through one of the former: and the journey was ſo tedious that very few could ſupport the fatigue or the expence. But there was one particular more ſtrange than all the reſt. It was very ſeldom that a man could read a word of the parchment by which he held his eſtate: and they made their will in a language, which neither they nor their heirs could underſtand.

Such were the refinements of the Troglodytes, when they had quitted the ſimplicity of nature; and ſo bewildered were they in the labyrinth of their own laying out.

LETTER XIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE religion of the Troglodytes had been hitherto as ſimple as their manners. They loved God as the author of their happineſs: they feared him as the avenger of injuſtice; and they ſought to pleaſe him by doing good. But their morals being corrupted, their religion could not long continue pure: ſuperſtition found means to introduce itſelf, and compleated their depravation. Their firſt king, who had been a conqueror, and a law-giver, died, after a long reign, extreamly regretted and revered by his ſubjects. His ſon ſucceeded, not by any claim of hereditary right, but the free election of the people, who loved a family that had done them ſo many ſervices. As he was ſenſible that he owed his crown to their veneration for the memory of his father, he endeavoured to carry that veneration as high as poſſible. He built a tomb for him, which he planted round with laurels, and cauſed verſes to be ſolemnly recited in praiſe of his atchievements. When he perceived that theſe honours were well received in the opinion of the public, he thought he might venture to go farther. He got it to be propoſed in the ſenate, that the dead monarch ſhould be deified, after the example of many nations round about them, who had paid the ſame compliment to their kings. The ſenators were become too good courtiers, not to give into ſo agreeable a piece of flattery, eſpecially as their own honour was concerned in raiſing the character of their founder: and the people, ſeduced by their gratitude, thought that thoſe virtues, which had rendered him the protector and father of his country, very juſtly entitled him to the ſubordinate ſhare of divinity.

It is not to be conceived how many evils this alteration produced.

Then firſt the Troglodytes were made to believe, that their God was to be gained by rich donations; or that his glory was concerned in the worldly pomp and power of his prieſts. A temple, ſaid thoſe prieſts, is like a court: you muſt gain the favour of the miniſters, or your petitions will not be received. As the people remembered that their new deity had once been a king, this doctrine ſeemed plauſible enough: and the prieſts

grew abſolute on the ſtrength of it. They procured for themſelves exceſſive wealth, exemptions from all public burthens, and almoſt a total independence upon the civil authority. That the compariſon between the temple and the court might hold the better, a great number of ceremonies were invented, and a magnificence of dreſs was added to them as eſſential to holineſs. The women came warmly into this, and were ſtill more zealous than the men in their attachment to the exterior part of devotion. By degrees the *inviſible God*, whom their fathers had worſhiped alone, was wholly forgot: and all the vows of the people were paid to the idol, whoſe ſuperſtitious worſhip was better adapted to human paſſions, and to the gain of the prieſts. Expiations, luſtrations, ſacrifices, proceſſions, and pilgrimages made up the whole of religion. Thus the piety of the Troglodytes was turned aſide from reality to form: and it was no longer a conſequence, that a very *religious* was a very *honeſt* man.

LETTER XV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

IN my laſt letter I told thee how much the Troglodytes were depraved in their notions, and in their manners, from their idolatry. By the arts of the prieſthood their corruption encreaſed every day: and *virtue*, inſtead of being aſſiſted, was overturned by *religion itſelf*. It was common for a Troglodyte to ſay, "I will plunder my neighbour or the public: "for the anger of our God may be appeaſed by an offering "made out of the ſpoil."

Another quieted his conſcience in this manner: "I am, "indeed, a very great villain, and have injured my benefac- "tor: but I am a conſtant attender on all proceſſions, and "have crawled thrice round the temple upon my knees.".

A third confeſſed to a prieſt, That he had defrauded his ward of an eſtate. Give half of it to our order, ſaid the confeſſor, and we will freely endow you with the reſt.

But the miſchief did not even ſtop here. From ſanctifying trifles, they proceeded to quarrel about them: and the peace of the ſociety was diſturbed, to know which impertinence ſhould be preferred. This was the work of the prieſts, who took upon them to declare what was moſt agreeable to their God;

God: and declared it differently, as it happened that their paſſions or intereſts required. But how ſlight ſoever the foundation was, a diſpute of this nature never failed to be warmly carried on. Nobody concerned himſelf about the morals of another; but every man's opinions were enquired into with the utmoſt rigour: and woe to thoſe who held any that were diſliked by the ruling party; for though neither ſide could tell the reaſon why they differed, the difference was never to be forgiven. An aged Troglodyte endeavoured to put a ſtop to this pious fury, by repreſenting to them, "That their anceſ-"tors, who were better men, had no diſputes about religi-"on; but ſerved their God in the only unity required by "him: a unity of affection." All the poor man got by this admonition, was to be called an atheiſt by all the contending ſects, and after ſuffering a thouſand perſecutions, compelled to take refuge in another land.

LETTER XVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE court had a deeper intereſt in the eſtabliſhment of the idolatrous prieſthood among the Troglodytes, than was at firſt attended to, or foreſeen. The very nature of their office particularly attached them to the crown. They were ſervants of a deified king: and it was no very great ſtretch of their function to deify the living monarch alſo. Accordingly they preached to all the people with an extraordinary warmth of zeal, that the family then reigning was *divine:* that they held the crown, not by the will of the ſociety, but by a pre-eminence of nature. That to reſiſt their pleaſure was reſiſting God: and that every man enjoyed his life and eſtate by their grace, and at their diſpoſal. In conſequence of theſe doctrines, his *ſacred majeſty* did juſt what he thought fit. He was of a martial genius, and had a ſtrong ambition to enlarge his territories. To this end he raiſed a mighty army, and fell upon his neighbours without a quarrel.

The Troglodytes loſt their blood, and ſpent their ſubſtance, to make their prince triumphant in a war which could not poſſibly turn to their advantage: for the power and pride of their tyrant increaſed with his ſucceſs. His temper too became fiercer and more ſevere, by being accuſtomed to ſlaugh-

ter and devaſtation: ſo that his government grew odious to his ſubjects. Yet the dazzling glory of his victories, and the divinity they were taught to find about him, kept them in awe, and ſupported his authority. But Providence would not ſuffer him any longer to vex mankind. He periſhed, with a great part of his army, by the united valour of many nations who had allied themſelves againſt his encroachments. Content with having puniſhed the aggreſſor and author of the war, they immediately offered peace to the Troglodytes, upon condition, that all ſhould be reſtored which had been taken from them in the former wars. That nation, humbled by their defeat, very willingly parted with their conqueſts, to purchaſe their repoſe.

LETTER XVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

UNDER their third king, who ſucceeded to his father, upon a new notion of hereditary and divine right, the ſpirit of the government was wholly changed. He was young, and of a temper much addicted to eaſe and pleaſure; yet bred up with high conceits of kingly power, and a royal diſregard to his peoples good. There was a mixture of bigotry in his diſpoſition, which gave the prieſts a great advantage over him; and as his predeceſſor had governed by them, they now governed by him.—The people too, in imitation of their prince, ſoon contracted another character; they began to poliſh and ſoften all their manners. The young Troglodytes were ſent to travel into Perſia: they came back with new dreſſes, new refinements, new follies, and new vices. Like a plague imported from a foreign country, luxury ſpread itſelf from theſe travellers over all the nation. A thouſand wants were created every day, which nature neither ſuggeſted nor could ſupply. A thouſand uneaſineſſes were felt, which were as unnatural as the pleaſures that occaſioned them. When the minds of the Troglodytes were thus relaxed, their bodies became weak. They now complained that the ſummer was too hot, and the winter too cold. They loſt the uſe of their limbs, and were carried about on the ſhoulders of their ſlaves. The women brought their children with more pain, and even thought themſelves too delicate to nurſe them: they

they loſt their beauty much ſooner than before, and vainly ſtrove to repair it by the help of art. Then firſt phyſicians were called in from foreign lands, to contend with a variety of new diſtempers which intemperance produced: they came; and the only advantage was, that thoſe who had learned to live at a great expence, now found the ſecret of dying at a greater.

Such was the condition of the Troglodytes, when, by the benefit of a laſting peace, they taſted the ſweets of plenty, and grew *polite*.

LETTER XVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE ancient Troglodytes were too buſy in the duties and cares of ſociety, to employ much of their thoughts in ſpeculation. They were ſkilful in mechanics and agriculture, the only ſciences for which they had any uſe. Experience taught them the properties of many medicinal herbs, roots, and plants, with which they cured the few ailments that they were ſubject to in their ſerene and temperate life.

At their leiſure they amuſed themſelves with muſic and poetry, and ſung the praiſe of the Divine Being, the beauties of nature, the virtues of their countrymen, and their own loves. They ſhewed a wonderful force of imagination in a great number of fables which they invented, under moſt of which was concealed ſome moral ſentiment: but for hiſtory, they contented themſelves with ſome ſhort accounts of public tranſactions, drawn from the memory of the oldeſt men among them, and writ without any art; having no party diſputes, no ſeditions, no plots, no intrigues of ſtate to record. The alteration of their government and manners produced a change alſo in this reſpect. A great many people withdrew themſelves entirely from the offices of life, and became a burthen to their family and country, under a notion of ſtudy and meditation. One ſet of them very modeſtly undertook to explain all the ſecrets of nature, and account for her operations. Another left nature quite behind, and fell to reaſon about immaterial ſubſtances, and the properties of ſpirits. A third profeſſed to teach reaſon by a rule; and in-

vented arguments to confute common ſenſe *. Theſe philoſophers (for ſo they ſtiled themſelves) were to be known from all mankind by a certain air, made up of baſhfulneſs and preſumption. To diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar, they forgot how to ſay or do one common thing like other men.

This rendered their behaviour very aukward, and they were conſcious of it; for which reaſon they came little into company: yet in private their pride ſwelled to ſuch a pitch, that they imagined they were arrived at the very top of human merit, and looked down with contempt on the greateſt generals and the beſt ſervants of the ſtate. Among the various ſpeculations that this modern faſhion of philoſophizing produced, there were two more pernicious than the reſt, and which greatly contributed to the corruption and ruin of the people. One was, that vice and virtue were in themſelves indifferent things, and depended only on the laws of every country: the other, that there was neither reward nor puniſhment after this life.—It has already been obſerved how many defects the Troglodytes found in their laws, and how many quibbles were invented to elude them. But ſtill there was ſome reſtraint upon their actions, while a ſenſe of guilt was attended with remorſe, and the apprehenſion of ſuffering in another ſtate. But by theſe two doctrines men were left at perfect liberty to ſin out of the reach of the law; and virtue was deprived of glory here, or the hopes of recompence hereafter. There was a third notion, leſs impious, indeed, but of very ill conſequence to ſociety, which placed all goodneſs and religion in a *recluſe and contemplative way of life.*

The effect of this was, to draw off many of the beſt and worthieſt men from the ſervice of the public, and adminiſtration of the commonwealth, at a time when their labours were moſt wanted to put a ſtop to the general corruption.—It is hard to ſay which was moſt deſtructive, an opinion that, like the former, emboldened vice, or ſuch a one as rendered virtue impotent and uſeleſs to mankind—

* This paſſage is not to be underſtood as deſigning any reflection upon men of *true learning*, but as a cenſure of the different kinds of *falſe learning*; ſuch as the ſubtilties of metaphyſics and logic, and the natural philoſophy of Deſcartes, and others, who preſume to explain and account for all things by *ſyſtems* drawn out of their own imagination.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

WHILE the principles of the people were thus depraved, and their understandings taken off from their proper objects, the court became the centre of immorality and every kind of folly. Though flattery had been always busy there, yet the former kings, who were frequently at war, had been used to a certain military freedom, and there were not wanting men about them who had courage to tell them truth: but the effeminacy of the present set of courtiers took from them all spirit as well as virtue, and they were as ready to suffer the basest things, as to act the most unjust. The king, wholly devoted to his pleasures, thought it sufficient for him to wear the crown, without troubling himself with any of the cares and duties belonging to it. The whole exercise and power of the government was lodged in the hands of a grand vizir, the first of that title which the Troglodytes had ever known. It seemed very strange to them at the beginning, to see the royalty transferred to their fellow-subject; and many thought it was debasing it too much. The priests themselves were at a loss how to make out that this sort of monarchy was divine: however, they found at last, that the grand vizir was a god by office, though not by birth. If this distinction did not satisfy the people, the court and the priests were not much concerned about it.—But a prime minister was not the only novelty these times produced.

The Troglodytes had always been remarkable for the manner in which they used their women. They had a greater esteem for them than any other of the Eastern nations. They admitted them to a constant share in their conversation, and even entrusted them with their private affairs: but they never suspected that they had a genius for public business; and that not only their own families, but the state itself, might be governed by their direction. They were now convinced of their mistake. Several ladies appeared together at the helm: the king's mistress, the mistress of the vizir, two or three mistresses of the vizir's favourite officers, joined in a political confederacy and managed all matters as they pleased. Their lovers gave nothing, and acted nothing, but by their recommendation and advice.

advice. Sometimes indeed they differed among themſelves, which occaſioned great confuſions in the ſtate. But by the pacific labours of good ſubjects, and the king's interceſſion, ſuch unhappy diviſions were compoſed, and buſineſs went quietly on again. If there was any defect in the politics of theſe female rulers, it was, that they could never comprehend any other point or purpoſe in the art of government but ſo much *profit to themſelves*. The hiſtory of the Troglodytes has recorded ſome of their wiſe and witty ſayings.

One of them was told, that, by the great decay of trade, the principal bank of the city would be broke. What care I? ſaid ſhe, I have laid my money out in land.

Another was warned, that if better meaſures were not taken, the Troglodyes threatened to revolt: I am glad to hear it, replied ſhe; for if we beat them, there will ſome rich confiſcations fall to me.

LETTER XX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

PAINFUL experience had, by this time, taught the Troglodytes what their fathers were too happy to ſuſpect; that human nature was not perfect enough to be truſted with *unlimited* power: they ſaw an evident neceſſity of reſtraining that which had been given to their kings, as well for the dignity of the crown itſelf, as for the good of the commonwealth.

The whole nation unanimouſly concurred in this reſolution; and that unanimity could not be reſiſted. They therefore conſidered by what means to reform their government, and did it with equal vigour and moderation. It was decreed, that the crown ſhould be preſerved to the prince then reigning, out of reſpect to the family he was of; but that he ſhould wear it under certain limitations, which divided his authority with the ſenate.

To prevent the miſchiefs that might ariſe from evil miniſters, and the too great power of any favourite, they declared, that the miniſters of the king were the ſervants of the people, and could not be protected by the court, if they were found diſloyal to the nation.

Under theſe wiſe regulations the ſhattered ſtate recovered itſelf again: their affairs were managed with more diſcretion, and many public grievances were redreſſed. They thought, that in limiting their monarchy, they had cut the root of all their

heir evils, and flattered themſelves with a permanent felicity. But they quickly diſcovered that this new ſyſtem was not without its inconveniencies. Very favourable opportunities were ſometimes loſt by the unavoidable flowneſs of their councils, and it was often neceſſary to truſt more people with the ecret of public buſineſs, than could be relied on with ſecurity. There were many evils which the nature of their government obliged them to connive at, and which grew, as it were, out of the very root of it. The abuſe of liberty was inſeparable, in many points, from liberty itſelf, and degenerated into a ſhameleſs licentiouſneſs. But the principal miſchief, attending on this change, was the diviſion of the ſenate into parties. Different judgments, different intereſts and paſſions, were perpetually claſhing with one another: and by the unequal motion of its wheels, the whole machine went but heavily along.

Yet one advantage aroſe from this diſorder, that the people were kept alert, and upon their guard. The animoſities and emulation of particulars, ſecured the common-wealth: as in a eraglio, the honour of the huſband is preſerved by the malice of the eunuchs, and mutual jealouſies of the women.

Upon the whole, the Troglodytes might have been happy in the liberty they had gained, if the ſame public ſpirit which eſtabliſhed, could have continued to maintain it.

LETTER XXI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THERE was in the ſenate a certain man of great natural cunning and penetration, factious, enterprizing, verſed in buſineſs, and above all, very knowing in the diſpoſition of the times in which he lived. This man came ſecretly to the king, and entertained him with the following diſcourſe.

'I perceive, Sir, you are very much caſt down with the bounds that have been ſet to your authority: but perhaps you have not loſt ſo much as you imagine.—The people are very proud of their own work, and look with great ſatisfaction on the outſide of their new-erected government; but thoſe who can ſee the inſide too, find every thing too rotten and ſuperficial to laſt very long.

'The two things in nature the moſt repugnant and inconſiſtent with each other, are the love of liberty, and the love of money. The laſt is ſo ſtrong among your ſubjects, that it is impoſſible the former can ſubſiſt. I ſay, Sir, they are

'not

'not HONEST enough to be FREE.—Look round the nation, 'and see whether their manners agree with their constitution. 'Is there a virtue which want does not disgrace, or a vice 'which riches cannot dignify? has not luxury infected all 'degrees of men amongst them? which way is that luxury to 'be supported? It must necessarily create a dependence, which 'will soon put an end to this dream of liberty. Have you a 'mind to fix your power on a sure and lasting basis? fix it on 'the vices of mankind: set up private interest against public; 'apply to the wants and vanities of particulars; shew those 'who lead the people, that they may better find their account 'in betraying than defending them. This, Sir, is a short 'plan of such a conduct as would make you really superior to 'all restraint, without breaking in upon those *nominal securities* 'which the Troglodytes are more attached to a great deal than 'they are to the things themselves. If you please to trust the 'management to me, I shall not be afraid of being obnoxious 'to the *spirit of liberty*; for in a little while I will extinguish 'every spark of it: nor of being liable to the *justice* of the 'nation; for my *crime* itself shall be my *protection*.

LETTER XXII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THERE is a very pretty, fair-complexioned girl, who lodges in a house over-against me. She was always staring at me from her window, and seemed to solicit my regard by a thousand little airs that I cannot describe, but which touched me still more than all her beauty. At last I became so enamoured of her, that I resolved to demand her in marriage. Accordingly I went to visit her in form, and was received by her mother, a widow gentlewoman, who desired very civilly to know my business.

Madam, said I, I have a garden at Ispahan, adorned with the finest flowers in the East: I have the Persian jasmin, the Indian rose, the violet of Media, and the tulip of Candahar: but I have lately beheld an English lilly more fair than all these, and far more sweet, which I desire to transplant into my garden. This lilly, Madam, is now in your possession; and I come a suppliant to you that I may obtain it. The old lady, not conceiving what I meant, began to assure me very faithfully that I was mistaken, for she had neither rose nor lilly belonging to her.

The

The lilly, returned I, is your lovely daughter, whom I ome to ask of you for my wife.

What do you propose to settle on her? replied she. That the first point to be considered.—

I will do by her very handsomely, answered I; I will settle pon her—*two black eunuchs*, an expert old midwife, and six r seven very adroit female slaves.

Two *blacks*, answered she, are well enough, but I should ink *two French footmen* would be *genteeler*.

However, Sir, we will not quarrel about *her equipage*. The uestion is, What *provision* you think of making.—

Do not trouble yourself about that, returned I:—She shall ave *meat* enough, I warrant you, plenty of *rice*, and the st *sherbet* in all *Persia*.

Do not tell me of *rice* and *sherbet*, said the old woman; I k what *jointure* you will give her?

This word stopped me short; for I did not know what a *inture* signified. At last she explained herself, by demanding me, how her daughter was to live if I should die?

I have an Indian wife, answered I, that intends to *burn rself* as soon as I expire: but I would not recommend that ethod to your daughter.

How! said she,—you are married then already! Yes, said in Persia we are allowed to *take* as many women as we can *ep:* and some, I am sure, of the most fashionable men in *gland* do the same, only leaving out *the ceremony*.

It is a very wicked practice, answered she:—but since it is ur religion so to do, and that my daughter's *fortune* is too all to get a husband among Christians, I am not much averse give her to you upon reasonable terms, because I am told u are very *rich*.

She had scarce spoke these words, when my little mistress, ho had been listening to our discourse behind the screen, me out from her concealment, and told her mother, 'That f so many women were to live together, she was sure there would be no peace in the family; and therefore she desired er to insist on a good *pin-money* (that is to say, as the term was explained to me, a great *independent allowance)* in case er husband and she should *disagree*.'

What, said I, young lady, do you think already of *separating your* interests from *mine?* and must I be obliged to pay y wife *for living ill with me*, as much as I should *for living ell?*

No

No——by Hali——I will never wed a woman who is so determined to *rebel* againſt her huſband, that ſhe *articles* for it in the very contract of her marriage—

LETTER XXIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THERE is at London a native of Aleppo who has reſided here ſome years as a private agent for ſome merchants of that city, and paſſes for a Jew. They call him Zabulon, but his true name is Abdallah, the ſon of Abderamen. He has revealed himſelf to me: and I have contracted a great intimacy with him. There never was an honeſter, more friendly, or more valuable man: but he is as much a bigot to all the Eaſtern notions, and as much a ſtranger to every thing in England, as he was the firſt hour of his arrival. For my part, Mirza, I ſet out with a reſolution to give up all my hereditary prejudices, and form my mind to bear different opinions, as my body to ſuffer different climates. Nay, if I may ſay ſo, I began my travels a good while before I went abroad, by reading, enquiring and reaſoning, about the manners and inſtitutions of other countries. I had lived long enough under the yoke of an arbitrary government, to ſee the miſery of it, and value liberty. I am now come into an iſland where that liberty is happily eſtabliſhed, and where I may learn to know it by its effects. This, Mirza, is the ſtudy that I purſue, and it demands the utmoſt attention I can give. In abſolute monarchies all depends on the character of the prince, or of his miniſters: and when that is known, you have little more to learn: but in mixed governments, the machine is more complex, and it requires a nicer obſervation to underſtand how the ſprings of it are diſpoſed, or how they mutually cheque and aſſiſt each other.

When I talk to Abdallah on this ſubject, he tells me it is not worth my while to trouble myſelf about it: for that any form of government is good if it *be well adminiſtered*. But the queſtion is, which is *moſt likely* to be *well adminiſtered*, that is, which has *beſt* ſecured itſelf, by wholeſome proviſions and reſtraints againſt the danger of a *bad adminiſtration*.

LETTER XXIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

AS I was walking in the fields near this city the other morning, a diſbanded ſoldier ſomewhat in years implored my charity, and, to excite my compaſſion, bared his boſom, on which were the ſcars of many wounds, all received in the ſervice of his country. I gladly relieved his wants, and being deſirous to inform myſelf of every thing, fell into diſcourſe with him on the war in which he had ſerved. He told me he had been preſent at the taking of ten or twelve ſtrong towns, and had a ſhare in the danger and glory of almoſt as many victories. How then, ſaid I, comes it to paſs that thou art laid aſide? thy ſtrength is indeed in its decline, but not yet waſted; and I ſhould think that experience would well ſupply the loſs of youth. Alas! Sir, anſwered he, I have a good heart and tolerable limbs, but I want three inches more of ſtature: I am brave and able enough, thank God, but not quite handſome enough for a ſoldier.

How then didſt thou ſerve ſo long, returned I? In Flanders, Sir, ſaid he, there were ſome thouſands ſuch ill-looking fellows, who did very well in a day of battle, but would make no figure at a review.—Beſides, I have no *vote* for any county, city, or borough in *England*; and therefore could not hope for preferment in the army, were I ever ſo *well made*. This laſt objection appeared to me very odd; but of all the novelties I have met with in Europe, none ever ſurprized me ſo much, as that a qualification for military ſervice ſhould be ſuppoſed to conſiſt in ſmug looks, and a certain degree of tallneſs, more than experienced courage, and hardy ſtrength.

If women were to raiſe and employ troops, I ſhould not, indeed, much wonder at ſuch a choice; but God grant our invincible ſultan an army of veteran ſoldiers, though there were not a man among them above five feet high, or a face that would not frighten an enemy with the very looks of it!

LETTER XXV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THERE is a set of people in this country, whose activity is more useless than the idleness of a monk. They are like those troublesome dreams which often agitate and perplex us in our sleep, but leave no impression behind them when we wake. I have sent thee an epitaph made for one of these *men of business*, who ended his life and labours not long ago.

Here lies ——— ——— *who lived threescore and ten years in a continual hurry. He had the honour of sitting in six parliaments, of being chairman in twenty-five committees, and of making three hundred and fifty speeches. He attended constantly twice a week at the levees of twelve different ministers of state; and writ for and against them one thousand papers. He composed fifty new projects for the better government of the church and state. He left behind him memoirs of his own life in five volumes in folio.*

Reader, if thou shouldst be moved to drop a tear for the loss of so CONSIDERABLE A PERSON, *it will be a* SINGULAR *favour to the* deceased; *for nobody else concerns himself about it, or remembers that such a man was ever born.*

LETTER XXVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Went with my friend the other day to a great hall, where all the courts of law were sitting together. Behold, said he, the temple of *justice*, the sanctuary of privilege and right, which our mightiest monarchs have not been able to violate with impunity. Behold the lowest of our commons contending here with the highest of our nobles, unawed by their dignity or power. See those venerable sages on the bench, whose ears are deaf to solicitation, and their hands untainted with corruption. See also those twelve men, whom we call the *jury*, the great bulwark of our property and freedom. But then cast your eyes on those men in black that swarm on every side. These are the priests of the temple, who, like most other priests, have turned their ministry into a trade: they have perplexed, confounded, and encumbered law, in order to make themselves

themſelves more neceſſary, and to drain the purſes of the people.—I have heard, ſaid I, that the laws of England are wiſely *framed* and impartially *adminiſtered*. The old *Gothic* pile we are now in, replied my friend, will give you a juſt idea of their *ſtructure*. The foundations of it are deep and very laſting; it has ſtood many ages, and with good repairs may ſtand many more; but the architecture is loaded with a multiplicity of idle and uſeleſs parts: when you examine it critically, many faults and imperfections will appear; yet upon the whole it has a mighty awful air, and ſtrikes you with reverence. Then as to the adminiſtration of our laws, the difference between us and other countries is little more than this, that there they ſell juſtice *in the groſs*, and here we ſell it *by retail*. In Perſia the cadi paſſes ſentence for a round ſum of money: in England the judge indeed takes nothing, but the attorney, the advocate, every officer and retainer on the court, raiſes treble that ſum upon the client. The condition of juſtice is like that of many women of quality: they themſelves are above being bought, but every *ſervant* about them muſt be *feed*, or there is no *getting at them*. The diſintereſted ſpirit of the law is of no advantage to the ſuitor; he is undone by the ravine of *her dependants*.

LETTER XXVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

I TOLD thee, in my laſt letter, a converſation I had with my friend upon the practice of law in this country. What peculiar to us, continued he, in judicial proceedings is, that to *diſcretionary power* is lodged either in the judge or the jury; but they are to direct and determine altogether by the *letter of the law*. In France, and other parts of Europe, the judge is truſted with ſuch a power to vary from the law, in certain points, according to the dictates of his conſcience, and the reaſon of the caſe: but in England, conſcience, reaſon, right, and juſtice are confined to the words of the law, and the eſtabliſhed meaning thereof. No doubt this is productive of many hardſhips: particulars muſt often ſuffer by it; yet, in the main, it is a wholſome reſtraint, and beneficial to liberty: for it is generally found, that in other countries, where they are not ſo ſtrictly tied down, the judge's conſcience is apt to depend too much on the king's, and the rule of equity is a very uncertain meaſure, which paſſion, prejudice, or intereſt, can eaſily change.

Theſe latter times have, indeed, a good deal departed from the ancient methods of judicature in matters of property, by encouraging applications to the *Chancery*; which is a court of equity, where he, who preſides in it, judges alone, without any jury, and with a much greater latitude than other courts: but whether more evil than good does not attend on this practice, may well be queſtioned. Thus much is certain, that cauſes are not *ſhortened* by it, though one might have expected *that advantage* from it at leaſt. I have been told, ſaid I, that whatever time they may take in paſſing through *that court*, they have often a further journey to make before they come to a final deciſion. It is true, replied he, they may be carried from thence by an appeal to the houſe of lords, who judge in the laſt reſort. And if the conſtitution had not lodged there a judicature ſuperior to that of the *chancellor*, ſo much of the property of the ſubject would entirely depend upon his opinion, that the parliament would have reaſon to put in again their claim to a right, which they demanded in the reign of Edward III, of *nominating this officer themſelves*.

When an appeal, ſaid I, is made to the lords, by what rules do *they* judge? If by no other than thoſe of natural equity, I can then underſtand, that every Lord, who has common ſenſe, may be ſuppoſed to be capable of ſuch a judicature: but if they proceed by the rules of the courts below, and according to principles, uſages, and determinations eſtabliſhed *there*, that is *a ſcience* of which few are capable; and in that ſenſe they cannot be *judges born*. Two or three, at moſt, of their body would then have competent knowledge for the performing a duty, which the conſtitution of England expects from *all*. And when *ſo few* are to judge, their being too much *divided* in affection or intereſt, at ſome junctures of time, at others their being too much *united*, might, I ſhould think, have very bad conſequences. But what if the chancellor himſelf ſhould ever be *the only lord in the houſe* enough poſſeſſed of *that knowledge* to lead the reſt? where would be then the uſe of appealing from his decrees? To this my friend anſwered nothing, and I thought that his ſilence wanted no explanation.

LETTER XXVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

A French gentleman was boasting the other day, in a company where I was, of the academies founded by the late king for the support and reward of arts and sciences.

You have a pleasant way, said he, here in England, of encouraging a man of wit. When he is dead, you build him a fine tomb, and lay him among your kings; but while he is alive, he is as ill received at court, as if he came with a petition against the ministry. Would not the money you have laid out upon the monuments of two or three of your poets, have been better bestowed in giving them bread when they were living, and wanted it? This might have been formerly the case, replied the Englishman, but it is not so now. A man of true genius is at present so much favoured by the public, which is the best of all patrons, his works are so greedily bought up, and such regard is shewn him every way, that he has no need to depend upon a court for protection, or for subsistence.

And let me add, that the honours which are paid to a deceased man of wit, have something in them more generous and disinterested, than pensions bestowed on slavish terms, and at the price of continual panegyric. We have a *very great poet* now *alive*, who may boast of one glory to which no member of the French academy can pretend, *viz.* that he never flattered any man *in power*; but has bestowed immortal praises upon *those*, whom, for fear of offending men *in power*, if they had lived in France, under the same circumstances, no poet there would have dared to praise.

LETTER XXIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THERE is a *Christian* doctor, who, at my first arrival here, took the trouble to visit me very often, with no other view, as I could find, but merely to make a *Christian* of me; in which design he has been single hitherto, such a zeal being very much out of fashion.

But, what is most extraordinary, I was told the other day, that his *preferment in the church* had been lately *stopped* at the

inſtance of the *mufti of this city*, on a ſuppoſition of his being turned *Mahometan*, and that all the proof brought againſt him was the commerce he formerly had with me.

When I heard this, I waited on the *mufti*, and offered to teſtify that the doctor was a Chriſtian, as far as I could judge by all I ſaw of him, during the time of our acquaintance: but he refuſed to admit my teſtimony in this caſe, becauſe, as he ſaid, I was myſelf *a miſbeliever*, and inſiſted on the doctor's ſuppoſed *apoſtacy*, as an undoubted fact, which *ſhocked* him beyond meaſure.

If he is a *muſulman*, ſaid I, he muſt be *circumciſed*. There is a *viſible mark* of orthodoxy in our religion; but I ſhould be glad to know what is the *viſible mark* of yours. If it be *meekneſs*, or *charity*, or *juſtice*, or *temperance*, or *piety*, all theſe are moſt *conſpicuous* in the *doctor*: but I find that none of theſe can *prove* him to be a *Chriſtian*.———*What* therefore is the *characteriſtic* of his *accuſers?* and *how* do they *prove* themſelves to be *Chriſtians* *?

LETTER XXX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE principles and practice of toleration prevail very ſtrongly in this country: I myſelf have felt the effects of it very much to my advantage. The better ſort of people are no more offended at the difference of my faith from theirs, than at the difference of my dreſs. The mob, indeed, ſeem ſurprized at me for both, and cannot comprehend how it is poſſible to make ſuch miſtakes, but they rather contemn than hate me for them: and I have yet been affronted by nobody but a drunken prieſt, who denounced damnation againſt me, for refuſing to pledge him, *To the proſperity of the church of England*, in a liquor forbidden by our law.

This has not always been the temper of the Engliſh. They have formerly waged war againſt Mahometans, only becauſe they were ſo; they have kindled fires againſt heretics, though what was hereſy in one age has been orthodoxy in another: nay, they have involved their country in all the miſeries of civil diſcord upon points of no greater moment, than whether a table ought to be placed in the middle of the church, or at one end of it.

* It is ſuppoſed this letter alludes to the objections made to the promotion of the late doctor Rundle.

I muſt

I must own to thee, Mirza, there is nothing I abhor so much as persecution: it seems to me no less ridiculous in its principles, than dreadful in its effects. One would think, that the great diversity of opinions among mankind should incline men a little to suspect that their own may possibly be wrong, especially in disputes not very essential; but to pursue all others with rage and violence, instead of pity or persuation, is such a strain of pride and folly as can scarce be accounted for from enthusiasm itself. I have read in a Spanish author of a certain madman who rambled about Spain with sword and lance, and whomsoever he met with in his way, he required to acknowledge and believe, that his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso was the handsomest woman in the world. It was in vain for the other to reply, that he had no knowledge at all of Dulcinea, or had a particular fancy to another woman; the madman made no allowances for ignorance or prejudice, but instantly knocked him down, and never left beating him till he promised to maintain the perfections of the said lady above all her rivals. Such has been the conduct of many priests and priest-rid princes in propagating their *spiritual inclinations:* each had his several Dulcinea, and resolved that every body should admire her as much as himself; but as this was not easily brought about, the controversy was determined by force of arms. Nay, though it happened that all admired the same, they would even quarrel about the fashion of her cloaths: and most bloody battles have been fought to decide which colour became her best. Alas! Mirza, how absurd is all this! the beauty of true religion is sufficiently shewn by its proper lustre; it needs no knight-errant to combat for it; nor is any thing so contrary to the nature of affection as constraint. Whoever is compelled to profess a faith without conviction, though it was but indifferent to him before, must grow to think it odious: as men, who are forced to marry where they do not approve, soon change dislike into aversion.—I will end this subject with putting thee in mind of a ceremony which is celebrated once a year by the common people of Persia, in honour of our prophet Ali. There are two bulls brought forth before the crowd, the strongest of which is called Ali, and the weaker Omar. They are made to fight, and as Ali is very sure to get the better, the spectators go away highly satisfied with this happy decision of the dispute between us and the heretical *Turks.*

Just in this light I regard all religious wars. Whether the combatants are two bulls or two bishops, the case is exactly the same, and the determination just as absurd.

LETTER XXXI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THERE is nothing more aſtoniſhing to a Muſulman than many particulars relating to the ſtate of matrimony, as it is managed in Europe: our practiee of it is ſo totally different, that we can hardly think it poſſible for men to do or ſuffer ſuch things as happen here every day.

The following ſtory, which was given me for a true one, will ſet this in a very full light: I wiſh thou mayeſt find it as entertaining, as I am ſure thou wilt find it new.—

In the reign of Charles the firſt, king of England, lived two gentlemen, whoſe true names I will conceal under the feigned ones of Acaſto and Septimius. They were neighbours, their eſtates lay together, and they had a friendſhip for each other, which had grown up from their earlieſt youth.

Acaſto had an only ſon, whom we will call Polydore, and Septimius an only daughter, named Emilia. Though the boy was but fourteen years old, and the girl but twelve, the parents were ſo deſirous of contracting an alliance between their families, and of uniting the two bordering eſtates, that they married them before either was of age to conſummate the marriage, or even to underſtand the nature of their contract. As ſoon as the ceremony was performed, they ſent the young gentleman abroad, to finiſh his education.

After four years which he had ſpent in France and Italy, he was recalled by the news of his father's death, which made it neceſſary for him to return to England.

Emilia, who was now about ſixteen, began to think he had been abſent long enough, and received him with a great deal of ſatisfaction. She had heard a fine character of him, from thoſe who knew him in his travels: and when ſhe ſaw him, his perſon was ſo improved that ſhe thought herſelf the happieſt of women in being his wife.

But his ſentiments for her were very different.

There was in his temper a ſpirit of contradiction, which could not bear to have a wife impoſed upon him.—He complained, that his father had taken advantage of his tender age, to draw him into an engagement, in which his judgment could poſſibly have no part. He confeſſed that he had no objections to the perſon or character of Emilia; but inſiſted on a liberty of choice, and declared, that he looked upon his marriage to be forced and null. In ſhort, he abſolutely refuſed to conſummate,

mate, in ſpite of all the endeavours of their friends, and the conjugal affection of the poor young lady, who did her utmoſt to vanquiſh his averſion.—When ſhe found that all her kindneſs was thrown away, the natural pride of her ſex made her deſire to be ſeparated from him, and ſhe joined with him in a petition for a divorce. The firſt parliament of the year *forty* was then ſitting: the affair was brought before them, and it was believed, that a divorce would have eaſily been obtained at their mutual demand. But the biſhops oppoſed it with great violence, as a breach of the law of God, which they ſaid would admit of no divorce, but in caſes of adultery. They were anſwered, that the marriage was not *compleat*; and that the ceremonious part, which was all that had paſt between them, might as properly be diſpenſed with by the legiſlature, as any other form of law. That the young gentleman's averſion was *invincible*, and inconſiſtent with the obligation laid upon him: that therefore it would not well become the fathers of the church, to put him under a manifeſt temptation of committing adultery: and that nothing could be imagined more unjuſt, than to condemn the lady to perpetual virginity, under the notion of a marriage, which, it was plain, was a mere illuſion.—Theſe arguments ſeemed convincing to all the world, except the biſhops; but they perſiſted in their *uſual unanimity*, and were ſo powerful by the *favour* of the *court*, that they carried their point in the houſe of lords: and the unfortunate Polydore and Emilia were declared to be *one fleſh*, though no union had ever been between them, either in body or in mind.—The huſband immediately paid back his wife's portion to her father; and firmly reſolved, that from that time forwards he would never ſee her more. His natural obſtinacy was irritated by the conſtraint that was put upon him, and he took a pride to ſhew the world, that there was no power, eccleſiaſtical or civil, which could oblige him to act like a married man againſt his inclination. The poor lady retired to a ſeat of her father's in the country, and endeavoured, by long abſence from her huſband, to forget that he had ever pleaſed or offended her.—Two years afterwards the civil war broke out between the king and parliament. Polydore was ſo enraged againſt the biſhops for obſtructing his divorce, that it determined him in the chooſing of his party, and made him take up arms againſt the king. Septimius, the father of Emilia, was as zealous a royaliſt, to which his hatred of Polydore contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly poſſible that two ſuch bitter enemies ſhould be of the ſame ſide. In the courſe of the war, the king being worſted, the

eſtates of many of his party were confiſcated; and Septimius having been one of the moſt active, was alſo one of thoſe that ſuffered moſt. He was compelled to retire into France with what he could ſave out of the wreck of his eſtate; and carried with him his daughter, who was quite abandoned by her huſband and his family.

In the mean while, the army of the parliament began to form itſelf into different factions. Cromwell, at the head of the Independents, acquired by degrees ſuch an influence, that the Preſbyterians were no longer a match for him: Polydore, who was devoted to that ſect, threw up his commiſſion in diſcontent; and happily for his reputation had no ſhare in thoſe violent proceedings, which ended in the deſtruction of the king, and the ancient conſtitution.

He continued quite unactive for ſome years; but at laſt growing weary of a life that agreed ſo ill with his vivacity, he determined to go and ſerve in the Low Countries under the great prince of Condé, who, in the year 1654, commanded the armies of Spain againſt his country.—Two reaſons inclined Polydore to this party; firſt, the deſire he had to learn his trade under a general of ſo great reputation: and, ſecondly, becauſe Cromwell had refuſed to enter into an alliance with that prince, though moſt agreeable to the intereſts of England. —He found his highneſs employed in beſieging Arras, and was received by him with high marks of eſteem. During the ſiege he often ſignalized his courage, and ſupported the opinion that was ſpread all over Europe of the valour of the parliament-officers: but the marſhal Turenne, with La Ferté and Hoquincourt, having attacked the beſiegers in their lines, relieved Arras, and would have deſtroyed the Spaniſh army, if the prince of Condé had not ſaved it by a retreat, which was one of the greateſt actions of his life. In this battle Polydore was taken priſoner, and ſent to Paris with many other Spaniſh officers, to continue there till they ſhould be ranſomed or exchanged. In the journey he contracted a great intimacy with the count d'Aguilar, brigadier under the count de Fuenſaldagna, and one of the firſt gentlemen in Spain. As they travelled together ſeveral days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal incidents of their lives. Polydore related to Aguilar the whole ſtory of his marriage with Emilia, and declaimed with great heat againſt the folly of tying two people thus together, who wiſhed nothing ſo much as to be looſe.

No doubt, ſaid the count, it is moſt abſurd; but, to ſay the truth, I find nothing very reaſonable in the whole affair of marriage as we have made it. I do not know what it may be

to

to other men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural to be confined to any single woman, let her be ever so agreeable.

If I had *chosen* a woman *freely*, answered Polydore, I could be always constant to her with pleasure; but to have a companion *for life forced* upon me, I had rather row in the gallies than submit to it.

You are mistaken, my dear Polydore, replied the count, in fancying it so easy to be constant even to a wife of one's own chusing. I have had some experience of that kind, and know that the first choice is only good till we have made a second.

To prove this to you, I need only give you the history of my amours——That you may not think I am telling you a romance, I will begin where romances always end, with the article of my marriage. I was married at four and twenty to a lady, whom I chose for her beauty and good sense, without troubling myself about her fortune, which was but small. The three or four first years that we lived together was the happiest period of my life: I preserved all the ardour of a lover with the freedom and tenderness of a husband. She loved me still more fondly than I did her; and if I had not left her till she gave me occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this day.—But I was not able to hold out any longer. All her charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least impression: and I went regularly to her bed as I did to supper, with an appetite quite palled by too much plenty. In this dull way I drudged on for a tedious twelvemonth, till the sight of a relation of my wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own house, rouzed me out of my lethargy. She was a beautiful creature of eighteen, just taken out of a convent to be married. She knew nothing of the world, but had a natural quickness that went further than experience. However, as there was something a little aukward in her exterior carriage, the countess d'Aguilar thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself *in public*. I thought my instructions might be of use to her as well as my wife's, to teach her how to behave herself *in private*, and had the good fortune to make them more agreeable.

She liked me better and better every lesson, and in proportion, as her passion increased for me, she conceived a stronger aversion for the man who was designed to be her husband: and indeed she had no great reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old fellow, who did nothing day or night but pray and scold. Her friends pressed the conclusion

cluſion of her marriage; and, as unwilling as ſhe was to come into it, ſhe could not reſiſt their importunities. Yet to comfort me, ſhe very fairly let me know, that ſhe would give her virginity to me in ſpite of all their teeth; and moreover, that I ſhould have it on the *wedding night*. I repreſented to her the improbability of her performing *ſuch* a promiſe at *ſuch* a time; but ſhe bid me truſt to her management, and I ſhould be ſatisfied.

The wedding night came; and when the company was retired, the bridegroom was ſurpriſed to ſee the bride diſſolved in tears. He begged to know the cauſe of her affliction; but ſhe would not tell him, except he ſwore, that, when he knew it, he would do his utmoſt to remove it.

The poor man, in the vehemence of his love, aſſured her that he would do any thing to make her eaſy, that was not contrary to the *honour of a cavalier*, or the *injunctions of our holy mother church*.

No, ſaid ſhe, the thing I require of you will recommend you extremely to the *church*, as it is only to give me leave to accompliſh a vow I made to the Bleſſed Virgin, in a fit of ſickneſs when my life was in great danger.

Heaven forbid, my pretty child, replied the don, that I ſhould hinder you from performing a ſacred vow, to the hazard of your ſoul.

Well then, ſaid ſhe, I will own to you, that in my fright I vowed, that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would conſecrate my wedding night to the Bleſſed Virgin, by paſſing it in the bed of my waiting woman, the virtuous Iſabella. And this very morning while I ſlept, our Lady appeared to me in a dream, and threatened me with another fit of ſickneſs if I did not keep my word.

If it be ſo, replied the huſband, there is no doubt but *the Virgin* muſt be *ſerved* before *me*; and ſo, my dear, I wiſh you a good night.

Now you muſt know that the virtuous Iſabella was truſted with all the ſecrets of her miſtreſs, and had gone between us through the whole courſe of our amour.

Accordingly madam went to bed to her waiting woman, who had taken care to inform me of this deſign, and concealed me in a cloſet within her chamber; from whence, as ſoon as every body was aſleep, I was admitted to the place of Iſabella, and received the full acquittance of a promiſe I little expected to ſee performed.—

The ſingularity of this adventure ſo delighted me, that I could not help, in the vanity of my heart, diſcovering it to the

the duke de l'Infantada, the moſt intimate of my friends. He was very thankful for the confidence I repoſed in him, and to reward me for it, betrayed it inſtantly to my wife, whom, it ſeems, he had long made love to without ſucceſs. As he thought that the greateſt obſtacle to his deſires was her fondneſs for me, he hoped to remove it by convincing her of my falſeneſs; but though the news of it had like to have broke her heart, it was not able to change it.

She reproached me in a manner that made my fault appear much more inexcuſable. I might complain, ſaid ſhe, of the affront you have done my honour in debauching my relation; but, alas! I am only ſenſible to the injury you have done my love. You are grown weary of me, and I know it is impoſſible to regain your heart, ſince the ſingle reaſon of your diſlike muſt ſtill continue, which is, That I am your wife. If any part of my behaviour had offended you, I might have changed it to your ſatisfaction; but this is a fault, which, in ſpite of all my care, will grow worſe every day.—I endeavoured to pacify her by aſſurances of my future fidelity; and really I was ſo affected by her behaviour, that I ſeriouſly meant to keep my word.—But our inclinations are very little in our power: my reſolution ſoon yielded to the charms of the counteſs Altamira, one of the handſomeſt women about the court, but the vaineſt, the moſt intereſted, and the moſt abandoned. She made it a point of honour to ſeduce me, out of a deſire to mortify my wife, with whom ſhe had quarrelled upon ſome female competition of precedency or dreſs.

Her avarice was equal to her pride, and ſhe made me pay dearly for her favours, though her huſband was one of the richeſt men in Spain. I hardly ever went to her without a preſent of ſome kind or other, and my fortune began to ſuffer by my expence: yet I was ſo bewitched to her, that though I heartily deſpiſed her, I could not help loving her to madneſs.

One day, when I came to ſee her, after an abſence that had raiſed my deſires to the higheſt pitch, ſhe received me with a coldneſs and ill-humour that tortured me beyond expreſſion. I conjured her to acquaint me with the cauſe of it, and ſhe told me, 'That the laſt time ſhe was at court, ſhe had ſeen the counteſs d'Aguilar with a diamond necklace on, which I had given her the day before: that my making ſuch preſents to another woman, in the midſt of our intrigue, was an inſult ſhe was determined not to bear; and that ſince I was grown ſo fond a huſband, ſhe could not but make a conſcience of diſturbing our conjugal felicity.'

I offered

I offered her any ſatisfaction ſhe would aſk: and the malicious devil had the impudence to tell me, that nothing could ſatisfy her, but my taking away that necklace from my wife, and giving it her.—I entreated her to accept of another of twice its value; but ſhe replied, that her honour was concerned, and, in ſhort, ſhe would have that, and that alone.—Overcome with her importunities, I went home, and ſtole it for her; but made her promiſe me ſolemnly to be very cautious that my wife ſhould never ſee it in her poſſeſſion.

About three days after, word was brought me, that the counteſs d'Aguilar had fainted away in the anti-chamber of the queen, and was gone home in great diſorder to her mother's the counteſs of Pacheco.

I went immediately thither in ſuch a fright, as convinced me I loved her better than I thought I did: but imagine my confuſion, when ſhe informed me, that ſhe had fainted at the ſight of her own diamonds on the neck of the counteſs Altamira. She added, that it was no myſtery to her, nor to anybody elſe, how that lady came by them; and that, to ſave herſelf the mortification of any more ſuch public affronts, ſhe would no longer live with me as my wife, but leave me at full liberty to pleaſe myſelf, as my licentious inclination ſhould direct.

I uſed my utmoſt eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again; but ſhe remained inflexible, and ſaid no more to all my proteſtations, but, that if her paſt conduct had not been able to fix my heart, ſhe deſpaired of doing it for the future.

After living without her half a year, I was ordered to my regiment in Flanders, and was very glad of an occaſion to leave Madrid, where the regret of her ſeparation was ſuch a pain to me, that it entirely ſunk my ſpirits. Since my arrival in the army, I have writ to her three or four letters, but ſhe diſdained to make me any anſwer; and I have reaſon to believe, that her high ſpirit has, by this time, got the better of her love.

For my part, I endeavour to amuſe myſelf the beſt I can with other women; and I deſire, my dear Polydore, that we may be always reciprocal confidents of every intrigue that we engage in during our ſtay in France.—

Polydore thanked him, and aſſured him, that on his part he ſhould meet with no reſerve. When they came to Paris, his firſt care was to enquire what was become of Septimius and Emilia, whom he had heard no account of for many years. He was informed, that Septimius was dead, and his daughter

gone

gone from Paris. His curiosity made him write to his friends in England, to ask if she was there. They answered him, that every body believed she was dead in France, having received no news of her a great while. Polydore was mightily pleased with this account, and fancied himself very happy in being a widower, though he had given himself no trouble to support the character of a husband.—The two friends had not resided long at Paris, before they were exchanged for some French officers who were taken prisoners by the prince of Condé. They returned to the army; but the season not permitting them to come to any action, they agreed to pass the winter at Brussels, in the court of the archduke. They had not been there above a month, before Aguilar acquainted his English friend, that he had begun an intrigue with a French lady, who lived in a very retired manner, which he believed was owing to her circumstances: that he had seen her two or three times, by means of a woman at whose house she lodged, whose good offices he had secured by a handsome bribe. He added, that he would carry Polydore to see her the next visit that he made. Accordingly they went together to Mademoiselle Dalincourt (for that was the name of Aguilar's new mistress). At their coming in, Dalincourt seemed much surprized, changed colour, and was not able to speak a word. The count, alarmed at her disorder, suspected some lover had been with her, and told her, with an air of discontent, that he was sorry he came at so wrong a time. She endeavoured to shake off her confusion, and replied, that he was always very welcome: but that the gentleman he brought with him had so much resemblance of a brother of her's who was killed in Flanders, that, at first sight, she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen: she added, that if the gentleman was as like her brother in mind, as he was in form, she should be mightily pleased with his acquaintance. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the count began to think his jealousy was without foundation.

After some general discourse, she applied to Polydore, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the Spanish service? with many other more particular enquiries, which seemed to intimate a desire to know him better. Polydore was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his friend: and the count, who had no suspicions on that side, did his utmost to engage them in a friendship which he imagined would turn to his advantage.

At night, when the two gentlemen were at home together, Aguilar asked his companion, what he thought of Dalincourt's

person

perſon and underſtanding? Better of the laſt than the firſt, anſwered he, though both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking, continued he, that her perſon is not quite new to me; but I cannot recollect where I met with her, except it was at Paris, when I was there a boy.—You will do well to improve your acquaintance now, replied the count; and, to give you an opportunity of doing it, I will ſend you there to-morrow to make my excuſes for being obliged to hunt with the archduke, inſtead of waiting upon her as I intended. I know, my dear Polydore will employ all his wit and eloquence to ſet his friend's paſſion in the beſt light; and while he is with her, I ſhall have leſs uneaſineſs in being away. Polydore promiſed him all the ſervices he could do him, but he wiſhed he had got a miſtreſs too, to make the party even.

The next day he went to her, and ſaid a great deal in praiſe of Aguilar, to diſcover what ſhe thought of him. She anſwered him with terms of a cold eſteem, but nothing that gave him the leaſt encouragement to believe ſhe was in love. He then endeavoured to perſuade her of the violence of the count's paſſion for her; but ſhe aſſured him, that this was the only ſubject ſhe did not care to hear him talk of.—He returned to his friend quite diſcouraged at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for. The count ſhewed him a letter he had juſt received from his confidante, the lady of the houſe; which adviſed him not to think of gaining Dalincourt by a timorous reſpect; but to offer her at once a handſome ſettlement, which the ſtraightneſs of her fortune would make her liſten to much more kindly than ſhe did to his fine ſpeeches.

This indeed may do ſomething, ſaid Polydore; for I found by her diſcourſe, that ſhe had been reduced, by a ſeries of misfortunes, to a condition very much beneath her birth.—In concluſion, they agreed to make a trial whether ſhe was to be bought or not; and Polydore was made the bearer of a letter which contained a very liberal propoſal. She read it, looked at Polydore ſome time without ſaying a word, and at laſt burſt out into a flood of tears.

I thought, ſaid ſhe, recovering her voice, that it had not been in the power of my ill deſtiny to make me more unhappy: but I now find, that my misfortunes have ſunk me lower than ever I was aware of, ſince two gentlemen, whoſe eſteem I wiſhed to gain, think ſo meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper perſon to receive *ſuch a letter*. But know, Sir, that I am as much a ſtranger to infamy, as I am to happineſs; and have a ſpirit ſuperior to all the wrongs that your inſolent ſex

can

can put upon me. Had not you disgraced yourself by the scandalous employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your friend, as my answer to his letter, that I would sooner *give* myself to a footman, than *sell* myself to a prince.—

Polydore was infinitely struck with this reception. Every word she uttered pierced him to the heart; and he looked upon her as a miracle of virtue, such as he never had any notion of before.—He returned to the count in great confusion, and acquainted him with the ill success of his commission. Aguilar, more in love with her than ever, writ a most submissive letter to beg her pardon; but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his courtship was ineffectual, he left Brussels in despair, and retired to a villa of one of his friends, where he resolved to stay till the opening of the campaign. In the mean while Polydore, who continued still at Brussels, was in a situation little easier than his friend. Mademoiselle Dalincourt took up all his thoughts: he repeated to himself a thousand times the last words he heard her speak, and admired the spirit that appeared in them to a degree of adoration.

Not being able to bear her absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the count in any thing he had to say to her.—I have no inclination to name him, replied he; for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than life: yet, as his passion is quite destitute of hope, why should not I solicit you for a heart to which he has no pretensions? but, be my conduct right or not in regard to him; to you, madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole fortune upon such terms as your virtue need not blush at. I am a widower, and free to marry whom I please: my estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my power, to raise you to that rank which you were born to. This, madam, is the only reparation by which I can atone for the affront I did your character; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my despair will be equal to my love.

The lady answered him with blushes, that she was highly sensible of the sentiments he expressed for her; that she liked his person, and admired his understanding; but that, to her misfortune,

misfortune, she was married already, and therefore could say nothing to his proposal.—Good heaven, cried Polydore, you are married! and who then is your husband? The most unworthy of mankind, answered she: one, who has abandoned me to the malice of my fortune, and does not know at this time what is become of me, nor trouble himself about it.—He is, indeed, unworthy, replied the lover, who is possessed of such a treasure, and can neglect it. But, madam, employ me in your revenge: command my sword to pierce the monster's heart, and tear it from his bosom.—No, said she, your safety is more dear to me than the desire of revenge. All I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that husband; but continue to love me equally when you know me better: upon this condition, I will grant you all the favours which my duty will allow; and, perhaps, your future conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all restraint.

The happy Polydore swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased; but, being informed by him of the treachery of her friend at whose house she lodged, they agreed to make their appointments at another place.

They continued this commerce for some time without any interruption, till the count d'Aguilar had notice of it from his confident, who perceived it in spite of all their caution.

Never was rage equal to his at this discovery. He writ to Polydore, reproaching him with his breach of friendship in the bittersest terms, and required him to meet him with his sword behind the walls of a nunnery that was situated about two leagues out of Bruffels. Polydore accepted of the challenge, and met him at the place appointed: he attempted to justify himself, but the count had not the patience to hear him out. They fought with great fury a good while, till the fortune of Polydore prevailed, and the count fainted away with the loss of blood from two or three wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall thought him dead, and made off with the utmost precipitation. Just at that instant came by a coach and six, which was driving towards the nunnery: a lady who was in it, seeing a gentleman lie weltering in his blood, stopped her coach, and went to try if she could assist him. At the sight of the face she fetched a scream, and fell upon the body in a swoon. Her servants, concluding it to be some one she was much concerned for, carried them both into the nunnery, where the lady soon came to herself, and the count also began to shew signs of life, his spirits being agitated by the motion. He was immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent

ſent for, who declared his wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his cure, the lady who brought him into the nunnery waited conſtantly, day and night, at his bed-ſide, and nurſed him with a care that would not yield to a moment of repoſe. As her face was always covered with a veil, he took her to be one of the nuns, and was aſtoniſhed at a charity ſo officious. When he grew better his curioſity encreaſed, and he ardently preſſed her to let him know to whom he owed ſuch great obligations. Are you a nun, madam? ſaid he: I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely, if I was never to ſee you more, after leaving a houſe where you have done me ſo many favours.—The lady for whom you fought, anſwered ſhe, will make you ſoon forget the loſs of me; and though I am not a nun, you will never ſee me out of the limits of theſe walls.

How, madam! ſaid he, was you not *out* of them, when you found me on the ground, and ſaved my life?

Yes, replied ſhe; I was returning from a viſit to a convent in the town: but I will take care not to ſtir from hence while you are at Bruſſels, becauſe you are the man in the world I would avoid.

This ſpeech ſo ſurprized him, that for ſome time he was not able to make her any anſwer. At laſt he told her, that her actions and her words entirely diſagreed, and that he could not think himſelf ſo hateful to her as ſhe ſaid, when he reflected how kindly ſhe had uſed him.

Theſe riddles ſhall be cleared to you, anſwered ſhe, when you are perfectly recovered: till then content yourſelf with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determined to avoid you, as if I could.

Thus ended a converſation which left the count in a perplexity not to be deſcribed.

He ſaw her no more for a few days; but when ſhe heard that his ſtrength was quite returned, ſhe came to him one morning, and ſpoke thus:

'If you will know who ſhe is that was ſo afflicted when 'your life was in danger; that nurſed you ſo carefully in your 'illneſs; and is reſolved to quit you for ever when you are 'well; think of your former gallantries at Madrid, of your 'preſent paſſion for a miſtreſs that deſpiſes you, and your in'gratitude to a wife that always loved you; think of all this, 'and you will not wonder any longer at my actions or my 'words.—Yes, Aguilar, I am that wife, whoſe fate it is to 'be acquainted with all your infidelities, and to ſmart for all 'your follies.

As she said this, she lifted up her veil, and shewed the astonished count a well-known face, which he little expected to have seen in Flanders. All the passions that can agitate the heart of man, shame, remorse, love, gratitude, invaded his in that moment. He threw himself at her feet, and with many tears implored her to forgive him.

She raised him, and assured him of her pardon, nay, more, of her affection: 'But my person,' said she, 'I am determined shall be ever separated from you. I have had too many proofs of your inconstancy, to hope that any obligations can engage you: you will never be faithful to me alone, and I disdain to share you with another. It is happiness enough for me that I have been the instrument of preserving your life, though you risqued it for the sake of another woman; and all the return I ask of you is, to think of me sometimes with kindness, but never attempt to see me more.'

Aguilar was on the rack to hear her talk in so resolute a style; but he flattered himself it was owing to her jealousy of mademoiselle Dalincourt. Being impatient to make her easy on that head, he dispatched one of his servants with a letter to acquaint that lady with his recovery. He begged her earnestly to come to him at the *nunnery*, and if possible to bring her lover along with her. Polydore had absconded a few days, till he heard that the count was out of danger, after which he continued very publicly his addresses to Dalincourt.

While the messenger was bringing them to the *nunnery*, Aguilar demanded of his wife, by what accident she came into Flanders?

You know, said she, that after my discovery of your amour with the countess Altamira, I retired to my mother's house, and remained there till your departure for the army.

Soon afterwards, I had the misfortune to lose my mother; and what particularly aggravated my grief, was the knowledge that her concern at your ill usage of me had hastened her death.

These afflictions made Madrid so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily about that time I received a letter from my cousin donna Eugenia de Montalegre, a religious of this house, to inform me of her being elected abbess. It instantly occured to me, that no place could be more proper for my retreat, than a monastery of which she was the head: so, as soon as I could settle my affairs, I left Spain, and put myself into a pension under the government of donna Eugenia; in which manner I have lived ever since.

She had scarce finished this account, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Polydore and Dalincourt. Madam d'Aguilar

d'Aguilar changed colour at the ſight of her; but her huſband, embracing Polydore, aſſured him, that he no longer looked upon him as a rival, but was glad to reſign his miſtreſs to a friend who ſo well deſerved her. Then he related to him the manner in which his wife had tended and preſerved him, and expreſſed ſo much gratitude, ſo much love, that if any thing could have ſhaken her reſolution, this would certainly have done it. Mademoiſelle Dalincourt ſeemed much affected at this relation, and told the counteſs, ſhe was infinitely concerned that ſhe had been the innocent cauſe of her huſband's danger; but that ſhe hoped this accident would be a means of making them happy for the future, and put an end to his infidelities and her reſentment.

My happineſs too, added ſhe, is now at ſtake; and I have need of your friendſhip to ſupport me in a diſcovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in juſtice to my honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.

At theſe words ſhe kneeled down, and taking hold of Polydore's hand: 'Behold,' ſaid ſhe, 'my dear huſband, in that 'Dalincourt, whom you have ſworn to love eternally, behold 'your wife Emilia, that Emilia, whom you left a bride and 'a virgin at ſixteen; whom you imagined dead, and who will 'not live a moment, if you refuſe to acknowledge and receive 'her.—

'You cannot now complain that I am a wife impoſed upon 'you; you choſe me freely out of pure inclination; our pa-'rents had nothing to do in it; love only engaged us, and 'from love alone I deſire to poſſeſs you. This is my claim; 'and if you are willing to allow it, I am bleſſed to the height 'of all my wiſhes.'

Polydore gazed on her with a ſilent admiration. He examined every feature over and over, then throwing his arms round her neck, and almoſt ſtifling her with kiſſes: 'Are 'you really Emilia (cried he), and have I confirmed my for-'mer marriage by a *new choice*, by a *choice* which I never 'will depart from, and which makes me the happieſt of men? 'O my angel, what wonders do you tell me! how is it poſ-'ſible that I find you here at Bruſſels, when I thought you 'in your grave? Explain all this to me, and let me know 'how much I wronged you formerly, that I may try to re-'pair it all by my future conduct.'

Count Aguilar and his lady joining with him in a deſire to know her hiſtory, ſhe related it as follows.

The HISTORY *of* POLYDORE *and* EMILIA.

YOU may remember, Polydore, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the country with my father, being ashamed to appear in public after the affront your capricious aversion had put upon me.

My pride was deeply wounded; but, with shame I own it, my love was the passion that suffered most. I was bred up to consider you as my husband; I had learned to love you from a child, and your person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with indifference: nay, such was my partiality in your favour, that I could not help admiring you for your spirit in asserting the freedom of your choice, and justified you in my heart for a proceeding which openly I was obliged to disapprove. In this wretched state of mind I remained some years, till the unfortunate event of the civil war deprived my father of his estate, and drove him out to seek refuge in a foreign country. We settled at Paris, where, with three or four thousand pounds, which we found means to carry off, part in money, and the rest of it in jewels, we maintained ourselves well enough in a private way, which pleased my melancholy better than any other. In this retreat, where we saw no company, but two or three French women that lodged in the house with us, I amused myself with learning the French tongue, which I had some knowledge of before I came to France; and by speaking nothing else for three or four years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my accent that I was not born at Paris. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass more easily upon you for the French woman I personated.—The third year of our residence at Paris, my father became acquainted with a widow-lady, the true madam Dalincourt, whose name has since made me full amends for many injuries I have to charge her with in the sequel of my story. This woman was a native of Brabant, but married a French gentleman, who dying young left her in very narrow circumstances. She had a sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who lived with her at Paris.

My father was at that time near threescore, and the widow turned of forty; yet her charms were still powerful enough to engage him in a passion for her, which nothing but dotage could excuse. It went so far that she drew him in to marry her, to settle upon her three thousand pounds, leaving me no more than the worth of my own jewels, which scarce amounted to a thousand. But her avarice was not satisfied with all this.

There

There was a French nobleman who had long courted me for a miſtreſs, and not finding me ſo complying as he wiſhed, thought the beſt way was to buy me of my ſtep-mother, whom he knew to be capable of ſuch a bargain. He offered her a preſent of two thouſand crowns to introduce him by night to my apartment. The wicked creature accepted of his bribe, and taking her opportunity when my father was gone into the country, brought him late one night into my chamber, where ſhe imagined he would find me faſt aſleep. But it happened that I and mademoiſelle Du Freſne, the ſiſter of Dalincourt, had been engaged in reading a romance, which kept us up beyond our uſual hour; and as her room was on the other ſide of the houſe, not to diſturb the family in paſſing through, ſhe went to bed with me. The romance run ſo ſtrongly in my head that I could not ſleep for thinking of it; and perceiving that the moon ſhone very brightly, I got up, ſlipped on a night-gown, and went out to take a walk in a little garden that lay contiguous to my chamber. I had not been there above half an hour before I heard Du Freſne call out for help; and coming in to her aſſiſtance, ſaw my lover ſtruggling with her at ſuch advantage, that I was almoſt afraid I came too late. I joined my cries to hers, and the noiſe we made ſo alarmed the marquis, that he thought it beſt to retire as ſoon as poſſible; eſpecially when he diſcovered his miſtake, and that my infamous ſtep-mother had put him to bed to her own ugly ſiſter inſtead of me.

But, to be revenged of her for what he took to be a deſign of impoſing upon him, he revealed to us the part ſhe had in this affair, and bid me tell her, that he did not think the enjoyment of mademoiſelle Du Freſne worth a quarter of the money he had given her.—After making this confeſſion he went off, and was hardly got ſafe out of the houſe, when two or three of our ſervants came in to us to know what was the matter. The ſtory ſoon reached my father's ears; and I was ſo angry at my ſtep-mother for her intention againſt my honour, that, in the heat of my paſſion, I told him all that the marquis had revealed, and Du Freſne confirmed it: which imprudence we had both reaſon to repent of. My father was ſo ſhocked and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a fever, which proved mortal. He was no ſooner dead, but his loving widow turned her ſiſter and me out of doors, and it was with great difficulty that I carried off my money and neceſſary apparel. In this diſtreſs, which was the greateſt I ever knew, Du Freſne propoſed to me to go with her to Bruſſels, where ſhe had an old aunt whom ſhe expected ſomething from, and that would be willing to

receive us. I gladly accepted of her propoſal, my ſpirit being too high to return to England in the condition I was reduced to. When we came to Bruſſels we found that her aunt was dead, but had left her the beſt part of what ſhe had, which amounted to a reaſonable ſubſiſtence. We agreed that I ſhould board with her under the name of mademoiſelle Dalincourt, and pretend I was a relation of her former brother-in-law; ſhe not caring to ſay any thing of the laſt alliance, which had been attended with ſuch ill conſequences to us both. Upon this foot I lived with her very quietly, till the count d'Aguilar found me out, and, by corrupting my mercenary friend, obtained more frequent acceſs to me than I deſired.

You remember the diſorder I was in when he brought you firſt to ſee me. I knew you inſtantly; for my love had traced your image too ſtrongly in my mind to be effaced by any length of time; whereas your indifference quickly made you loſe all memory of me, and the alteration of almoſt fifteen years had changed my perſon entirely from what it was when you ſaw me laſt.—I thought I ſhould have died with the ſurpriſe, and was going, as ſoon as I could ſpeak, to diſcover myſelf to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I checked myſelf and invented a pretence to cover my confuſion. It ſtruck me, that I might poſſibly make ſome advantage of the diſguiſe in which you ſaw me: at leaſt, I was ſure of the ſatisfaction of converſing with you freely, and knowing what had happened to you ſince our parting. When you came to me again as the confident of the count d'Aguilar, it was no ſmall revenge and pleaſure to me, to ſee you ignorantly helping another man to debauch your own wife; and I could have found in my heart to have let you ſucceed in your friendly mediation, as a puniſhment for the injuries you had done me: but my virtue ſoon rejected that temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your eſteem.

When you brought me the baſe propoſal of count Aguilar, it appeared to me ſuch a mark of your contempt, that I fully reſolved not to ſee you any more. But when you expreſſed a repentance of that fault, and declared a reſpectful paſſion for me, even to the offering me marriage, I yielded to the dictates of my love, and admitted you to all freedoms but one. That I told you your future conduct might obtain; and I believe, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, you will hardly now have the ſame reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your promiſe, and ſtill more by your inclination, my happineſs was far from being fixed. While the name of Emilia was concealed, I could not tell how the know-

ledge

ledge of it might affect you. It was ſtill in your power to make me miſerable, by being angry with my innocent deceit; but ſince you have been ſo good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your wife, I ſhall make it my whole ſtudy and ambition to deſerve that title, and never think of my paſt misfortunes, but to inhance my preſent happineſs.

Thus Emilia ended her narration, and received the compliments of Count Aguilar and his Lady, who both expreſſed the higheſt joy at her good fortune.

Polydore, on his ſide, endeavoured to perſuade the Counteſs to follow the example of Emilia, and be reconciled to her huſband. She anſwered him coldly, that ſhe had had too much experience of the temper of the count, to truſt to a ſudden fit of fondneſs, which would wear itſelf out in a few months: that ſhe was neither ſo young, nor ſo handſome now, as before their ſeparation; how then could ſhe flatter herſelf, that he would like her better when ſhe was really leſs amiable? that what ſhe had done for him might ſecure his eſteem, but ſhe had received abundant proof that his eſteem could but ill ſecure his love. I know, ſaid ſhe, the weakneſs of my heart: were I to live with him again, I ſhould be jealous of him, even though he did not give me cauſe; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his pleaſures, and endeavour to ſecure my own tranquillity, by retiring from a world which I am unfit for.

Polydore, finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the greatneſs of her mind, took his leave of the count, and returned to Bruſſels, where his marriage with Emilia was *conſummated almoſt twenty years after it was contracted.*

LETTER XXXII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I Went yeſterday with one of my acquaintance to ſee a friend of his, who has a houſe about twenty miles from London. He had formerly been a citizen and tradeſman, but growing rich on a ſudden by ſome lucky hit in the more profitable trade of ſtock-jobbing, he as ſuddenly ſet up for a judge in architecture, painting, and all the arts which men of quality would be thought to underſtand, and built this houſe as a ſpecimen of his learning. When we came in, though it was in the midſt of winter, we were carried into a room without a fire-place; and which *looked*, if poſſible, ſtill colder than it *felt*. I ſuppoſe,

ſaid I, this *ſtone-vault* that we are in, is deſigned to be *the burying-place* of the family; but I ſhould be glad to ſee the rooms in which they *live*, for the chillneſs of theſe walls is inſupportable to a Perſian conſtitution.

I ſee, ſaid my companion, that you have *no taſte*, or elſe you could not be cold in a *ſaloon* ſo *beautiful* as this.

Before I had time to make him any anſwer, the maſter of the houſe came in; but, inſtead of carrying us to a fire, as I hoped he would, he walked us about all his vaſt apartments, then down into the offices under ground, and laſt into a garden, where a north-eaſt wind, that blew very keen from off a *heath* to which it was laid open, finiſhed what the *ſaloon* had begun, and gave me a cold, which took away my voice in the very inſtant that I was going to complain of what he made me ſuffer. At length we ended our obſervations, and ſate down to dinner, in a room where, by good fortune, the rules of architecture allowed us to be warm: but when the meat was ſerved I was in great confuſion not to know how to aſk for any diſh of all I ſaw before me; for it ſeems the gentleman ate in the *French way*, and nothing came up to his table in its natural form. My uneaſineſs was ſtill greater, when, upon taſting of five or ſix different compoſitions, I found they were all mixed with the fleſh of * hogs, which I could not touch without pollution.

After loſing my dinner in this manner, I was entertained all the evening with a converſation between the gentleman of the houſe and another man (who, they told me, was an architect) ſo ſtuffed with hard words and terms of art, that I could not underſtand one part in five of it. They talked much of certain men called, *virtuoſi*, whom, by the near relation their title bore to *virtue*, I took at firſt to be *a ſet of rigid moraliſts:* but, upon enquiry, I diſcovered that they were a company of *fidlers*, *eunuchs*, *painters*, *builders*, *gardeners*; and, above all, gentlemen that had *travelled into Italy*, who immediately came home perfect *virtuoſi*, though they went out *the dulleſt fellows* in the world. This order of men, which is pretty numerous (as I could collect from the diſcourſe of *theſe two adepts*) aſſume a ſort of *legiſlative authority* over the body of their countrymen: they bid one man pull down his houſe, and build another, which he can neither pay for, nor inhabit; they take a diſlike to the furniture of a ſecond, and command him to change it for a different one more expenſive and leſs commodious; they order a third to go and languiſh at an *opera*, when he had ra-

* Larded.

ther

ther be hallooing in a bear-garden: it is even feared they will take upon them to decide what ſort of woman every man ſhall be *in love with*, and preſcribe a particular colour of eyes and hair for the only object of *univerſal inclination*.

I deſired to be informed whether *this juriſdiction* had been *ancient* in this kingdom, having met with no traces of it in hiſtory?

No, ſaid he, it is ſo *modern*, that all the laws of it are changed once in every ſeven years; and that which before was the *only thing right*, becomes at once *a high crime and miſdemeanor*.

Upon the whole it appears to me to be a kind of *epidemical madneſs*, and I am afraid to return to my own country, for fear I ſhould carry it with me thither, as thoſe who have been in Italy bring the infection along with them into England.

LETTER XXXIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THERE is a lady's houſe where I often paſs my time, tho' I have very little intimacy with her; becauſe it is really being in a *public place*, and making a viſit to half the town. The firſt time I went thither I congratulated her on the prodigious number of her friends, and told her, that ſhe muſt certainly be poſſeſſed of moſt extraordinary perfections, to attract ſuch a variety of people, and pleaſe them all alike.——But I ſoon found that in all that crowd of viſitants, there was hardly one who came thither on her account, but that their reaſon for coming was the ſame as hers for receiving them, becauſe they had nothing elſe to do.

The laſt time I was there I met a gentleman, whoſe character I was ſtill a ſtranger to, though I was very well acquainted with his face.

I want to know (ſaid I to a lady who ſate next me) what is the merit of that gentleman over-againſt us, which recommends him ſo much to all the world? It ſeems to me that he does nothing, ſays nothing, means nothing, and is nothing; yet I always ſee him in good company!

His character, ſaid ſhe, may be comprehended in very few words—he is a *good-natured man*.

I am mighty glad to hear it, returned I, for I want ſuch a man very much: there is a friend of mine in great diſtreſs, and it lies in his power to do him ſervice.

No, ſaid ſhe, he is of too indolent a temper, to give himſelf the trouble of ſerving any body.

Then

Then what ſignifies his *good-nature?* anſwered I; or how do you know that he *has any?*

During this dialogue between us, the reſt of the company had turned their diſcourſe wholly upon ſcandal; and few reputations were ſpared by them, that were *good* enough to be thought *worth attacking.*

The *good-natured* man ſate ſilently attentive, and with great humanity let them abuſe his abſent friends, as much as they thought fit.

When that was over, he began to entertain us with his ſorrow for the death of a noble perſon, who, he ſaid, had been his patron and benefactor: but, methought, he talked of it mightily *at his eaſe*; and the lady, who had given me his character, whiſpered me, that, notwithſtanding his obligations and love to *the deceaſed*, he was now making court to *his* worſt enemy, as obſequiouſly as he ever had to *him.*

At that inſtant there came in a certain colonel, who, as ſoon as he ſaw my gentleman, ran up to him, and embracing him very tenderly, my dear Jack, ſaid he, thou ſhalt be *drunk* with me to-night.——

You know I have been ill, ſaid the other gently, and *drinking* does not agree with me.

No matter for that, replied the colonel, you muſt poſitively be drunk before you ſleep; for I am diſappointed of my company, and will not be reduced either to drink by myſelf, or to go to bed ſober.

The *good-natured man* could not reſiſt ſuch obliging ſolicitations: he kindly agreed to the propoſal, and all the room expreſſed their apprehenſions, that his *good-nature* would be the death of him ſome time or other.

LETTER XXXIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I HAD, laſt night, ſo extraordinary a dream, and it made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that I cannot forbear writing thee an account of it.

I thought I was tranſported, on a ſudden, to the palace of Iſpahan. Our mighty lord was ſitting on a throne, the ſplendor of which my eyes could hardly bear: at the foot of it were his *emirs*, and great officers, all proſtrate on the ground in adoration, and expecting their fate from his commands. Around him ſtood a multitude of his guards, ready to execute any orders

orders he should give, and striking terror into the hearts of all his subjects.—My soul was awed with the majesty of the scene, and I said to myself, can a king of England compare himself to this? can he, whose authority is confined within the narrow bounds of law, pretend to an equality with a monarch, whose power has no limits but his will?

I had scarce made this reflection, when, turning my eyes a second time towards the throne, instead of the *sophi*, I saw an *eunuch* seated there, who seemed to govern more despotically than he. The *eunuch* was soon changed into a woman, who also took the *tiara* and the sword. To her succeeded another, and then a third: but, before she was well established in her seat, the captain of the guards that stood around us marched up to the throne and seized upon it. In that moment I looked and beheld the *sophi* lying strangled on the floor, with his *vizir* and three of his *sultanas*. Struck with horror at this spectacle, I left the palace, and going out into the city, saw it abandoned to the fury of the soldiers, who pillaged all its riches, and cut the throats of the defenceless inhabitants. From thence I made my escape into the country, which was a waste uncultivated desert, where I found nothing but idleness and want.

O, said I, how much happier is England, and how much greater are its kings! Their throne is established upon justice, and therefore cannot be overturned. They are guarded by the affections of their people, and have no military violence to fear. They are the most to be honoured of all princes, because their government is best framed to make their subjects rich, happy, and safe.

LETTER XXXV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

I HAD some discourse to-day with an English gentleman, who has an affectation of being thought a great *philosopher*, his pretensions to it consist in nothing else but refining away all the happiness of his life. By a great force of reasoning, he is arrived at a total *disrelish* of *himself*, and as complete an *indifference* to *others*. I am quite weary of living, said he to me: I have gone through every thing that bears the name of pleasure, and am absolutely disgusted with it all. I have no taste for the common amusements of wine, women, or play, because I have experienced the folly of pursuing them: and as for business, it appears to me to be more *ridiculous* than any of the three.

three. The buſtle of the town diſturbs my quiet, and in the country I am dying of the ſpleen. I believe I ſhall go with you into Perſia, only to change the ſcene a little; and when I am tired of being there, take a doſe of *opium*, and remove to the other world.

I hope, Mirza, that thou and I ſhall never know what it is to be *ſo wiſe*; but make the beſt of thoſe comforts and delights which nature has kindly beſtowed upon us, and endeavour to diffuſe them as wide as poſſible, by the practice of thoſe virtues from which they flow.—

LETTER XXXVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THERE is another gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a *philoſopher*, but of a ſpecies very different from him I deſcribed to thee in my laſt.

He is poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate, which his friends are as much maſters of as he. His children love him out of a principle of *gratitude*, by far more endearing than that of *duty*; and his ſervants conſider him as a *father*, whom it would be *unnatural* for them not to *obey*.

His tenants are never hurt by drought or rain, becauſe the goodneſs of their lord makes amends for the inclemency of the ſky.

The whole country looks *gay* about his dwelling, and you may trace all his footſteps by his bounties.

Is it not ſtrange (I have often heard him ſay) that men ſhould be ſo delicate as not to bear a *diſagreeable picture* in their houſes, and yet force every *face* they ſee about them to wear a cloud of uneaſineſs and diſcontent? Is there any object ſo pleaſing to the eye, as the ſight of a man whom you have obliged, or any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor?

He has alſo a deep ſenſe of religion; which is ſo far from caſting a gloom over his mind, that it is to *that* chiefly he owes his conſtant ſerenity. Were there no reward (ſaid he to me in our laſt converſation) for virtue after this life, a wiſe man would practiſe it for its own beauty and reaſonableneſs *here*: yet the wiſeſt man in that caſe might be unhappy from the perverſity of accidents; but he who adds to the *pleaſures* of *virtue*, the *hopes* of *religion*, has no excuſe for ſinking under any misfortune; and without the extravagance of philoſophical pride may always find a reſource in his mind as much ſu-

perior

erior to all human events, as the infinite extent of eternity beyond the ſhort bounds of human duration.

Such are the notions of this man concerning *happineſs*; and is probable they are not very *wrong*, for he himſelf is never *t of humour*, nor is it poſſible to be ſo *in his company*.

LETTER XXXVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

Went laſt night with my friend to ſee a lady, whoſe houſe is the favourite reſort of the moſt agreeable people of both xes. The lady herſelf received me with a good breeding, hich I found was the reſult of good ſenſe: ſhe treated me a *ſtranger* that came *to ſee*, not like a *monſter* that came to *ſeen*; and ſeemed more deſirous to appear in a good light erſelf to me, though a Perſian, than to ſet me in a ridiculous ne to her company. The converſation turned upon various bjects, in all which ſhe bore a conſiderable, but not a petu- nt or overbearing part; and with modeſty ſhewed herſelf a iſtreſs of moſt of the living languages, and not unacquaint- with ancient and modern hiſtory.

The reſt of the company had their due ſhare of the conver- ion, which was carried on with ſpirit and good manners. ne gentleman in particular diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the ſu- riority of his wit, accompanied with ſo much delicacy and liteneſs, that none who heard him felt themſelves hurt by that *e-eminence*, which he alone ſeemed not to be conſcious of.

His wit was all founded on good ſenſe; it was wit which a erſian could comprehend as eaſily as an Engliſhman; where- moſt that I have met with from other men, who are am- ious of being admired for that accompliſhment, is confined t only to the taſte of their own countrymen, but to that their own peculiar ſet of friends. When this gentleman d entertained us for an hour or two, with the juſteſt, as well livelieſt remarks, both on perſons and things, that I ever ard, he went away; and to comfort us for loſing him, there me in *the man of great good-nature*, whom I deſcribed to ee in one of my former letters.

This *courteous perſon*, hearing all of us very warm in praiſe the *other's* wit, joined in with us, but ended his panegyric, th a plain, though indirect inſinuation, that there was a *ſa- ical turn in it*, which rendered it very *dangerous*, and that

the

the gentleman could not poſſibly be ſo witty, but at the expence of his good-nature.

I could not help being quite angry at ſo impertinent and ill-grounded a reflection, on a man for whom I had conceived a great eſteem, and deſired to know why he ſuppoſed him to be *ill-natured*, only becauſe he was not *dull*. Has he abuſed, ſaid I, any worthy man? Has he defamed any woman of good character? If all the edge of his wit is turned on thoſe who are juſtly the objects of ridicule, his wit is as great a benefit to *private life*, as the ſword of the magiſtrate is to *the public*.

My gentleman, fearing to be drawn into a diſpute, which he could not carry on without expoſing the ſecret envy of his heart, changed the diſcourſe: and for the reſt of his ſtay among us, which was not very long, kept a moſt ſtrict ſilence, and gave no other indications of life, but that of laughing whenever any body laughed; and nods and geſtures of approbation to whoever ſpoke.

The moment he was gone, I told my friend, that I did not much wonder to ſee that gentleman in *mixed company*, where it was enough that he gave no offence; but that, in a ſelect ſociety as this was, he ſhould be received only from a general notion of his *good-nature*, which was ſupported by no one action of his life, ſeemed to me entirely unaccountable: for, even allowing his pretenſions to that title, I was ſurprized that ſuch a character ſhould be ſo *ſcarce*, as to make it ſo very valuable.

I can eaſily conceive, continued I, that the notorious reverſe of that virtue would be a good reaſon *to turn* a man *out of company*: but I cannot think, that the poſſeſſion of that virtue, deſtitute of all others, is a reaſon for *letting him into it*.

If you will keep my ſecret, replied my friend, I will tell you the whole truth; but if you diſcover me, I ſhall paſs for *ill-natured* myſelf. You muſt know then, that there are about this town ten thouſand ſuch fellows as this, who, without a grain of ſenſe or merit, make their way by reciprocally complimenting one another. Their numbers make them formidable, eſpecially ſupported as they are by the fair ſex. They ſneak into good company like *dogs* after ſome man of ſenſe, whom they ſeem to belong to; where they neither *bark* nor *bite*, but *cringe* and *fawn*: ſo that neither good-manners nor humanity will allow one to kick them out, till at laſt they acquire a ſort of *right by ſufferance*. They preſerve their character, by having no will of their own, which in reality is owing to their having no diſtinguiſhing judgment. They are all poſſeſſed of ſome degree of cunning, and their paſſions are

too

too low and dull to break in upon it, or hurry them into the indiſcretions of men of parts. Beſides, they know that they are in a conſtant ſtate of probation, where the leaſt tranſgreſſion damns them: they carry no compenſation about them; for *active* faults will not be borne, where there are at beſt but *negative* virtues. The ſmall number of people of ſenſe are forced to ſubmit in this, as in many other ſilly cuſtoms, to a tyrannical majority, and laviſh undeſervedly the valuable character of good-nature, to avoid being as unjuſtly branded with that of ill-nature themſelves.

Might not another reaſon be given for it? anſwered I. Are not *vanity* and *ſelf-love* the great cauſes of not only the toleration, but the privileges theſe people enjoy? and does not ſecurity from cenſure, certainty of applauſe, or the diſcovery of an eminent ſuperiority, prevail with thoſe of the beſt parts to really like what they only pretend to ſuffer, the converſation of thoſe of the worſt?

Very poſſibly, replied my friend; at leaſt the *vanity* of the wiſeſt is certainly the *comfort* of the weakeſt, and ſeems to be given as an allay to ſuperior underſtandings, like cares to ſuperior ſtations, to preſerve a certain degree of equality, that Providence intended among mankind.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

I Had yeſterday the pleaſure of a ſpectacle, than which nothing is more ſtriking to a foreigner, becauſe he can have right idea of it no where elſe: I ſaw the three eſtates of the ingdom aſſembled in parliament. The king was on his throne n all his majeſty: around him ſate the peers in their different obes; at the bar ſtood the ſpeaker of the commons, attended y the houſe. Accuſtomed as I am to the ſublime court of our reat emperor, I beheld this ſcene with much more reverence; ut it was reverence mixed with love. Now, and never till ow, did I ſee a true image of *civil government*, the ſupport nd perfection of human ſociety. A tyrant's court is no more orthy to be compared with this aſſembly, than a lion's den ith a temple. Here ſuch laws, as, after mature and free deberation, have obtained the concurrence of the *nobles* and *mmons*, receive the *royal aſſent*; nor can any bind the people hich have not the authority of that *triple ſanction*. A genman who came with me made me obſerve, that when the commons

commons ſent up the ſubſidies granted to the king, he *thanked them* for them, as an acknowledgment, that he had no power to raiſe them without their conſent: anciently, added he, ſupplies of money, and redreſs of grievances went together; but, ſuch is the preſent happineſs of our condition, that we have *more* money than ever to beſtow, and *no* grievances at all to be redreſſed.

I have heard, ſaid I, that when theſe gifts are moſt liberal, they have a natural tendency, like plentiful exhalations drawn from the earth, to fall again upon the place from whence they came.

He was going to anſwer me, when the houſe roſe, and put an end to my enquiries.

LETTER XXXIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THIS morning I received a viſit from the gentleman under whoſe conduct I had been at the houſe of lords. After ſome general diſcourſe upon that ſubject, he aſked me what I thought of their nobility?

I am too great a ſtranger, anſwered I, to have formed a right opinion of what they are; but, if you pleaſe, I will tell you freely what I think they ſhould be.

An Engliſh nobleman ſhould be a ſtrenuous aſſertor of the privileges of the people, becauſe he is perpetually intruſted with the care of them; and, at the ſame time, deſirous to preſerve the juſt rights of the crown, becauſe it is the ſource from which his honour is derived.

He ſhould have an eſtate that might ſet him above dependance, and employ the ſuperfluities, if ſuch there were, not in improving luxury, but extending charity.

He ſhould make his dignity eaſy to his inferiors, by the modeſty and ſimplicity of his behaviour; nor ever think himſelf too great for the loweſt offices of friendſhip and humanity.

He ſhould claim no *privilege* that might exempt him from the ſtricteſt rules of juſtice; and afford his *protection* not to men *obnoxious to the law*, but to every modeſt virtue and uſeful art.

The character you have drawn, replied my friend, though it be *rare*, yet is not *imaginary:* ſome there are to whom ſtill it may belong; and it eminently exiſts in a young nobleman, *grandſon*

grandſon and *heir*, to a late illuſtrious commander, whoſe *name* even in Perſia is *not unknown*.

LETTER XL.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE Engliſh are bleſt with ſome privileges which no other nation now in the world enjoys in ſo high a degree. One is, that they cannot be long deprived of their liberty upon ſuſpicion of any crime, not even of treaſon itſelf, without being brought to a tryal: another is, that they cannot be *tortured*, either to force a confeſſion of what is laid to their charge, or a diſcovery of their accomplices. It is a wonderful thing that even in many free ſtates theſe two eſſential rights of human nature have not been ſecured: for can any thing be more repugnant to natural juſtice, than to puniſh without proof of a crime? or is there a greater puniſhment than long impriſonment, and the infliction of violent pain, either of which is worſe than death to an innocent man? From both theſe evils the Engliſh are guarded by their excellent laws, which have alſo provided that none ſhall undergo the vexation and ſhame of a tryal in a criminal cauſe without the conſent of twelve of their countrymen, who are called the *grand jury*; nor can ſentence be paſt upon them but by the unanimous voice of twelve more of their equals, with as ſtrong proviſions (in trials for treaſon eſpecially) againſt any influence of fear or corruption, as human laws are able to frame. To theſe glorious privileges is added the right of being taxed by none but their repreſentatives, of adviſing the king in a parliamentary manner upon all matters of government, of enquiring into the conduct of miniſters, of arraigning the guilty, and taking them out of the ſhelter of the throne, liberty of ſpeech in parliament, and liberty of writing and publiſhing with all decent freedom what every man thinks upon public affairs. When I conſider all theſe advantages, and reflect on the ſtate I am in when in my own country, expoſed upon the lighteſt ſuſpicion to be ſhut up in a priſon, to be tortured there, and, if ever brought out from thence, to be tried by a partial judge, poſſibly by my accuſer himſelf, to have my eſtate taken from me at the emperor's pleaſure, having no means of redreſs againſt him, or his miniſters, and deprived of the power even to complain; when I reflect on all this, I cannot but look upon the loweſt ſubject of England with envy, and with reſpect, as I ſhould on a being of an order ſuperior to mine.

But on the other hand, were there an Engliſhman wicked and fooliſh enough to give up the leaſt of theſe rights for any temptation of fortune or power, I ſhould look down upon him, however exalted by titles or wealth, with more contempt than upon the loweſt ſlave in my ſeraglio: for if *unwilling ſlavery* be the worſt of misfortunes, *voluntary ſervitude* is the baſeſt of crimes.

LETTER XLI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

ABOUT a fortnight ago I went in company with one of my acquaintance, to ſee a place in this city, called the *Exchange*, which is the general rendezvous of all the merchants not only of England, but the whole trading world. I never yet came into an *aſſembly* with ſo much reſpect as into this. Theſe, ſaid I, to my friend, are the moſt *uſeful*, and therefore the moſt *honourable* of mankind. They are met here to carry on the common happineſs; their *gains* are the *advantage* of the public; and their *labour* makes the *eaſe* of human life.

I had ſcarce ſpoke theſe words, when he carried me out into a *neighbouring alley*, where I alſo ſaw ſome buſy faces, but which looked, methought, very different from the *others*. Theſe, ſaid he, are a ſort of *traders*, whoſe whole buſineſs is confined within the compaſs of this alley, where they create a kind of ebb and flow, which they know how turn to good account; but which is deſtructive to all trade, except *their own*. Nay, they have ſometimes raiſed ſuch violent *tempeſts here*, that half the wealth of the nation has been ſunk by it.

They are then a ſort of *magicians*, anſwered I.

A moſt *diabolical one* truly, replied he; and what is moſt wonderful, *the maſters of the art* have the ſecret to render themſelves *inviſible*. Though they are always *virtually preſent here*, they never appear to vulgar eyes: but ſome of their *imps* are frequently diſcovered, and by their motions, the ſkilful in this traffic ſteer their courſe, and regulate their ventures.

While he was ſaying this to me, there came up to us an ill looked fellow, and aſked if we had any *ſlock* to ſell.

My friend whiſpered me in the ear, that this was *an imp*.—I ſtarted; called on Mahomet to protect me, and made the beſt of my way out of the alley.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THAT Abdallah, whom I mentioned in a former letter, is gone from England; thou wilt be affected with the virtue of the man, when I tell thee the cause of his departure. He sent last week to desire I would come to him; I came, and found him oppressed with the deepest sorrow. Ah, Selim, said he to me, I must leave thee; I must go and discharge my duty to the best of fathers: I must give my all for him to whom I owe it. At these words he put a letter into my hand, which he had just received the day before: I found by it, that his father, who was a merchant, in a voyage from Grand Cairo to Aleppo, was taken by a cruizer of the isle of Malta, and being unable himself to pay his ransom, had writ to his son to do it for him. Thou knowest, said he to me, that I am not rich: to raise the sum demanded for my father's liberty, I must sell all my effects, and leave myself without the means of a subsistance, except what my labour can procure me. But my own distress is not what concerns me most: the fear of poverty cannot fright me from my duty; I only grieve for the fate of my poor wife, whom the ruin of my fortune will expose to indigence and shame. It is for her sake that I have sent for you; and I conjure you by all our friendship, by the prophet and the God whom we adore, not to refuse me the first favour I ever asked.—When he had said this, he opened the door of another room, where I saw a beautiful woman in the Turkish habit, who, with a modesty peculiar to our Eastern ladies, endeavoured to conceal herself from my regards. Come hither, Zelis, said my friend, and see the man whom I have chosen to protect you: see him who must shortly be your husband in the room of the unfortunate Abdallah. Then turning to me, and weeping bitterly, This, cried he, O Selim, is the grace for which I am a suppliant: permit me to give her to a man, who I know will use her well; I am resolved to divorce her this very instant, according to the power allowed me by our law, if you will consent to take her for your wife; nor could the sophi himself make you a present of greater value. If the charms of her person are not sufficient to recommend her to you, know that her mind is still fairer and more accomplished. I brought her with me into England three years ago, in all which time, she has hardly stirred out of my house, nor desired any com-

pany but mine. It is impoſſible to be happier with a wife, than I have been with her: nothing ſhould ever have prevailed on me to part with her, but the deſire to ſeparate her from my misfortunes, and to procure her a maintenance agreeable to her birth and merit, which I am no longer able to provide for her myſelf.

He had ſcarce ended, when the lady, tearing her hair, and beating the whiteſt breaſt I ever ſaw, implored him not to think of a ſeparation, more painful to her than any miſery that poverty could reduce her to.

After many paſſionate expreſſions of her love, ſhe declared, that ſhe would accompany him to Malta, and beg her bread with him afterwards, if it was neceſſary, rather than ſtay behind in the moſt affluent condition. But he poſitively refuſed to let her go, and inſiſted upon giving her to me, as the only expedient to make him eaſy. To carry her with me, ſaid he, would be expoſing her to ſuch dangers and wants, as I cannot endure even to think of. But leſs can I bear the thought of leaving her here, in a nation of infidels, among women *who have given up modeſty*, and men who profeſs *to make war upon it* where-ever it is to be found. Your houſe is the only aſylum to which her virtue can ſafely retire. As your wife, ſhe will be protected from any inſult, even in *this land of licentiouſneſs*. To theſe words of Abdallah, Zelis replied with many *arguments*, but with more *tears*. I continued ſome time a ſilent witneſs of this extraordinary diſpute; but at laſt, ſeeing him determined to divorce her, I told him, I would accept her as a treaſure committed to my hands, not for my own uſe, but to ſecure it for my friend: that ſhe ſhould remain with me under the character of my wife, but I would always be a ſtranger to her bed, and if at his return he found himſelf in circumſtances ſufficient to maintain her, I would reſtore her back again to him untouched; or in caſe they ſhould mutually deſire it, carry her with me to my ſeraglio in the Eaſt. They were both much comforted with this aſſurance, and Zelis conſented to ſtay with me, ſince Abdallah commanded it. The poor man embarked for Malta the following week, with his whole fortune on board for his father's ranſom, and left me ſo touched with his filial piety, that I made an offer to pay part of it myſelf; but he told me I had done enough for him, in taking care of what was deareſt to him upon earth, and refuſed any further ſuccour from me.

N. B. *This Story is reſumed, in* Letter LXXVIII.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Lately fell into discourse with an Englishman, who has well examined the constitution of his country: I begged him to tell me what he thought of the present state of it. Two principal evils, answered he, are making way for arbitrary power, if the court should ever be inclined to take advantage of them, *viz.* the abuse of our wealth, and the abuse of our eloquence. The last is, if possible, more mischievous than the first; for it seduces those whom money could not corrupt. It is the most pernicious of all our refinements, and the most to be dreaded in a free country. To speak truth, is the privilege of a freeman; to do it roundly and plainly, is his glory. Thus it was that the antient Romans debated every thing that concerned the common-wealth, at a time when they best knew how to govern, before Greece had infected them with rhetoric: as nothing was propounded to them with disguise, they easily judged what was most for their honour and interest. But the thing called eloquence here is of another kind. It is less the talent of enforcing truth, than of imposing falshood; it does not depend on a true knowledge of the matter in debate, for generally it aims at nothing more than a specious appearance: nor is wisdom a necessary quality in the composition of an orator; he can do without it very well, provided he has the happy facility of discoursing smoothly, and asserting boldly. I own to thee, Mirza, this account surprized me; we have no knowledge in the East of such an eloquence as this man described: it is our custom to speak naturally and pertinently, without ever imagining that there was an art in it, or that it was possible to talk finely upon a subject which we do not understand.

Pray, Sir, said I, when these orators you tell me of have been caught two or three times *in a lie*, do not you treat them with the utmost contempt? Quite the contrary, answered he, the whole merit and pride of their profession is to *deceive:* they are to lay false colours upon every thing, and the greater the imposition is, the greater their reputation: the orator who can only persuade us to act against some of our lesser interests, is *but a genius of* the *second rate*; but he who can compel us by his eloquence to violate the most essential is *an able man indeed*, and will certainly *rise very high*. I suppose it may be your custom in Persia to bestow employ-

ments on such persons as have particularly qualified themselves for them: you put the care of the army and the marine into the hands of soldiers and seamen; you make one man secretary of state, because he has been bred in foreign courts, and understands the interests of our neighbouring princes; to another you trust the revenue, because he is skilful in œconomy, and has proved himself above the temptation of embezzling what passes through his hands. Yes, replied I, this is surely the right method, and I conclude it must be yours. No, said he, we are above those vulgar prejudices; such qualifications are not requisite among us: to be fit for any, or all of these posts, one must be a *good speaker in parliament*: How! said I, because I make a fine harangue upon a treaty of peace, am I therefore fit to superintend an army? We think so, answered he: and if I can plausibly defend a minister of state from a reasonable charge brought against him, have I thereby a title to be taken into the administration? Beyond dispute, in this country, answered he. Why then, by Mahomet, said I, your government may well be sick: what a distempered body must that be, whose members are so monstrously out of joint, that there is no one part in its proper place! if my tongue should undertake to do the office of my head and arms, the absurdity and the impotency would be just the same.

Yet thus, said he, we go on, lamely enough, I must confess, but still admiring our own wise policy, and laughing at the rest of the world.

You may laugh, replied I, as you think fit; but if the sultan, my master, had among his counsellors such an *orator* as you describe, a fellow that would prate away truth, equity and common sense; by the tomb of our holy prophet, he would make a *mute* of him, and set him to watch over the *seraglio* instead of the *state*.

At these words, I was obliged to take my leave, and our discourse was broke off till another meeting.

LETTER XLIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE next day I saw my friend again, and he resumed the subject of eloquence. You cannot imagine, said he to me, of what fatal consequence this art of haranguing has been to all free states: good laws have been established by wise

wise men, who were far from being eloquent; and eloquent men, who were far from being wise, have every where destroyed or corrupted them. Look into history, you will find, that the same period which carried eloquence to its perfection was almost always mortal to liberty. The republics of Greece, and that of Rome, did not see their most celebrated orators, till the very moment that their constitutions were overturned. And how, indeed, should it be otherwise? When once it becomes a fashion to advance men to dignity and power, not for the good council that they give, but for an agreeable manner of recommending bad ones; it is impossible that a government so administered can long subsist. Is any thing complained of as amiss? Instead of redress, they give you an oration: have you proposed a good and needful law? In exchange for that you receive an oration. Has your natural reason determined you upon any point? Up gets an orator, and so confounds you, that you are no longer able to reason at all: is any right measure to be obstructed, or wrong one to be advanced? There is an orator always ready, and it is most charmingly performed to the delight of all the hearers.

I do not know, said I, what pleasure you may find in being deceived; but I dare say, should these gentlemen undertake to instruct a merchant in his business, or a farmer in his work, without understanding either trade or husbandry, they would only be laughed at for their pains; and yet when they attempt to persuade a nation to commit a thousand senseless faults, they are listened to with great attention, and come off with abundance of applause. But for my part, I think they deserve nothing but hatred and contempt, for daring to play with such sacred things as truth, justice, and public good, in so wanton and dissolute a manner.

Most certainly, answered he, they are very dangerous to all society; for what is it that they profess? do not they make it their boast, that they have the power to sooth or inflame; that is, in proper terms, to make us partial, or to make us mad? are either of these tempers of the mind agreeable to the duty of a judge, or of a counsellor of state? I maintain, that it would be just as proper for us to decide a question of right or wrong, after a debauch of wine, or a dose of opium, as after being heated or cooled, to the degree we often are, by the address of one of these skilful speakers.

Wisely was it done by the Venetians, to banish a member of their senate (as I have read they did) only because they thought he had too much eloquence, and gained too great an ascendant in their councils by that bewitching talent. Without such a caution there is no safety; for we are led, when we

fancy that we act most freely, and the man who can master our affections, will have but little trouble with our reason—but, to shew you the power of oratory, in its strongest light, let us see what it does with religion: in itself it is simple and beneficent, full of charity and humility; and yet, let an eloquent jesuit get up into a pulpit, what monstrous systems will he draw out of it! what pride, what tyranny will he make it authorize! how much rancour and malignity will he graft upon it! If then the laws of God may be thus corrupted by the taint of eloquence, do we wonder that the laws of men cannot escape? No, said I, no mischiefs are to be wondered at, where the reason of mankind is so abused.

LETTER XLV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THE conversation I repeated to thee in my last letter was heard by a gentleman that sat near us, who, I have been told, has found his account so much in eloquence, as to be interested in the defence of it: accordingly, he attacked my friend, and told him, he was afraid he had forgot his history, or he would have recollected, that Demosthenes and Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were, employed their rhetoric in the service of their country. I might, perhaps, answered he, make some objections to the integrity of both; but, allowing what you say, it amounts to no more than this, that eloquence may be of service to mankind in the possession of very good men; and so may arbitrary power, of the greatest service: but yet we say in England, that it is wiser not to trust to it; because, as it is generally managed, it becomes a most grievous oppression. And, I am sure, I can shew you in history as many orators that have abused their eloquence, as kings that have abused their authority: for, besides the wickedness common to human nature, the vanity of making a bad cause appear a good one, is in itself a dangerous temptation. When a man sees he is able to impose upon the judgments of others, he must be a very honest, and very modest one indeed, if he never does it wrongfully. Alas, Sir, returned his antagonist, the generality of men are too weak to bear truth! they must be cheated into happiness.—I am sure they are often *cheated out of it*, replied my friend: nor can I wholly agree to your proposition in the sense you understand it. It may be necessary for the government of mankind,

mankind, not to tell them the *whole* truth: something may be proper to be hid behind the veil of policy; but it is seldom necessary to tell them *lies*.

These *pious frauds* are the inventions of very *impious men*; they are the tricks of those who make the public good a pretence for serving their private vices. Let us consider how mankind was governed in those ages and states, where they are known to have been the happiest. How was it in Athens while the laws of Solon preserved their force? Was it then thought necessary to *lie* for the good of the commonwealth? No:—the people were truly informed of every thing that concerned them; and as they judged by their natural understanding, their determinations were right, and their actions glorious: but when the orators had got the dominion over them, and they were *deceived* upon the principle you establish, what was the consequence? their leaders became factious and corrupt, their government venal, their public councils uncertain and fluctuating, either too *weakly fearful*, or too *rashly bold*; till, at last, from generous, high-spirited freemen, they sunk into prating, contemptible slaves. In Rome the case was much the same: as long as they were a great and free people, they understood not these political refinements. All governments, in their first institution, were founded in truth and justice, and the first rulers of them were generally honest men; but, by length of time, corruption is introduced, and men come to look upon those frauds as necessary to government, which their forefathers abhorred as destructive to it. It does not, said I, belong to me to decide in this dispute; but it seems to be highly important, that *this power of deceiving for the public good* should be lodged in safe hands. And, I suppose, that such among you as are trusted with it, are very *constant* and *uniform* in their principles: though *the colours* may vary, *the ground* of their conduct is still the same. What with them is the *essential* and *fundamental* interest of the nation *now*, will certainly be so *next year:* disgrace or favour can make no difference.

LETTER XLVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

I WAS the other day in company with a clergyman, who has the education of several young noblemen committed to his care: a trust of this importance made me regard him as one

one of the moſt *conſiderable* men in England. This ſage, ſaid I to myſelf, has much to anſwer for: the virtue and happineſs of the next age will in a great meaſure depend on his capacity.—I was very deſirous to enter into diſcourſe with him, that I might know if he was equal to his office, and tried all the common topics of converſation; but on none of theſe was I able to draw a word from him: at laſt, upon ſome point being ſtarted, which gave him occaſion to quote a Latin poet, he opened all at once, and poured forth ſuch a deluge of hard words, compoſed out of all the learned languages, that though I underſtood but little of his meaning, I could not help admiring his elocution.

As his ſcholars were many of them born to an hereditary ſhare in the legiſlature, I concluded he muſt be thoroughly acquainted with the Engliſh conſtitution, and able to inſtruct them in the knowledge of it: but, upon aſking him ſome queſtions on that ſubject, I found, to my very great ſurprize, that he was more a ſtranger to it than myſelf, and had no notions of government, but what he drew from the *imaginary republic* of a Greek philoſopher. Well, ſaid I, you at leaſt inſtruct your ſcholars in Grecian and Roman *virtue*; you light up in them a *ſpirit of liberty*; you exerciſe them in *juſtice* and *magnanimity*; you form them to a reſemblance of the *great characters* they meet with in ancient authors. Far from it, ſaid a gentleman in company. They are accuſtomed to *tremble at a rod*, to tell *lies* in excuſe of trifling faults, to *betray their companions*, to be *ſpies and cowards*: the natural vigour of their ſpirits is broke, the natural ingenuity of their tempers varniſhed over, the natural bent of their genius curbed and thwarted. The whole purpoſe of their education is to acquire ſome Greek and Latin words; by this only they are allowed to try their parts; if they are backward in this, they are pronounced dunces, and often made ſo from diſcouragement and deſpair.

I ſhould think, ſaid I, if *words* only are to be taught them, they ſhould learn to ſpeak Engliſh with grace and elegance, which is particularly neceſſary in a government where eloquence has obtained ſo great a ſway. That article is never thought of, anſwered he: I came myſelf from the college a perfect maſter of one or two dead languages, but could neither write nor ſpeak my *own*, till it was taught me by the letters and converſation of *a lady about the court*, whom, luckily for my *education*, I fell in love with.

I have heard, ſaid I, that it is uſual for young gentlemen to finiſh their ſtudies in other countries; and, indeed, it ſeems neceſſary

neceſſary enough by the account you have given me of them here: but if I may judge by the greateſt part of thoſe whom I have ſeen at their return, the *foreign maſters* are no better than the Engliſh, and the *foreign miſtreſſes* not ſo good. Were I to go back to Perſia with an Engliſh coat, an Engliſh footman, and an Engliſh *cough*, it would amount to juſt the improvement made in France, by one half of the youth who travel thither. Add to theſe, a taſte for muſic, replied the gentleman, with two or three terms of building and of painting, and you would want but *one taſte more* to be as *accompliſhed* as ſome of the fineſt gentlemen that Italy ſends us back.

LETTER XLVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

FROM conſidering the education of Engliſh gentlemen, we turned our diſcourſe to that of Engliſh ladies. I aſked a married man that was in company, to inſtruct me a little in the courſe of it, being particularly curious to know the methods which could render a woman in this country ſo different a creature from one in Perſia. Indeed, Sir, ſaid he, you muſt aſk *my wife*, not me, that queſtion: theſe are myſteries I am not allowed to pry into. When I preſume to give my advice about it, ſhe tells me the education of a lady is above the capacity of a man, let him be ever ſo wiſe in his own affairs. I ſhould think, ſaid I, that as the purpoſe of womens breeding is nothing elſe, but to teach them to *pleaſe men*; a *man* ſhould be a better judge of *that* than any woman in the world. But pray, Sir, what in general have you obſerved of this *myſterious inſtitution?* I do not enquire into the ſecrets *behind the altar*, but only the outward forms of *diſcipline* which are expoſed to the eyes of all the world. Why, Sir, replied he, the firſt great point which every mother aims at, is to make her girl *a goddeſs* if ſhe can.

A goddeſs! cried I, in great aſtoniſhment.—

Yes, ſaid he; you have none of them in the Eaſt; but here we have five or ſix in every ſtreet: there never were more *divinities* in Ægypt, than there are at this time in the town of London. In order, therefore, to fit them for *that character*, they are made to *throw off human nature*, as much as poſſible, in their looks, geſtures, words, actions, dreſs, &c. —But is it not apt to return again? ſaid I.—Yes, replied he, it returns indeed again, but ſtrangely diſtorted and deformed. The ſame thing happens to their *minds* as to their *ſhapes*; both are *cramped* by a violent confinement, which makes them ſwell out *in the wrong place*. You cannot conceive the wild

wild tricks that women play from this habitual perverſion of their faculties: there is not a ſingle quality belonging to them which they do not apply to other purpoſes than Providence deſigned it for. Hence it is, that they are vain of being *cowards*, and *aſhamed* of being *modeſt*: hence they *ſmile* on the man whom they *diſlike*, and *look cold* on him they *love*: hence they kill every ſentiment of their own, and not only *act with the faſhion*, but really *think with it*. All this is taught them carefully from their childhood, or elſe it would be impoſſible ſo to conquer their natural diſpoſitions.

I do not know, ſaid I, what the uſe is of theſe inſtructions; but it ſeems to me, that in a country where the women are admitted to a familiar and conſtant ſhare in every active ſcene of life, particular care ſhould be taken in their education, to *cultivate their reaſon*, and *form their hearts*, that they may be equal to the part they have to act. Where great temptations muſt occur, great virtues are required; and the *giddy ſituations* in which they are placed, or love to place themſelves, demand a more than ordinary ſtrength of brain. In Perſia a woman has no occaſion for any thing but beauty, becauſe of the confinement which ſhe lives under, and therefore that only is attended to: but *here*, methinks, good ſenſe is ſo very neceſſary, that it is the buſineſs of a lady to improve and adorn her underſtanding with as much application as the other ſex; and, generally ſpeaking, *by methods much the ſame*.

LETTER XLVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I WAS this morning with ſome gentlemen of my acquaintance, who were talking of the attempt that had been made not long ago of ſetting up a preſs at Conſtantinople, and the oppoſition it had met with from the *mufti*. They applied to me to know what I thought of it, and whether in Perſia alſo it was our religion that deprived us of ſo uſeful an art.

I told them, that policy had more part than religion in that affair: that the preſs was a very dangerous engine, and the abuſes of it made us juſtly apprehend ill conſequences from it.

You are in the right, ſaid one of the company, for this ſingle reaſon, *becauſe your government is a deſpotic one*. But, in a free country, the preſs may be very uſeful, as long as it is under no particular reſtraint: for it is of great conſequence, that the people ſhould be informed of every thing that concerns them; and, without printing, ſuch knowledge could not circulate, either ſo eaſily or ſo faſt. And to argue againſt any

any branch of liberty from the ill use that may be made of it, is to argue against liberty itself, since all is capable of being abused: nor can any part of freedom be more important, or better worth contending for, than that by which the spirit of it is *preserved*, *supported*, and *diffused*. By this appeal to the judgement of the people, we lay some restraint upon those ministers, who may have found means to secure themselves from any other *less incorruptible tribunal*; and sure they have no reason to complain, if the public exercise a right, which cannot be denied without avowing, that their conduct will not bear enquiry. For though the best administration may be attacked by calumny, I can hardly believe it would be hurt by it, because I have known a great deal of it employed to very little purpose against gentlemen, in opposition to ministers, who had nothing to defend them but the force of truth: I do not mean by this to justify any scurrilities upon the *personal characters* either of magistrates or private men, or any *libel properly so called*. Against such abuses of the press the laws have provided a remedy; and let the laws take their course; it is for the interest of liberty they should do so, as well as for the security and honour of government: but let them not be strained into oppression by *forced constructions*, or *extraordinary acts of power*, alike repugnant to natural justice, and to the spirit of a free state. Such arbitrary practices no provocation can justify, no precedents warrant, no danger excuse.

The gentleman who spoke thus was contradicted by another of the company, who, with great warmth, and many arguments, maintained, 'That the licentiousness of the press was grown, of late, to such a dangerous heighth as to require *extraordinary remedies*; and that if it were put under the inspection of some discreet and judicious person, it would be far more beneficial to the public.'

I agree to it, answered he, upon one condition, *viz.* That there may be likewise *an inspector for* THE PEOPLE, as well as one for the *court*; but if *nothing* is to be licensed on one side, and *every thing* on the other, it would be much better for us to adopt the Eastern policy, and allow *no printing here at all*, than to leave it under *such a partial direction*.

LETTER XLIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THE same gentleman, who, as I told thee in my last, argued so strongly for the liberty of the press, went on with his discourse in the following manner:

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If we have so much reason to be unwilling, that what we *print* should be under the *inspection* of the court; how much more may we complain of a new power assumed within these last fifty years by all the courts in Europe, of *inspecting private letters*, and invading the *liberty of the post*? The secrecy and safety of correspondence, is a point of such consequence to mankind, that the least interruption of it would be criminal, without an evident *necessity*; but that of course, from one year to another, there should be a constant breach of it publicly avowed, is such a violation of the rights of society, as one cannot but wonder at *even in this age*.

You may well wonder, said I to him, when I myself am quite amazed to hear of such a thing; the like of which was never practised among *us*, whom you English reproach with being *slaves*. But I beg you to inform me what it was, that could induce a free people to give up all the secrets of their business and private thoughts, to the curiosity and discretion of a minister, or his inferior tools in office?

They never gave them up, answered he; but those gentlemen have exercised this power by their own authority, under pretence of discovering plots against the state. — No doubt, said one of the company, it is a great advantage and ease to the government, to be acquainted at all times with the sentiments of considerable persons, because it is possible they may have some ill intent.—It is very true, replied the other, and it might be still a *greater* ease and advantage to the government to have a *licensed spy* in every house, who should report the most private conversations, and let the minister thoroughly into the secrets of every family in the kingdom. This would effectually detect and prevent conspiracies; but would any-body come into it on that account?

It is not making a bad compliment to a government, to suppose, that it could not be secured without such measures, as are inconsistent with the end for which it is designed?

But such, in general, is the wretched turn of modern policy: the most sacred ties of society are often infringed, to promote some present interest, without considering how fatal it may prove in its remoter consequences, and how greatly we may want those useful barriers we have so lightly broken down.

LETTER L.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I HAD lately the pleasure of seeing a sight which filled my mind beyond all the magnificence that our Eastern monarchs can shew; I saw a British *fleet* under full sail. Nothing can be imagined more pompous, or more august! The vast size of the ships and skill of the sailors exceed any others now in the universe; nor are they less renowned for their intrepidity. The whole spectacle gave me the highest ideas of the strength of this nation; a strength not confined to their own coasts, but equally formidable to the most distant parts of the globe.

Were I a king of England, I would never receive an embassador with any solemnity but in the cabin of a *first rate man of war*. There is the true seat of his empire; and from *that throne* he might awe the whole world, if he understood how to exert his *maritime power* in its full strength, and was wise enough to aim at *no other*. But, by an unaccountable mistake in their policy, many kings of England have seemed to forget that their dominions had the advantage of being an *island:* they have been as deeply engaged in the affairs of the *continent* as the most *exposed* of the states there, and neglected the sea, to give all their attention to expensive and ruinous wars undertaken at land. Nay, what is stranger still, they have been fond of *acquisitions* made upon the continent, not considering that all *such acquisitions*, instead of encreasing their real strength, are only so many *weak* and *vulnerable* parts, in which they are liable to be hurt by those enemies, who could not possibly hurt them in their natural state, as the sovereigns of a powerful island. Their case is the reverse of that expressed by the poets of Greece in the fable of Antæus. He was (say those poets) *the son of the earth*; and as long as he fought upon her surface, even Hercules, the strongest of heroes, could not overcome him; but being drawn from thence he was easily vanquished: the English (in the same poetical stile) are *the sons of the sea*, and while they *adhere to their mother* they are invincible; but if they can once be drawn *out of that situation*, their strength forsakes them, and they are not only in danger of being *crushed* by their enemies, but may be *hugged to death* even by their *friends*.

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LETTER LI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I AM returned to this city, from which I have made a long excurſion, and am going to give thee an account how I have paſſed my time. A friend of mine, who lives in a part of England, diſtant from the capitol, invited me to ſpend the ſummer at his houſe: my curioſity to ſee ſomething new, and natural love to fields and groves at this ſeaſon of the year, made me glad to accept of his propoſal.

The firſt thing that ſtruck me in leaving London, was to find all the country cultivated like one great garden. This is the genuine effect of that happy liberty which the Engliſh enjoy: where property is ſecure, induſtry will exert itſelf; and ſuch is the force of induſtry, that without any particular advantages of ſoil or climate, the lands about this city are of a hundred times greater profit to their owners, than the beſt tempered and moſt fertile ſpots of Aſia to the ſubjects of the ſophi, or the Turk.

Another circumſtance which engaged my attention throughout all my journey, was the vaſt number of fine ſeats that adorned the way as I travelled along, and ſeemed to expreſs a certain *rural greatneſs* extremely becoming a free people. It looked to me, as if men who were poſſeſſed of ſuch magnificent retreats, were above depending on a court, and had wiſely fixed the ſcene of their pride and pleaſure in the centre of their own eſtates, where they could really make themſelves moſt conſiderable. And, indeed, this notion is true in fact; for it has always been the policy of princes that wanted to be abſolute, to draw gentlemen away from their country ſeats, and place them about a court, as well to deprive them of the popularity which hoſpitality might acquire, as to render them cold to the intereſt of the country, and wholly devoted to themſelves. Thus we have often been told by our friend Uſbec, that the court and capitol of France is crowded with nobility, while in the provinces there is ſcarce a manſion-houſe that is not falling to ruin; an infallible ſign of the decay and downfal of the nobility itſelf! Thoſe who remember what England was forty years ago, ſpeak with much uneaſineſs of the change they obſerve in this particular; and complain, that their countrymen are making haſte to copy the French, by abandoning their family ſeats, and living too conſtantly in

town;

town; but this is not yet ſenſible to a foreigner. Thou mayeſt expect the ſequel of my journey in other letters.

LETTER LIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

IT happened when I ſet out from London, that the parliament, which had ſat ſeven years, was juſt diſſolved, and elections for a new one were carrying on all over England. My firſt day's ſtage had nothing in it remarkable, more than what I obſerved to thee in my laſt. But when I came to the town where I was to lodge, I found the ſtreets all crowded with men and women, who gave me a lively idea of what I have read of the ancient Bacchanals. Inſtead of ivy, they carried oaken boughs, were exceeding drunk and mutinous, but, at the ſame time, mighty zealous for religion. My Perſian habit drew them all about me, and I found they were much puzzled what to make of me. Some ſaid, I was a German miniſter, ſent by the court to corrupt the electors; upon which ſuggeſtion, I had like to have been torn to pieces; others fancied me a Jeſuit; but at laſt they agreed I was a *mountebank*; and as ſuch conducted me to my inn with great reſpect. When I was ſafely delivered from this danger, I took a reſolution to lay aſide my foreign dreſs, that I might travel with leſs diſturbance; and fell into diſcourſe upon what had paſſed with a gentleman that accompanied me in my journey. It ſeemed to me very ſtrange, that in an affair of ſo great importance as the choice of a guardian for their liberties, men ſhould drink themſelves out of their reaſon. I aſked, whether riots of this kind were common at theſe times? He anſwered, that the whole buſineſs of the candidates was to pervert and confound the underſtandings of thoſe that chuſe them, by all imaginable ways: that from the day they began to make their intereſt, there was nothing but idleneſs and debauchery among the common people: the care of their families is neglected; trades and manufactures are at a ſtand; and ſuch a habit of diſorder is brought upon them, that it requires the beſt part of *ſeven* years to ſettle them again. And yet, continued he, this evil, great as it is, may be reckoned one of the *leaſt* attending theſe affairs. Could we bring our electors to content themſelves with being made drunk for a year together, we might hope to preſerve our conſtitution; but it is the *ſober, conſiderate corruption*, the cool bargaining for a ſale

of their liberties, that will be the certain undoing of this nation, whenever a wicked minister shall be the purchaser.

LETTER LIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THE next day brought us into a country town, where the elections for the city and the shire were carrying on together. It was with some difficulty that we made our way through two or three mobs of different parties, that obliged us by turns to declare ourselves for their respective factions. Some of them wore in their hats tobacco leaves, and seemed principally concerned for the honour of that noble plant, which they said had been attacked by the ministry; and in this I heartily joined with them, being myself a great admirer of its virtues, like most of my countrymen. When we came to our inn, I entertained myself with asking my fellow traveller questions about elections. The thing was so new to me, that in many points I could not believe him. As for instance, it seems very odd, that a corporation should take such a sudden liking to a man's face, whom they never saw before, as to prefer him to a family that had served them time out of mind; yet this, I was assured, very often happened, and what was stranger still, on the recommendation of another person, who was no better known to them himself. My instructor added, That there was in England ONE MAN so extremely *popular, though he never affected popularity*, that a line from him, accompanied with two or three bits of a particular sort of paper, was enough to direct half the nation in the choice of their representatives.

It would be endless to repeat to thee all the tricks which he told me other gentlemen were forced to use to get themselves elected. One way of being well with a corporation (which a Persian would hardly conceive) is to *kiss* all their *wives*. My companion confessed to me, that he himself had formerly been obliged to go through this laborious solicitation, and had met with some old women in his way, who made him pay dear for their interest. But these methods (said he), and other arts of popularity, are growing out of fashion every day. We now court our electors, as we do our mistresses, by sending a notary to them with a proposal: if they like the settlement, it is no matter how they like the man that makes it; but if we disagree about *that*, other pretensions are of very little use. And

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to make the comparison the juster, the members thus chosen have no more regard to their venal constituents, than husbands so married to their wives. I asked, if they had no laws against corruption. Yes, said he, very strong ones, but corruption is stronger than the laws. If the magistrates in Persia were to sell wine, it would signify very little that your law forbids the drinking it. How is it possible, said I, to bribe a whole nation to the undoing itself? It is not possible, answered he; but the misfortune of our government is, that the majority of the representative body is chosen not by the whole nation, but by a *small*, and *very mean part of it*. There are a number of boroughs which have at present no other *trade* than *sending members to parliament*, and whose inhabitants think the right of *selling themselves and their country*, the only valuable privilege of Englishmen. Time has produced this evil, which was quite unforeseen in the original frame of our constitution; and time alone can furnish occasions, and means of applying an adequate remedy. Before it can be thoroughly cured, one of two very unlikely things must come to pass, either a court must be so disinterested as to exert all its power for the redressing an evil advantageous to itself; or a popular party so strong as to give laws to the court, must have virtue enough to venture *disgusting the people*, as well as *offending the crown*, for the sake of *reforming the* CONSTITUTION.

LETTER LV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

ON the third day our travels were at an end, and I arrived at my friend's house with all the pleasure which we receive from retirement and repose, after a life of tumult and fatigue. I was as weary of elections, as if I had been a candidate myself, and could not help expressing my surprize, that the general disorder on these occasions, had not brought some fatal mischief upon the nation.—That we are not undone by it, replied my friend, is entirely owing to the happy circumstance of our being an island. Were we seated on the continent, every election of a new parliament would infallibly draw on an invasion.—It is not only from enemies abroad that you are in danger, answered I: one would think that the violence of domestic feuds should of itself overturn your constitution, as it has so many others; and how you have been able to escape so long, is the wonder of all who have been bred up

under abſolute monarchies: for they are taught, that the ſuperior advantage of their form of government conſiſts in the ſtrength of union; and that in other ſtates, where power is more divided, a pernicious confuſion muſt enſue.—They argue rightly enough, ſaid the gentleman who came along with me, but they carry the argument too far. No doubt, factions are the natural inconveniences of all free governments, as oppreſſion is too apt to attend on arbitrary power. But the difference lies here, that in an abſolute monarchy, a tyrant has nothing to reſtrain him; whereas parties are not only a controul on thoſe that govern, but on each other; nay, they are even a controul *upon themſelves*, as the leaders of them dare not give a looſe to their own particular paſſions and deſigns, for fear of hurting their credit with thoſe whom it is their intereſt to manage, and pleaſe. Beſides, that it is eaſier to infect a prince with a ſpirit of tyranny, than a nation with a ſpirit of faction; and where the diſcontent is not general, the miſchief will be light. To engage a whole people in a revolt, the higheſt provocations muſt be given; in ſuch a caſe, the diſorder is not chargeable on thoſe that defend their liberties, but on the aggreſſor that invades them. Parties in ſociety are like tempeſts in the natural world; they cauſe, indeed, a very great diſturbance, and when violent tear up every thing that oppoſes them; but then they purge away many noxious qualities, and prevent a ſtagnation which would be fatal: all nations that live in a quiet ſlavery, may be properly ſaid to ſtagnate; and happy would it be for them if they were rouſed and put in motion by that ſpirit of faction they dread ſo much; for, let the conſequences of reſiſtance be what they would, they can produce nothing worſe than a confirmed and eſtabliſhed ſervitude: but generally ſuch a ferment in a nation throws off what is moſt oppreſſive to it, and ſettles, by degrees, into a better and more eligible ſtate. Of this we have received abundant proof; for there is hardly a privilege belonging to us, which has not been gained by popular diſcontent, and preſerved by frequent oppoſition. I may add, that we have known many inſtances, where parties, though ever ſo inflamed againſt each other, have united, from a ſenſe of common danger, and joined in ſecuring their common happineſs. And this is more eaſily done, when the points that were once the great ſubjects of heat and diviſion, are either worn out by time, or changed by the clearer and more temperate medium through which they are ſeen: for in that caſe, parties which thought that they ſtood at a very great diſtance from one another, may find themſelves brought very near, and the only

ſeparation

ſeparation remaining would be the *eſſential* and *everlaſting* one, between *honeſt men* and *knaves*, *wiſe men* and *fools*. That this may happen experience ſhews, and this, I think, ought to free us from the reproach of ſacrificing our country to our diviſions, and make thoſe deſpair of ſucceſs, that *hope*, *by dividing*, *to deſtroy us*.

LETTER LVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

FOR the firſt month of my being in the country, we did nothing from morning till night, but diſpute about the government. The natural beauties round about us were little attended to, ſo much were we taken up with our enquiries into political defects. My two companions diſagreed in many points, though I am perſuaded they both meant the ſame thing, and were almoſt equally good ſubjects, and good citizens. I ſometimes fancied, that I had learnt a great deal in theſe debates; but when I came to put my learning together, I found myſelf not much wiſer than before. The maſter of the houſe was inclined to the ſide of the court, not from any intereſted or ambitious views; but, as he ſaid, from a principle of *whiggiſm*: this word is one of thoſe diſtinctions, which, for little leſs than a century, have divided and perplexed this nation. The oppoſite party are called *tories*. They have as ſtrong an antipathy to each other, as the followers of Hali to thoſe of Oſman. I deſired my friend to give me ſome certain mark by which I might know one from the other. The *whigs*, ſaid he, are they that are *now in place*, and the *tories* are they that are *out*. I underſtand you, returned I, the difference is only *there*; ſo that if they who are now *tories*, were *employed*, they would inſtantly become *whigs*; and if the *whigs* were removed, they would be *tories*. Not ſo, anſwered he, with ſome warmth: there is a great difference in their principles and their conduct. Ay, ſaid I, let me hear that, and then I ſhall be able to chuſe my party. The *tories*, ſaid he, are for *advancing* the *power* of the *crown*, and making the *clergy* the tools of their ambition. When they were in power, they *weakened* our ancient allies, *diſgraced* our *arms*, *hurt* our *trade*, *loſt* our *honour*, and were *aſſiſtant* to the greatneſs of France.

You ſurpriſe me! replied I; for I have heard *all this* imputed to *ſome*, who, you aſſure me, are *good whigs*; nay, the very *pillars of whiggiſm*.

I will explain that matter to you immediately, said the gentleman that came down with me: whiggism is an *indelible character*, like *episcopacy:* for as he who has once been a *bishop*, though he no longer performs any of the offices and duties of his function, *is a bishop* nevertheless; so he who has once been a whig, let him act never so contrary to his principles, *is* nevertheless *a whig*; and as all true churchmen are obliged in conscience to *acknowledge* the first, so all true whigs are in duty bound to *support* the last.

Very well, said I; but are there none who differ from this *orthodox belief?* Yes, said he, *certain obstinate people*; but like other *dissenters*, they are punished for *their separation*, by being excluded from *all places of trust and profit*.

A heavy punishment, indeed! answered I, and more likely *to diminish the sect* than any other kind of persecution. But if you will allow a stranger to give any advice in your affairs, I think you should pull down, at once, these *ensigns of party*, which are, indeed, *false colours* hung out by *faction*, and set up, instead of them, *one national standard*, which all who leave, by whatever name they may call themselves, should be considered, and used as *deserters*.

LETTER LVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Went with my country friend some days ago, to make a visit in a neighbouring county, to the prelate of that diocese. His character is so extraordinary, that not to give it to thee, would be departing from the rule I have laid down, to let nothing that is *singular* escape my notice. In the first place, he *resides* constantly on his diocese, and has done so for many years: he asks nothing of the court for himself or family: he hoards up no wealth for his relations, but lays out the revenues of his see in a decent hospitality, and a charity void of ostentation. At his first entrance into the world, he distinguished himself by a zeal for the liberty of his country, and had a considerable share in bringing on the Revolution that preserved it. His principles never altered by his preferment: he never prostituted his pen, nor debased his character by party disputes or blind compliance. Though he is warmly serious in the belief of his religion, he is moderate to all who differ from him: he knows no distinction of party, but extends his good offices alike to whig and tory; a friend to virtue under any denomination;

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an enemy to vice under any colours. His health and old age are the effects of a temperate life and a quiet conſcience: though he is now ſome years above fourſcore, nobody ever thought he lived too long, unleſs it was out of an impatience *to ſucceed him.*

This excellent perſon entertained me with the greateſt humanity, and ſeemed to take a particular delight in being uſeful and inſtructive to a ſtranger. To tell thee the truth, Mirza, I was ſo affected with the piety and virtue of this teacher *; the Chriſtian religion appeared to me ſo amiable in his character and manners, that if the force of education had not rooted Mahometiſm in my heart, he would certainly have made a convert of me.

LETTER LVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

MY long ſtay in the country gave me leiſure to read a good deal; I applied myſelf to hiſtory, particularly that of England; for rightly to underſtand what a nation *is*, one ſhould previouſly learn what it *has been.* If I complained of the different accounts which are given by the Engliſh of themſelves in their preſent circumſtances, I have no leſs reaſon to complain of their hiſtorians: paſt tranſactions are ſo variouſly related, and with ſuch a mixture of prejudice on both ſides, that it is as hard to know truth from their relations, as religion from the comments of divines. The great article in which they differ moſt, is the ancient power of the crown, and that of the parliament: according to ſome, the latter is no more than an incroachment on the former; but according to others, it is as old as the monarchy itſelf.

This point is debated with great warmth, and a multitude of proofs alledged by either party: yet the importance of the controverſy is not ſo great as ſome may conceive it. For many hundred years the point is out of diſpute; but ſuppoſe it were otherwiſe, would it follow from thence, that the parliamentary powers are uſurpations? No, Mirza, no; if liberty were but a year old, the Engliſh would have juſt as good a right to claim and to preſerve it, as if it had been handed down to them from many ages: for allowing that their anceſtors were ſlaves, through weakneſs or want of ſpirit, is *ſlavery* ſo *valuable an in-*

* The tranſlator ſuppoſes, that the author means Dr. Hough, biſhop of Worceſter.

heritance that it never muſt be parted with? is a long preſcription neceſſary to give force to the natural rights of mankind? If the privileges of the people of England be *conceſſions* from the crown, is not the power of the crown itſelf a *conceſſion* from the people? however, it muſt be confeſt, that though a long poſſeſſion of abſolute power can give no right to continue it againſt the natural claim of the people in behalf of their liberties, whenever that claim ſhall be made; yet a long poſſeſſion of freedom ſerves to eſtabliſh and ſtrengthen original right, or, at leaſt, makes it more ſhameful to give it up. I will therefore ſketch out to thee, as ſhort as I can in my next letters, the reſult of what I have read, and what I have thought on this ſubject, not with the minute exactneſs of a political critic, who, of all critics, would tire thee moſt, but by ſuch a general view of the ſeveral changes this government has undergone, as may ſet the true ſtate of it pretty clearly before thee. Further than this it would be almoſt impoſſible for a ſtranger to go upon that ſubject, or for one ſo diſtant as thou art, either to receive or deſire information: nor, indeed, were it more feaſible, ſhould I think it of uſe, to engage in a much larger detail. It is with enquiries into the conſtitutions of nations, as with enquiries into the conſtitution of the univerſe; thoſe who are moſt nicely curious about particular and trifling parts, are often thoſe who ſee leaſt of the whole.

LETTER LIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

IT has been a uſual piece of vanity in the writers of every nation, to repreſent the original conſtitutions of their reſpective ſtates, as founded on deep-laid ſyſtems and plans of policy, in which they imagine that they diſcover the utmoſt refinements of human wiſdom; whereas, in truth, they are often the effects of downright chance, and produced by the force of certain circumſtances, or the ſimple dictates of nature itſelf, out of a regard to ſome preſent expediency, and with little providence to the future.

Such was the original of the celebrated Gothic government, that was formerly ſpread all over Europe. It was produced not in a cabinet, but a camp; and owes much leſs to the prudence of a legiſlator, than to the neceſſity of the times, which gave it birth.

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The people that introduced it into Britain, and every where elſe, were a multitude of ſoldiers, unacquainted with any thing but war: their leader, for the better carrying it on, was inveſted with a ſort of regal power, and when it happened that the war continued long, he acquired a preſcriptive authority over thoſe who had been accuſtomed to obey his orders; but this authority was directed by the advice of the other officers, and dependant on the good-liking of the army, from which alone it was derived: in like manner, the firſt revenues of this leader, were nothing more than a title to a larger ſhare in the common booty, or the voluntary contributions of the ſoldiers out of the wealth acquired under his command. But had he attempted to take a horſe or cow, or any part of the plunder from the meaneſt ſoldier, without his free conſent, a mutiny would certainly have enſued, and the violation of property been revenged. From theſe principles we may naturally draw the whole form of the Saxon or Gothic government. When theſe invaders became maſters of kingdoms, and not only ravaged them, but ſettled there, the general was changed into a king, the officers into nobles, the council of war into a council of ſtate, and the body of the ſoldiery itſelf into a general aſſembly of all the freemen. A principal ſhare of the conqueſts, as it had been of the ſpoils, was freely allotted to the prince, and the reſt by him diſtributed according to rank and merit among his troops and followers, under certain conditions agreeable to the Saxon cuſtoms. Hence the different tenures, and the ſervices founded upon them; hence the vaſſalage, or rather ſervitude of the conquered, who were obliged to till the land which they had loſt, for the conquerors who had gained them, or, at beſt, to hold them of thoſe new proprietors on ſuch hard and ſlaviſh terms as they thought fit to impoſe. Hence, likewiſe, the riches of the clergy, and their early authority in the ſtate: for thoſe people being ignorant and ſuperſtitious in the ſame degree, and heated with the zeal of a new converſion, thought they could not do too much for their teachers, but with a conſiderable ſhare of the conquered lands, admitted them to a large participation of dominion itſelf.—Thus, without any ſettled deſign, or ſpeculative ſkill, this conſtitution in a manner formed itſelf; and it was *the better* for that reaſon, as there was more of nature in it, and little of *political myſtery*, which, wherever it prevails, is the bane of public good. A government ſo eſtabliſhed, could admit of no pretence of a *power* in the king *tranſcendent to law*, or an *unalterable right* in the ſucceſſion. It could never come into the heads of ſuch a people, that they were to ſubmit to a *tyranny* for

for *conscience sake*; or, that their liberties were not every way as *sacred* as the prerogative of their prince. They could never be brought to understand, that there was such a thing as *reason of state* distinct from the common reason of mankind; much less would they allow pernicious measures to pass unquestioned, or unpunished, under the ridiculous sanction of that name.

LETTER LX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I GAVE thee in my last a short account of the first rise and construction of the Saxon government, on very plain and simple foundations. It was, perhaps, the *most free* of all the limited monarchies that have been known in the world. The nobles and people had such a share in the legislature, and such a weight in the government, that the king could do nothing but with their assistance, and by their advice. He could not oppress them by force, because they were *armed*, and he *was not*, unless when they employed *their arms* in his service for the defence of the kingdom. He could not corrupt them; for all offices of power or judicature were then *elective*, the estate of the crown was held inalienable, and only sufficed to maintain the expence of the royal household, and civil government. No causes were tried but by juries, even in spiritual matters; so that the lives and properties of the people could not be touched *without their own co-operation*, either by the king, the nobles, or clergy. To all this was joined the best *police* that any nation ever enjoyed except the Chinese, among whom many of the same regulations have been established with a *conformity* very *surprising*, as it is certain that neither copied the other. Such was the Saxon constitution, when by the wisdom and virtue of two or three great kings it had received its final perfection. The only essential defect of it was, the *excessive immunities* granted to churchmen, which made them too independent upon the civil authority, and very burthensome to the state. This form of government continued unaltered in its principal parts, till the Norman invasion, which, like a foreign weight roughly laid upon the springs, disturbed and obstructed its proper motions: yet, by degrees, it recovered itself again; and how ill soever the Saxon *people* might be treated, under the notion of a *conquest*, the Saxon *constitution* was never wholly subdued. The new comers relished slavery no better than the old inhabitants, and gladly joined

joined with them, upon a ſenſe of mutual intereſt, to force a confirmation of their freedom and the ancient laws. Indeed there was ſo great a conformity between the government of Normandy and that of England, the cuſtoms of both nations were ſo much the ſame, that unleſs the Normans by conquering this iſland had loſt their original rights, and fought on purpoſe to degrade themſelves and their poſterity, it was impoſſible their kings could have a right to abſolute power. So far was that nation from owning any ſuch right, that, in conjunction with the *Engliſh*, they demanded, and obtained of their kings *charters* declaring their liberties, not as *grants* derived from the *favour*, or *innovations* forced from the *weakneſs*, but as *acknowledgements* due from the *juſtice of the crown*. As ſuch the beſt and greateſt princes conſidered thoſe charters; as ſuch they confirmed and obſerved them, and when they were diſputed, or broken by others of a different character, civil wars enſued, which ended to the diſadvantage of the crown; but the misfortune was, that in all theſe ſtruggles, the *biſhops* and *nobles treated for the people*, not the people *for themſelves*; and therefore their intereſts were much neglected, and the advantages gained from the king were much more beneficial to the church and nobility than to thoſe who were under their patronage.—I will ſay more on this head when I write next.

LETTER LXI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THOU wilt be ſurpriſed to hear that the period when the Engliſh nation enjoyed the greateſt happineſs, after the Norman invaſion, was under the influence of *a woman*. As much as we Perſians ſhould deſpiſe a female ruler, it was not ill the reign of queen Elizabeth, that the government came o *an equal balance*, which is its true ſtate of perfection.

Though the commons of England had regained, *by degrees* nd *in a different ſhape*, that ſhare of the legiſlature, which was, n a great meaſure, loſt by them under the firſt Norman kings, et their power was not ſo great as it had been in the Saxon itenagmote, or general aſſembly, nor their condition ſo happy in many reſpects; for the chief ſtrength of the government reſided in the great lords, and the clergy, who ſupremely directed all public affairs. The proceedings of the commons ould not be free in their *repreſentative body*, while in their *llective body* they were weak and oppreſt. The laws of vaſſalage,

lage, the authority of the church, the poverty and dependancy in which they lived, hung heavy upon them, so that they were obliged to act in subserviency to the nobles and bishops, even when they shewed most vigour against the crown, following the passions of both upon many occasions in the parliament, and in the field, and making, or unmaking kings as *these their immediate masters* desired. But in return for their services they often obtained a redress of their grievances, revenged themselves upon bad ministers, and obtained good laws for the commonwealth. To whatever purposes their strength might be used, though to the purposes of faction, *by being used it increased*. The crown at last *itself* assisted the growth of it, in opposition to that of the church and the nobility. The bonds of vassalage were broke, or lightened; the barons were by different laws encouraged and enabled to part with their lands; the weight of property was transferred to the side of the people. Many accidents concurred to the same effect. A reformation in religion was begun, by which that mighty fabric of church power, erected on the ruins of public liberty, and adorned with the spoils of the crown itself, was happily attacked and overturned. A great part of the immense possessions of the clergy was taken away, and most of it sold to the commons upon easy terms. They had now a very considerable share of the lands of England, and a still greater treasure in their commerce, which they were beginning to extend and improve. Their riches secured their independency; the clergy feared them, and the nobles could not hurt them. In this state queen Elizabeth found *the parliament:* the lords and commons were nigh upon a level, and the church in a decent subordination. She was the head of this well-proportioned body, and supremely directed all its motions. Thus, what in mixed forms of government seldom happens, there was no contest for power in the legislature; because no part was so high as to be uncontrouled, or so low as to be oppress. A reformation of religion was compleatly established by this excellent princess, which entirely rescued the nation from that *foreign yoke*, the pope had imposed upon it for so many centuries, and from the dominion of superstition, *the worst of all slavery*. The next great benefits that she conferred upon her subjects, were the extension of commerce into all parts of the world, and the foundation of their *maritime power*, which *is their true, natural greatness*. Under her it began, and she lived to carry it to such a height, as to make them really *lords of the sea*, an empire more glorious than that of the sophi our master, and *richer* than that of the mogul. In doing this, she did more for England than her greatest predecessors had ever done, far more than

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those who conquered France, though they could have secured it to their posterity. These were the *arts* by which she ruled, and by these she was able to preserve her authority, nay, and to extend it further upon certain occasions than very absolute princes could do, even while she assisted her people in the corroborating and confirming their liberty. The strength of *her power* was *their satisfaction*, and every other happiness followed *that*, as every misfortune and disgrace is sure to attend on their discontent.

LETTER LXII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Ended my last letter with the felicity of Elizabeth's reign: very different was that of her successor James the First: for his character and conduct were the reverse of hers. He endeavoured to break the balance of the government by her so wisely fixed, and wanted to be *greater* than *her*, without one quality that could render him capable of filling her place. He had neither courage, ability, nor address: he was contemned both at home and abroad; his very favourites did not love him, though he was governed by them in every thing; nor did they maintain their dominion by his affections so much as by his fears. Yet this *meanest of kings* made great advances towards *absolute power*, and would have compleatly obtained it, if he could have found means to have introduced the *same luxury* into the *nation*, as he did into the *court*, with the constant attendant of luxury, the *same corruption*. But the virtue infused by Elizabeth into the mass of the people, and the indigence of the crown, stopt the contagion from spreading so far: the commons resisted it, though the lords and the bishops did not, and some check was given to the designs of the king, yet not enough for the securing of liberty, or preventing the evils *his conduct* prepared for the following reign. The clergy, whom he attached to his interests by favouring theirs, or what they took to be theirs, more than a *wise* prince *would*, or a *good* prince *ought* to have done, were very assistant to him, by preaching up notions which he and they seem to have borrowed from *our religion*, of a right divine in kings, neither derived from human laws, nor to be limited by them, and other such Mahometan tenets, that had never been heard of before in this country: yet there were many who disliked these innovations, and their opposition hindered them from taking deep root in any minds but those

thoſe of the royal family. Theſe obſtinate proteſtants and patriots were branded with the name of Puritans, and much hated by James, and Charles his ſon, who, upon the deceaſe of the former, ſucceeded to his kingdoms, his notions, and his deſigns. He had many better qualifications than his father, but as wrong a judgment, and greater obſtinacy. He carried his affection for the clergy, and abhorrence of the puritans, to an exceſs of bigotry and rage. He agreed ſo ill with his parliaments, that the ſoon grew weary of them, and reſolved to be troubled with them no more: none were called for twelve years together, and all that time he governed as deſpotically as the ſophi of Perſia. The laws were either openly infringed, or explained in the manner he directed: he levied money upon his ſubjects againſt privileges expreſsly confirmed by himſelf. In ſhort, his paſſion for power might have been fully gratified, if his more prevailing one to bigotry had not engaged him in a ſenſeleſs undertaking, of forcing the ſame form of worſhip upon his ſubjects in Scotland, as he had declared himſelf ſo warmly for in England. It is ſafer to attack men in their civil rights, than their religious opinions: the Scots, who had acquieſced under tyranny, took up arms againſt perſecution. Their inſurrection made it neceſſary to call a parliament; it met, but was inſtantly diſſolved by the intemperate folly of the court. All hopes of better meaſures were put an end to by this laſt provocation. The Scots marched into England, and were received by the Engliſh, not as enemies, but as brothers and allies: the king, unable to oppoſe them, was compelled to aſk the aid of another parliament. A parliament met, exaſperated with the oppreſſions of fifteen years: the principal members were men of the greateſt capacity, courage, and virtue, firmly united among themſelves, and whom the court could neither *corrupt* nor *intimidate*. They reſolved to make uſe of the opportunity to *redreſs* their *grievances*, and *ſecure* their *liberty*; the king granted every thing that was neceſſary to either of thoſe ends, except ſuch *ſecurities* as might have been turned *againſt himſelf:* but what, perhaps, was really *conceſſion*, had the appearance of *conſtraint*, and therefore gained neither *gratitude* nor *confidence:* the nation could no longer truſt the king; or, if it might, *particular men* could not; and the ſupport of thoſe particular men was become a *national concern:* they had expoſed themſelves by ſerving the public; the public therefore judged that it was bound in juſtice to defend them. Nor indeed was it poſſible, when the work of reformation was begun, after ſo long a denial of juſtice, to keep a people, ſore with the remembrance of injuries received, and ſatisfaction refuſed, within the bounds

bounds of a proper moderation. Such a sobriety is much easier in speculation than it ever was in practice. Thus, partly for the safety of their leaders, and partly from a jealousy of his intentions too justly conceived, the parliament drew the sword against the king: but the sword, when drawn, was no longer theirs; it was quickly turned against them by those to whose hands they trusted it: the honestest and wisest of both parties were out-witted and over-powered by villains: the king perished, and the constitution perished with him.

A private man, whose genius was called forth by the troubles of his country, and formed in the exercise of faction, usurped the government. His character was as extraordinary as his fortune: he had an air of enthusiasm which gained all those who were real enthusiasts (the number of whom was great in those days) and put him at their head. That he was one himself in some degree may be supposed, notwithstanding the prudence with which he conducted all his designs; because the same spark of enthusiasm which makes common men *mad*, may, in certain conjunctures, only capacitate others of superior abilities to undertake and perform *extraordinary things*. Whether Cromwell was one of these, or acted entirely from political cunning, the times he lived in could not discover, and much less can the present. Thus far is certain, that, by an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, he first *inflamed* the spirit of liberty into *extravagance*, and afterwards *duped* and *awed* it into *submission*. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised the glory of it; and it is hard to say which he deserved most, a *halter* or a *crown*.

If the enthusiasts of his own party would have permitted him to have taken the title of king as well as the power, it is probable the royalty might have been fixed in his family by a well-modeled and lasting establishment. He shewed a great desire to carry that point; and I have heard him compared in this instance to Julius Cæsar, a great Roman general, who, like him, having mastered his country by its own arms, and being possest of more than the *power of a king*, was so fond of adding the *name* to it, that it cost him his life. But the two cases are totally different. What in the Roman was a weak vanity, and below the rest of his character, was in the Englishman solid good sense. The one could not take that name without destroying *the forms of the Roman constitution*, the other could not preserve *the forms of the English constitution* without taking that name. He therefore did wisely in seeking it; but not being able to bring his own friends to consent to it, or to do it against their opposition, he could make no settlement of the government to out-last his own life: for it is hardly possible

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from the nature of things, that a dominion newly acquired ſhould long be maintained in any country, if the antient forms and names are not kept up. Immediately after the death of this great man, all order was loſt in the ſtate: various tyrannies were ſet up, and deſtroyed each other; but all ſhewed *a republic to be impracticable.* At laſt the nation, growing weary of ſuch wild confuſion, agreed to recal the baniſhed ſon of their murdered king, not for *his ſake*, but *for the ſake of the monarchy*, which all the nation deſired to *reſtore*; and ſo inconſiderate was the zeal of thoſe times, that they reſtored it without any limitations, or any conditions made for the public. Thus the fruits of a tedious civil war were lightly and careleſsly thrown away by too haſty a paſſion for repoſe. The conſtitution revived indeed again, but revived *as fickly as before:* the ill humours, which ought to have been purged away by the violent remedies that had been uſed, continued as prevalent as ever, and naturally broke out in the ſame diſtempers. The king wanted to ſet himſelf above the law; wicked men encouraged this diſpoſition, and many good men were weak enough to comply with it, out of averſion to thoſe principles of reſiſtance which they had ſeen ſo fatally abuſed.

LETTER LXIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THE methods purſued by Charles II. in the conduct of his government, were in many reſpects different from his father's, though the purpoſe of both was much the ſame. The father always *bullied* his parliaments; the ſon endeavoured to *corrupt* them: the father obſtinately refuſed to change his miniſters, becauſe he really eſteemed them as honeſt men: the ſon very eaſily changed *his*, becauſe he thought they were all *alike* diſhoneſt, and that his deſigns might as well be carried on by one *knave* as by another: the father was a tool of the clergy, and a perſecutor, out of zeal for his religion; the ſon was almoſt indifferent to religion, but ſerved the paſſions of his clergy againſt the diſſenters from motives of policy: the father deſired to be abſolute at home, but to make the nation reſpectable abroad: the ſon aſſiſted the king of France in his invaſions on the liberties of Europe, that, by his help, he might maſter thoſe of England; nay, he was even a penſioner to France, and, by ſo vile a proſtitution of his dignity, ſet an example to the nobility of his realm, to ſell *their honour likewiſe* for

for a *penſion*; an example, the ill effects of which have been felt too ſenſibly ever ſince.

Yet with all theſe vices and imperfections in the character of Charles the Second, there was ſomething ſo bewitching in his behaviour, that the charms of it prevailed on many to connive at the faults of his government: and, indeed, nothing can be ſo hurtful to a country, which has liberties to defend, as a prince who knows how at the ſame time to make himſelf *deſpotic* and *agreeable:* this was eminently the talent of Charles the Second; and what is moſt ſurpriſing, he poſſeſt it without any great depth of underſtanding.

But the principal inſtrument of his bad intentions was, a general depravity of manners, with which he took pains to infect his court, and they the nation. All virtues, both public and private, were openly ridiculed; and none were allowed to have any talents for wit or buſineſs, who pretended to any ſenſe of honour, or regard to decency.

The king made great uſe of theſe new notions, and they proved very pernicious to the freedom, as well as morals of his ſubjects; but an indolence, natural to his temper, was ſome check to his deſigns; and, fond as he was of arbitrary power, he did not purſue it any further than was conſiſtent with his *pleaſure* and *repoſe*.

His brother, who bore a great ſway in his government, had changed his religion abroad, as the king himſelf had alſo done, but with this difference, that the latter retained almoſt as little of that which he embraced, as of that which he forſook; whereas the former was a bigot to popery, and known to be ſuch, while the change of the king was a ſecret to moſt of his ſubjects. The fear of a *popiſh ſucceſſor* raiſed great diſcontent, and great diſorders in the nation: the houſe of commons paſſed a bill for excluding that prince from the crown, founded undoubtedly in juſtice and reaſon; but the firmneſs of the king *in that ſingle point*, the complaiſance of the lords, the jealouſy the church entertained of the diſſenters, the ſcruples of thoſe who thought hereditary right *divine* and *indefeſible*, and, above all, the fear of being involved in a new civil war, which alarmed many well-meaning people from a mixture of *faction* that had diſcovered itſelf in ſome of *the characters*, and in ſome of *the meaſures* by which the national cauſe was then carried on, fruſtrated the attempt *to change the ſucceſſion*, as the obſtinacy of thoſe engaged in that attempt did all expedients to *limit the ſucceſſor*. The unhappy advantages all this gave to the king made him a great deal more abſolute in the laſt years of his reign

than in all the foregoing ones; and, upon his demiſe, brought his brother in *peace* and *triumph* to the throne. He had not been long ſeated there before he convinced the moſt attached to his party, that the apprehenſions conceived of him, and the deſign of excluding him, had been too juſt. All that the ſpirit of bigotry could add to a temper in itſelf *harſh* and *violent*, appeared in his government: all that *a weak underſtanding, madly conducted*, could undertake was undertaken; arbitrary power was the means uſed, and the end deſigned was a change of religion. Happy was it for England that this end ſo plainly declared itſelf, it rouſed even thoſe whom no danger to *liberty* could have ever alarmed, and taught the preachers of *non-reſiſtence to reſiſt*. A revolution was evidently neceſſary to ſave the whole, and that neceſſity produced one.—

King James the Second loſt his crown, and the nation gave it to their deliverer the prince of Orange: the government was ſettled on a firmer foundation, agreeable to the antient Saxon principles from which it had declined; and by a *happineſs* peculiar to itſelf, grew *ſtronger* from the *ſhocks* it had *ſuſtained*.

LETTER LXIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE firſt advantage gained by the Engliſh nation in the change of their government, was the utter extinction of thoſe vain and empty phantoms of *hereditary indefeaſible right*, and a power *ſuperior to law*, which king James the Firſt had conjured up, to the great diſturbance and terror of his people. With James the Second they were expelled, nor can they ever be brought back again with any proſpect of ſucceſs, but by *that family* alone, which *claims from him*: for which reaſon it will eternally be the intereſt of the people of England not to ſuffer ſuch a *claim* to prevail; but to maintain an eſtabliſhment which is founded on the baſis of their liberty, and from which their liberty cannot be ſeparated, unleſs the rights of both are deſtroyed.

As the parliament plainly diſpoſed of the crown in altering the ſucceſſion, the princes who have reigned ſince that time, could pretend to none but a *parliamentary title*, and the ſame force as the legiſlature could give to that, it alſo gave to the privileges of the ſubject.

The word *loyalty*, which had long been miſapplied, recovered its original and proper ſenſe; it was now underſtood to mean no more than a due obedience to the authority of the king,

king, in conformity to the laws, instead of a bigoted compliance to the will of the king, in opposition to the laws.

How great an advantage this must be, will appear by reflecting on the mischiefs that have been brought upon *this* country in particular, from the wrong interpretation *of certain names*. But this is not the only benefit that ensued from that happy Revolution. The prerogative of the crown had been till then so ill defined, that the full extent of it was rather stopt by the degree of *prudence* in the government, or of *impatience* in the people, than by the letter of the law: nay, it seemed as if in many instances the law allowed a power to the king, entirely destructive to itself. Thus princes had been often made to believe, that what their subjects complained of as oppression, was a legal exercise of the rights of the crown: and no wonder, if, in disputable points, they decided the question in favour of their own authority.

But now the bounds of prerogative were marked out by express restrictions; the course of it became regular and fixed, and could no longer move obliquely to the danger of the general system.

Let me also observe to thee, that whereas before, *to govern by parliaments* was the policy only of good and wise princes; after this period, it may be considered in a different light, because all expedients of *governing otherwise* are plainly impracticable, and it may not always imply *a conforming the government to the sense of the people*. I will explain this to thee more distinctly when I write again. In the mean while, let me a little recall thy thoughts from past events, and the *history of England*, to the remembrance and love of thy faithful Selim, who is not become so much an Englishman as to forget his native Persia, but perpetually sighs for his friends and country amidst all that engages his attention in a foreign land.

LETTER LXV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

THE antient revenues of the kings of England consisted chiefly in a large demesne of lands, and certain rights and powers reserved to them over the lands held of the crown; by means of which they supported the royal dignity without the immediate assistance of the people, except upon extraordinary occasions. But, in process of time, the extravagance of princes, and the rapaciousness of favourites having wasted the best part of this estate, and their successors endeavouring to

repair it by a tyrannical abuſe of thoſe rights and powers, ſome of them, which were found to be moſt grievous, were brought off by the parliament, with a fixed eſtabliſhment for the maintenance of the houſhold, compoſed of certain taxes yearly raiſed, and appropriated thereto.

But after the *expulſion of the Stuarts* the expence of the government being augmented for the defence of the ſucceſſion, the crown was conſtrained to apply to parliament, not only for the maintenance of its houſhould, which was ſettled at the beginning of every reign, and in every reign *conſiderably encreaſed*; not only for extraordinary ſupplies, to which end parliaments anciently were called; but for the ordinary ſervice of the year.

Thus a continual dependance on the people became neceſſary to kings, and they were ſo truly the *ſervants* of the public, that they received the *wages* of it in form, and were obliged to the parliament for the means of exerciſing the royalty, as well as for the right they had to claim it. Nor can this ſalutary dependance ever ceaſe, except the parliament itſelf ſhould give it up, by impowering the king to raiſe money without *limiting the ſum*, or *ſpecifying the ſervices*. Such conceſſions are abſurd in their own nature; for if a prince is afraid to truſt his people with a power of ſupplying his neceſſities upon a thorough knowledge of them, the people have no encouragement to truſt their prince, or, to ſpeak more properly, his miniſter, with ſo blind and undetermined an authority.

LETTER LXVI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

YOU have ſeen in my laſt, that from the time of king James's expulſion, annual meetings of parliament were become neceſſary to the carrying on the government. But that the repreſentatives of the people from too long a delegation of their authority might not forget *by whom*, and *for what* it was given them; and that the people might be enabled to correct a *bad choice*, which experience ſhould prove to be ſuch, it was thought expedient not long after to paſs a law for the chuſing a *new parliament* at the end of every *three years*. This term has been ſince prolonged to *ſeven*, I think for very good reaſons; becauſe the country intereſt could not ſupport the redoubled expence of conteſting with court-corruption ſo much oftener than now, and there are no good grounds to ſuppoſe that

that the efforts on that side would be much less for a triennial than a septennial parliament, a majority in *that* being equally necessary to a court as in *this:* so that the attacks would be the same, or near the same, and the resistance much weaker on the side of the people. If then the good proposed by shortening the term be very uncertain, it must be considered that very great and certain evils attend upon frequent elections, *viz.* the inflaming of party-divisions, depraving the morals of the people, and many other inconveniences of no little weight. However, this is a point about which I have found the best men differ, and which thou wilt therefore consider as more problematical than others I have mentioned before. I now return to my history.

Among other advantages gained to liberty at *this its happy restoration*, a free exercise of their religion was allowed to those who differ from the rites of the English church, which has been continued and secured to them ever since, with some short interruptions, which even the *party* that caused them, is now *ashamed of*. Nor has any thing contributed more than this to the peace and happiness of the government, by gaining it the affection of all its subjects, and taking from the spirit of faction a pretence, and a strength, of which it has often made a very bad use.

I must also observe to thee, that from this period a different temper has shewn itself in the *clergy* of England. They are become better friends to liberty, better subjects, better Englishmen, than they had usually been either before, or since the Reformation. Some among them have writ in defence of the religious and civil rights of mankind with as free a spirit, and as much force of learning and argument, as any layman has ever done; a merit peculiar to themselves, and *to which no other clergy in the whole world can pretend.* The generality of them are now very *moderate*, *quiet*, and *useful members of the commonwealth*, in due submission to the civil authority, and desiring nothing but what they deserve, the *protection of government in the enjoyment of their just rights.* They who would deny them *that*, are themselves *persecutors*, *disturbers of government*, and *very bad members of the commonwealth.*

This succession was facilitated and secured by the union of Scotland with England; and Great Britain became infinitely stronger, by being undivided, entire, and *wholly an island.*

One condition of that union was, the admitting sixteen Scotch peers, chosen by the whole body of the peerage, into the English house of lords, but upon a tenure very different

from the reſt, being to ſit there only for the duration of the parliament, at the end of which, a new election muſt be made. If thoſe elections are *free* and *uninfluenced*, this alteration in the Engliſh conſtitution may prove very much to its advantage, becauſe ſuch a number of independent votes will balance *any part of the houſe of peers*, over which the court may have obtained too great an influence; but if they ſhould ever be *choſen by corruption*, and have no hopes of *ſitting there again*, except by an *unconſtitutional dependence* on the favour of a court, then ſuch a number added to the *others* would grievouſly endanger the conſtitution, and the houſe of lords, inſtead of being, as it ought, a *mediating power* between the crown and the people, would become a ſort of *anti-chamber to the court*, a mere *office* for *executing* and *authoriſing* the purpoſes of a *miniſter*.

I have now, my dear Mirza, traced thee out a general plan of the Engliſh conſtitution, and I believe thou wilt agree with me upon the whole, *that a better can hardly be contrived*; the only misfortune is, that *ſo good a one can hardly be preſerved*.

The great diſtinction between the ancient plan of it, and that which has taken place ſince the expulſion of the Stuarts is this, that the firſt was *leſs perfect*, but *better ſecured*, becauſe the nobility and people *had the ſword in their hands*; whereas the laſt is more *regular*, ſubject to *fewer diſorders*, and in the frame of it *more free*, but *ill ſecured*, the ſword being *only in the hands of the king:* to which is added a vaſt encreaſe of the *wealth* of the crown, and a mighty influence gained to it by the debts of the public, which have brought on new *taxes*, new *powers* for the raiſing thoſe taxes, of a very dangerous nature, and a prodigious multiplication of *officers* wholly dependent upon the court; from all which the court has acquired new means of *corruption*, without any new *effectual* ſecurities againſt that corruption being yet gained on the ſide of the people. And this ſort of power is ſo much more to be feared than any other, as it cannot be exerciſed without *depraving the morals*, and *debaſing the ſpirit* of the whole people, which in the end would not only enſlave them, but render their ſervitude *voluntary*, *deſerved*, and *remedileſs*.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

IN former reigns, when parliaments were laid aſide for any length of time, the whole authority of the ſtate was lodged in a privy council, by the advice and direction of which, all affairs were carried on. But theſe counſellors being *choſen* by the king, and *depending* on his favour, were too apt to adviſe ſuch things only, as they knew would be moſt agreeable; and thus the intereſts of the nation were often ſacrificed to the profit and expectations of a few particulars. Yet ſtill, as on extraordinary occaſions the king might be forced to call a parliament, the fear of it was ſome check to their proceedings; and a degree of caution was natural to men who foreſaw they ſhould ſooner or later be called to an account. But let us ſuppoſe, that any future prince could wholly *influence the election of a parliament*, and make the members of it *dependent on himſelf*, what would be the difference between *that parliament* and a privy council? would it ſpeak the ſenſe of the nation, or of the court? would the intereſt of the people be conſidered in it, or that of their repreſentatives? They would only differ in this reſpect, that *one*, having no power above it, *might be abſolutely free from all reſtraint*, which, with the terror of a parliament hanging over it, the *other never could*.

This is the only imaginable method, by which the liberty of the Engliſh nation can be attacked with any ſucceſs; but thou wilt aſk to what end ſhould an attack of this nature be made. Why ſhould a king of England go about to deſtroy a conſtitution, the maintenance of which would render him both great and happy?

I reply, that a king indeed can have no reaſonable inducement to make ſuch an experiment, but a miniſter may find it neceſſary for his own ſupport; and happy would it have been for many countries, if the *maſter*'s intereſt had been conſidered by the *ſervant* half ſo warmly as the *ſervant*'s by the *maſter*.

If a man who travels through Italy was to aſk, what advantage all the wealth in religious houſes, and all the idolatrous worſhip paid there, are to the ſaints they are dedicated to? The anſwer muſt be, *Of none at all.* But the prieſts, who are really gainers by them, know that they abuſe the people to very good purpoſe; and make uſe of a *venerable name*, not from any regard they have to it, but to raiſe their

own greatneſs, ſwell their own pride, and *cover* and *ſecure* their own extortion.

By the weakneſs therefore of princes, the arts of miniſters, and the ſeduction of the people againſt their own intereſts, the conſtitution of England only can periſh, and probably will periſh at laſt. This will happen ſooner or later, as more or leſs care is taken by thoſe whoſe duty it is to watch over it. I am not ignorant that there are ſome viſionary men, who dream of ſchemes to perpetuate it beyond all poſſibility of future change: but I have always thought the ſame of political projects to render a government, as of chemical projects to render a man *immortal*. Such a *grand elixir* cannot be found; and thoſe who would *tamper* with ſtates in hopes of procuring them that *immortality*, are the moſt unfit to preſcribe to them of all men in the world. But at the ſame time that I know this, I alſo know, that the date of a government may be *prolonged* by proper and ſalutary remedies, applied by thoſe who underſtand its true nature, and join to ſpeculative wiſdom, *experience* and *temper*. Nor ſhould I think it all a better excuſe for aſſiſting to ruin the conſtitution of my country, that it *muſt come to an end*, and perhaps *begins to decay*, than for joining in the murder of my father, that he *muſt die at laſt*, and *begins to grow old*.

LETTER LXVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE other morning, a friend of mine came to me, and told me, with the air of one who brings an agreeable piece of news, that there was a lady who moſt paſſionately deſired the pleaſure of my acquaintance, and had commiſſioned him to carry me to ſee her.—I will not deny to thee, that my vanity was a little flattered with this meſſage: I fancied ſhe had ſeen me in ſome public place, and taken a liking to my perſon; not being able to comprehend what other motive could make her ſend for a man ſhe was a ſtranger to in ſo free and extraordinary a manner. I painted her in my own imagination very young, and very handſome, and ſet out with moſt pleaſing expectations, to ſee the conqueſt I had made: but when I arrived at the place of aſſignation, I found a little old woman very dirty, encircled by four or five ſtrange fellows, one of whom had a paper in his hand, which he was reading to her with all the emphaſis of an author.

My

My coming in obliged him to break off, which put him a good deal out of humour; but the lady, underſtanding who I was, received me with great ſatisfaction, and told me, ſhe had long had a curioſity to be acquainted with a Mahometan: for you muſt know, ſaid ſhe, that I have applied myſelf particularly to the ſtudy of *theology*, and by profound meditation and enquiry have formed a religion of my own, much better than *the vulgar one* in all reſpects. I never admit any body to my houſe, who is not diſtinguiſhed from the *common herd of chriſtians* by ſome extraordinary notion in divinity: all theſe gentlemen are *eminently heretical*, each in a way peculiar to himſelf: they are ſo good to do me the honour of inſtructing me in their ſeveral points of faith, and ſubmit their opinions to my judgement. Thus, Sir, I have compoſed a private ſyſtem, which muſt neceſſarily be perfecter than any, becauſe it is collected out of all; but to compleat it, I want a little of the *Koran*, a book which I have heard ſpoken of mighty handſomely by many learned men of my acquaintance: and I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhould have a very good opinion of Mahomet himſelf, if he was not a little too hard upon the ladies. Be ſo kind therefore to *initiate* me in *your myſteries*, and you ſhall find me very *docile* and very *grateful*.

Madam, replied I in great confuſion, I did not come to England as a *miſſionary*, and was never verſed in *religious diſputation*. But if a Perſian *tale* would entertain you, I could tell you one that the Eaſtern ladies are mighty fond of.

A Perſian *tale!* cried ſhe; have you the inſolence to offer me a Perſian *tale!* Really, Sir, I am not uſed to be ſo affronted.

At theſe words, ſhe retired into her cloſet, with her whole train of *metaphyſicians*, and left my friend and me to go away, as unworthy of any further communion with her.

LETTER LXIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

WOuld'ſt thou know, Mirza, the preſent ſtate of Europe? I will give it thee in very few words.—There is *one nation* in it, which thinks of nothing but how to *prey* upon the *others*, while the others are entirely taken up with *preying* upon *themſelves*. There is *one nation* where particulars take a pride in the glory of their country; while in *the others* no glory is conſidered, but that of raiſing or improving a vaſt eſtate. There is *one nation* which, though able in negociation, puts its principal confidence in *the ſword*; while

while *the others* truſt wholly to *the pen*, though much leſs capable of uſing it with advantage. There is *one nation* which invariably purſues *a great plan of general dominion*, while *the others* are purſuing *little intereſts*, through a labyrinth of *changes* and *contradictions*. What, Mirza, doſt thou think will be the conſequence? Is it not probable that *this nation* will in the end be lord of all the reſt? It certainly muſt—one thing only can hinder it, which is, that the fear of falling under that yoke, when the peril appears to be imminent, may raiſe a different ſpirit *in all thoſe nations*, and work out their ſafety from their danger itſelf.

LETTER LXX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I WAS the other day in a coffee-houſe, where I found a man declaiming upon the preſent ſtate of Perſia, and ſo warm for the intereſts of Tamas Kouli Kan, our invincible general (*a*), that if it had not been for his language and dreſs, I ſhould have taken him for a Perſian.

Sir, ſaid I, are you acquainted with Tamas Kouli Kan, that you concern yourſelf thus about him? No, ſaid he, I was never out of England; but I love the Perſians, for being enemies to the Turks.

What hurt have the Turks done you, anſwered I, that you bear ſuch enmity againſt them?

Sir, replied he, I am afraid they ſhould hurt the *emperor*, whoſe friend I have always declared myſelf.

I enquired of a gentleman that ſate by me, who this FRIEND OF THE EMPEROR might be? and was told that he was a *dancing-maſter* in St. James's-ſtreet.

For my part (ſaid a young gentleman finely dreſt, that ſtood ſipping a diſh of tea by the fire-ſide) I do not care if Tamas Kouli Kan, and the great Turk, and all the Perſians and emperors in Europe were at the bottom of the ſea, provided Farinelli be but ſafe.

The indifference of this gentleman ſurpriſed me more than the importance of the other.

If you are concerned for Farinelli, ſaid a third (who, they told me, was a chemiſt) perſuade him to take my *drop*, and that will ſecure him from the humidity of the Engliſh air, which may very much prejudice his voice.

(*a*) By theſe words it appears, that theſe Letters were writ before Tamas Kouli Kan uſurped the throne.

Will

Will it not alſo make a *man* of him *again*, ſaid a gentleman to the doctor? After the miracles we have been told it has performed, there is nothing more wanting but *ſuch a cure* to compleat its reputation.

LETTER LXXI.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

A FRIEND of mine was talking to me ſome days ago of the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, which appeared ſo ſtrongly in the firſt profeſſors of our religion; and, as he pretended, in the prophet himſelf: to that chiefly he aſcribed their mighty conqueſts, and obſerved, that there needed nothing more to render them invincible, ſuch a ſpirit being conſtantly attended with a contempt of pleaſure and of eaſe, of danger and of pain. If, ſaid he, the enthuſiaſts of this country, in the reign of Charles the Firſt, had been united among themſelves, like the Arabians under Mahomet and his ſucceſſors, I make no doubt but they might have conquered all Europe: but unhappily their enthuſiaſm was directed to different points; ſome were bigots to the church of England, ſome to Calvin, ſome to particular whimſies of their own; one ſet of them ran mad for a republic, others were no leſs out of their wits in the love of monarchy; ſo that inſtead of making themſelves formidable to their neighbours, they turned the edge of their fury againſt each other, and deſtroyed all peace and order here at home. Yet as much as our anceſtors ſuffered then by the wrong direction of their zeal, I wiſh the preſent age may not ſuffer more by the *total want* of it among us. There is ſo cold and lifeleſs an unconcern to every thing but a narrow, private intereſt; we are ſo little in earneſt about religion, virtue, honour, or the good of our country; that unleſs ſome ſpark of the ancient fire ſhould revive, I am afraid we ſhall jeſt away our liberties, and all that is ſerious to our happineſs. If the great Mr. Hampden had converſed with our modern race of wits, he would have been told, that it was a *ridiculous enthuſiaſm*, to trouble himſelf about a trifling ſum of money, becauſe it was raiſed againſt the privileges of the people; and that he might *get* a thouſand times more than he diſputed for, by a *prudent ſubmiſſion*.

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LETTER LXXII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* ISPAHAN.

From London.

THERE is a new ſcience produced in Europe of late years, entirely unknown to any former age, or to any other part of the world, which is called TREATY LEARNING. I have been let into a general idea of it, by a very ingenious friend of mine, who has acquired a conſiderable talent in it, having ſerved an apprenticeſhip of twenty years under different maſters in foreign courts, and made, in a political ſenſe, *the tour of Europe*. He tells me, it is a very extenſive ſtudy; for not only *the rights* of every prince, but *their inclinations to the rights of any other*, are therein ſet forth and comprehended. This has branched itſelf out into an infinity of *ſeparate* and *ſecret articles*, *engagements*, *counter-engagements*, *memorials*, *remonſtrances*, *declarations*; all which the learned in this ſcience are required to know perfectly by heart, that they may be ready upon occaſion to apply them, or elude their application, as the intereſt of their maſters ſhall demand.

He ſhewed me ten or twelve volumes lately publiſhed, conſiſting only of the treaties which have been made ſince the beginning of this century, four or five of which were quite filled with thoſe of England.

Sure, ſaid I, this huge heap of negociations could never have been employed about the buſineſs of this little ſpot of earth for ſo ſmall a ſpace of time as *thirty years?* No,—the affairs of all Europe muſt be ſettled in them, *for the next century at leaſt.—For the next ſeſſion of parliament*, anſwered he; *theſe political machines* are ſeldom mounted to go longer than *that period*, without being *taken to pieces*, or *new-wound-up*.

But how, ſaid I, could England, which is an iſland, be enough concerned in what paſſes on the continent, to undergo all this labour in adjuſting it?

O, replied he, we grew weary of being confined *within the narrow verge of our own intereſts*; we thought it looked more *conſiderable* to *expatiate*, and give our talents *room to play*. But this was not the only end of our continual and reſtleſs agitation: it may frequently be the intereſt of a miniſter, if he finds things in a calm, to *trouble the waters*, and work up a ſtorm about him; if not to perplex and confound thoſe *above him*, yet to embarraſs and intimidate the *competitors* or *rivals* of his power.

Perhaps

Perhaps too, there might be ſtill a deeper motive: theſe engagements are for the moſt part pretty chargeable; and thoſe who are obliged to make them good, complain that they are much *the poorer for them*; but it is not ſure, that *thoſe who form them* are ſo too.—

As far, ſaid I, as my little obſervation can enable me to judge of theſe affairs, the multiplicity of your treaties is as hurtful as the multiplicity of your laws. In Aſia, *a few plain words* are found ſufficient to ſettle the differences of particulars in a ſtate, or of one ſtate with another; but here you run *into volumes* upon both; and what is the effect of it? Why after *great trouble* and *great expence*, you are as far from a *deciſion* as before; nay, often more puzzled and confounded. The only diſtinction ſeems to be, that in your law ſuits, perplexing as they are, there is at laſt, *a rule of equity* to reſort to; but in the other diſputes, the laſt appeal is to *the iniquitous rule of force*, and princes treat by the mouths of *their great guns*, which ſoon demoliſh all the *paper* on both ſides, and tear to pieces every *cobweb of negociation*.

LETTER LXXIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I WAS lately at a tavern with a ſet of company very oddly put together: there was a country gentleman, a man of honeſt principles, but extremely a bigot to his religion, which was that of the church of Rome; there was a lawyer, who was a very good proteſtant, moderate to thoſe who differed from him in points of belief, but zealous in the cauſe of civil liberty; there was a courtier, who ſeemed not to believe any thing, and to be angry with every body that did.

This laſt, very rudely attacked the faith of the poor country gentleman, and laid open to him the frauds of the Roman prieſt-hood, who, by ſlow, but regular degrees, had erected ſuch a tyranny over the minds and ſpirits of the people, that nothing was too groſs for them to impoſe, or too arrogant to aſſume. He ſet forth the vaſt difference between a *biſhop* in the primitive ages of chriſtianity, and a *pope*, with a triple crown upon his head, and half the wealth of Chriſtendom in his treaſury. He lamented the ſimplicity of thoſe, who, without looking back to the *original* of things, imagine that all is *right* which they find *eſtabliſhed*; and miſtake the *corruptions of a ſyſtem* for the *ſyſtem itſelf*: he inveighed againſt the

the pusillanimity of others, who though they *see* the corruptions, and *detest* them, yet suffer them to continue *unreformed*, only because they *have been tolerated so long*; as if any *evil* was *less dangerous*, by being grown *habitual*.

He concluded, by declaiming very eloquently on the use and advantage of *free-thinking*, that is, of doubting and examining every article proposed to our belief, which alone could detect these impositions, and confound the ill purposes of their authors; mixing, in the course of his talk, with these just reflexions, many licentious *witticisms* against what *all religion* and *all philosophy* have ever accounted sacred and venerable.

His antagonist had little to reply, but intrenched himself in the necessity of *submitting* to the *authority* of the *church*, and the danger of allowing private *judgment* to call in question *her* decisions.

The dispute would have been turned into a quarrel by the zeal of *one*, and the asperity of the *other*, had not the lawyer very seasonably interposed, who, addressing himself to the advocate for freedom, desired to know, whether *liberty* in *temporals* was not of importance to mankind, as well as *liberty* in *spirituals?* how then comes it, that you who are so warm for the maintenance of *the last*, are so notoriously indifferent to the first? to what shall we ascribe the mighty difference between your POLITICAL and RELIGIOUS FAITH? and whence is it that the former is so *easy*, and the latter so *intractable?* can *those* who are thus quick-sighted in the frauds of *ecclesiastical dominion* see no juggling at all in their *civil rulers?* are the *impositions* less glaring or more tolerable, which *they* both acquiesce in and support, than those which they so violently oppose? Let us take the very instance you have given. — Is a *pope* more *unlike* to a *christian bishop*, than a *sole minister* to an *officer of a free state?* if you *look back* to the *original* of things, what traces will you find of *such an office?* in what antient constitution can you discover the foundations of *such a power?* is not this a most manifest corruption, growing out of ten thousand corruptions, and naturally productive of ten thousand more? if you say these are *mysteries of state*, and therefore *not to be examined*; I am sure the *mysteries* you attack have yet a better title to your respect, and less mischief will attend on their remaining not subject to *enquiry*.

Or will you borrow the arguments of your adversary, and plead the *necessity of submission*, and the *danger* of setting up *reason* against *authority?* if so, I would only put you in mind, that *all authority flows from reason*, and ought to lose its force in proportion as it deviates from its source.

It

It is a jeſt to ſay, that mankind cannot be governed without *theſe impoſitions*; they were governed happily before *theſe* were *invented*, much more happily than they have been ever ſince: as well may it be ſaid, that chriſtian piety, which was eſtabliſhed in plain dealing and ſimplicity, muſt be ſupported by the knavery and pageantry introduced in late ages by the church of Rome. But the truth is, that moſt men do in the ſtate juſt what you ſay has been done in the church; they *maintain abuſes by preſcription*, and make the *bad* condition things *are in*, an argument for letting them *grow worſe*.

I cannot, ſaid I, debate with the gentleman who has attacked the abuſes of eccleſiaſtical power upon the particular facts he has aſſerted, nor will I wholly deny the concluſions he draws from thoſe facts. But it ſeems to me that he has often confounded two things entirely different; a juſt regard to religion, without which no ſociety can long ſubſiſt, and a weak attachment to what either folly or knavery may have grafted upon religion, and ſanctified under that name. To diſtinguiſh theſe is the part of a man of ſenſe, and a good man; but to attack both without any diſtinction, to attack the firſt becauſe of the laſt, is at leaſt as far from true wiſdom as ſuperſtition itſelf. Can a worſe corruption, or a more dreadful diſorder, ariſe in any government than an open contempt of religion, avowed and profeſſed; a nation where *that* prevails is on the brink of deſtruction. What degree of reſpect or ſubmiſſion is due to particular religious opinions, even to thoſe that are not *eſſential*, I will not take upon me now to diſpute; but this I am ſure of, that a *blind confidence* in *temporal* affairs agrees very ill with *doubt* in *ſpirituals*. A free enquirer into points of ſpeculation ſhould, beyond all others, be aſhamed of a tame compliance in points of action.

The *unthinking* may be paſſive from deluſion, or at leaſt from inadvertency; but the *greateſt monſter* and *worſt criminal* in ſociety, is a FREE-THINKING SLAVE.

LETTER LXXIV.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

EVERY nation has ſome peculiar excellence by which it is diſtinguiſhed from its neighbours, and of which without vanity it may boaſt: thus Italy produces the fineſt *ſingers*; England the ſtouteſt *boxers*; Germany the profoundeſt *theologians*; and France is incomparable for its COOKS. This laſt advantage carries the palm from all the reſt, and that nation

tion has great reason to be proud of it, as a talent of universal currency; and for which all other countries do them homage: on this single perfection depends the pleasure, the magnificence, the pride, nay the reputation of every court in Europe; without a good French *cook* there is no embassador can possibly do his master's business; no secretary of state can hold his office, no man of quality can support his rank and dignity. A friend of mine, who frequently has the honour to dine at the tables of *the great*, for which he pays no higher price than *his vote in parliament*, has sometimes obliged me with the bill of fare, and (as near as he could) an estimate of the charge which these genteel entertainments are attended with. I told him, that their dinners put me in mind of what I had heard about their politicks: they are *artificial*, *unsubstantial* and *unwholesome*, but at the same time most *ruinously expensive*. Sure, said I, your *great men* must have *digestions* prodigiously sharp and strong, to carry off such a load of various meats as are served up to them every day! they must not only be made with *heads* and *hearts*, but with *stomachs* very *different* from other people!

Not in the least, answered he—They seldom touch any of the dainties that are before them: those dainties, like the women in your seraglios, are more intended for *ornament* than *use*. There is always a plain dish set in a corner, a homely joint of English beef or mutton, on which the master of the feast makes his dinner, and two or three choice friends, who are allowed to have a cut with him out of special grace and favour, while the rest are languishing in vain for such a happiness, and piddling upon ortolans and truffles.

I have seen a poor country gentleman sit down to one of these fine dinners with an extream dislike to the French cookery; yet, for fear of being counted unpolite, not daring to refuse any thing that was offered him; but cramming and sweating with the struggle between his aversion and civility.

Why then, said I, this continual extravagance? why this number of victims daily sacrificed to the dæmon of luxury? how is it worth a man's while to undo himself, perhaps to undo his country, that his board may be graced with patès of perigord, when his guests had rather have the fowl from his barn-door? your comparison of the seraglio will not hold; for though indeed there is an unnecessary variety, yet they are not *all* served up to us *together*; we content ourselves with *one* or *two* of them at a meal, and reserve the rest for future entertainments. I concluded with repeating to him a story, which is taken out of the annals of our kings.

Scha-

Schah Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became ſo great a prince. One might have judged of the vaſtneſs of his empire, by the variety of diſhes at his table: ſome were ſent him from the Euphrates and Perſian gulph, others from the Oxus and Caſpian ſea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the beſt diſh of all the feaſt, out of reſpect for the dignity of his office: but inſtead of falling-to, and eating heartily, as *holy men* are wont to do, he fetched a diſmal groan, and fell a weeping. Schah Abbas, ſurpriſed at his behaviour, deſired him to explain it to the company: he would fain have been excuſed, but the ſophi ordered him, on pain of his diſpleaſure, to acquaint them with the cauſe of his diſorder.

Know then ſaid he, O monarch of the earth, that when I ſaw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream or rather viſion which was ſent me from the prophets whom I ſerve: on the ſeventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was ſleeping under the ſhade of the ſacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the ſanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the loweſt heaven, where the meſſenger of God, on whom be peace, was ſitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around his ſtood an infinite throng of animals, of every ſpecies and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint againſt thee, Schah Abbas, for deſtroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any neceſſity could juſtify, or any natural appetite demand.

It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered, to compoſe one diſh for the niceneſs of thy palate; ſome gave their tongues only, ſome their bowels, ſome their fat, and others their brains or blood. In ſhort, they declare, ſuch conſtant waſte was made of them, that unleſs a ſtop was put to it in time, they ſhould periſh entirely by thy luttony. The prophet, hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered ſix vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they inſtantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy ſtomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than thoſe of other men: when it was found to be juſt of the common ſize, he permitted all the animals to take reprizals on the body of their deſtroyer; but before one in ten thouſand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; ſo ill-proportioned was the offender to the offence.—

This ſtory made ſuch an impreſſion on the ſophi, that he would not ſuffer above one diſh of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

LETTER LXXVI.

To IBRAHIM MOLLAC *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

YES, holy Mollac, I am more and more convinced of it; infidelity is certainly attended with a ſpirit of infatuation. The prophet hurts the underſtandings of thoſe who refuſe to receive his holy law; he puniſhes the hardneſs of their hearts, by the depravation of their judgments. How can we otherwiſe account for what I have ſeen ſince my arrival among Chriſtians?

I have ſeen a people, whoſe very being depends on commerce, ſuffer *luxury* and the *heavy load of taxes* to ruin their manufactures at home, and turn the balance againſt them in foreign trade!—

I have ſeen them glory in the greatneſs of their wealth, when they are reduced every year to carry on the expences of government, by robbing the very *fund* which is to eaſe them of a debt of *fifty millions!*

I have ſeen them *fit out fleets*, *augment* their *forces*, expreſs continual *fears* of an *invaſion*, and ſuffer continual depredations upon their merchants from a contemptible enemy, yet all the while hug themſelves in the notion of being bleſt with a *profound and laſting peace!*

I have ſeen them wrapped up in full ſecurity, upon the flouriſhing ſtate of *public credit*, only becauſe they had a *prodigious ſtock of paper*, which now, indeed, they circulate as money; but which the firſt alarm of a calamity may, in an inſtant, make *meer paper* of again!

I have ſeen them conſtantly buſied in *paſſing laws* for the better regulation of their *police*, and never taking any care of their *execution:* loudly declaring the abuſes of their government, and quietly allowing them to encreaſe!

I have ſeen them diſtreſt for *want of hands* to carry on their huſbandry and manufactures, yet permitting thouſands of their people to be deſtroyed, or rendered uſeleſs and hurtful to ſociety, by the abominable uſe of *ſpirituous liquors!*

I have ſeen them make ſuch a *proviſion for their poor*, as would relieve all their wants, if well applied; and ſuffer a third part of them to *ſtarve*, from the roguery and riot of thoſe entruſted with the care of them!

But the *greateſt* of all the *wonders* I have ſeen, and which moſt of all proves their *infatuation*, is, that *they profeſs* To MAINTAIN LIBERTY BY CORRUPTION.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I Felicitate thee, Mirza, on thy new dignity; I bow myself reverently before thee, not with the heart of a flatterer, but a friend: the favour of thy master shines upon thee; he has raised thee to the right hand of his throne; the treasures of Persia are committed to thy custody: if thou behavest thyself honestly and wisely, I shall think thee much *greater* from thy *advancement*; if otherwise, much *lower* than before. Thou hast undertaken a charge very important to thy prince, and to his people; both are equally concerned in thy administration, both have equally a right to thy fidelity. If ever thou shalt separate their interests, if thou shalt set up the one against the other, know, it will end in the ruin of *both*. Do not imagine, that thy master will be richer by draining his subjects of their wealth: such *gains* are *irreparable losses*; they may serve a present sordid purpose, but dry up the sources of opulence for futurity. I would recommend to thy attention and remembrance, the saying of a famous English *treasurer* in the happy reign of queen Elizabeth. *I do not love*, said that truly able minister, *to see the treasury swell like a distempered spleen, when the other parts of the state are in a consumption.*—Be it thy care to prevent such a decay; and, to that end, not only save the public all unnecessary expence, but so *digest* and *order* what is needful, that *perplexity* may not serve to cover *fraud*, nor *incapacity* lurk behind *confusion*. Rather submit to any difficulty and distress in the conduct of thy ministry, than *anticipate* the revenues of the government without an absolute necessity; for such expedients are a *temporary ease*, but a *permanent destruction*.

In relieving the people from their taxes, let it also be thy glory to relieve them from the infinite number of *tax-gatherers*, which, far worse than the Turkish or Russian armies, have *harrassed* and *plundered* our poor country.

As thou art the distributor of the bounties of the crown, make them the reward of service and merit; not the hire of parasites and flatterers to thy master, or *thyself*. But, above all, as thou art now a *public person*, elevate thy mind beyond any *private view*; try to enrich the public before thyself; and think less of establishing thy family at the head of thy country, than of setting thy country at the head of Asia.

If thou canſt ſteadily perſevere in ſuch a conduct, thy prince will want *thee* more than thou doſt *him*: if thou buildeſt thy fortune on *any other baſis*, how high ſoever it may riſe, it will be tottering from the *weakneſs of its foundation*.

He alone is a *miniſter of ſtate*, whoſe ſervices are *neceſſary to the public*; the reſt are *the creatures of caprice*, and feel *their ſlavery* even *in their power*.

LETTER LXXVIII.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

THE virtuous Abdallah is returned to England, after having been abſent fourteen moons. I yeſterday reſtored to him his lovely Zelis, the *wife* whom he had given me at his departure, and whom I had treated like a *ſiſter*. Nothing ever was ſo moving as the ſcene, when I joined their hands again after a ſeparation which they had feared would prove eternal. The poſſeſſion of the fineſt woman in the world could not give me ſo much pleaſure as this act of humanity and juſtice: I made two people happy who deſerved it; and am ſecured of the affections of both to the laſt moment of their lives. When the tranſports of their joy were a little over, Abdallah gave me the following relation of all that had happened to him ſince he left us.—

The HISTORY *of* Abdallah.

YOU know that I ſailed from England with an intent to redeem my father from captivity: as ſoon as I came from Malta, I went and threw myſelf at the feet of the grand maſter, beſeeching him to take the ranſom I had brought, and ſet my father free.

He anſwered me, that the perſon for whom I ſued, was no longer in a condition to be ranſomed, being condemned to die the next day. I was ready to die myſelf at this account; and deſiring to know his offence, was informed, that, being unable to redeem himſelf, he was put to the oar like a common ſlave, without any regard to his innocence or age: that during an engagement with a Turkiſh ſhip, he had perſuaded the other ſlaves to quit their oars and fight againſt the Chriſtians; but that being overpowered, he was brought to Malta, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as an example to the other captives in the gallies: that this dread-

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ful ſentence was to be executed upon him the morning after my arrival, and no ranſom could be accepted for his life.

O Heaven! ſaid I, did I come ſo far to no other purpoſe, but to be witneſs of the death of my wretched father, and a death ſo full of horror? Would the waves of the ſea had ſwallowed me up, before I reached this fatal and accurſed ſhore! O Abderamen! O my father! what avails to thee the piety of thy ſon? how ſhall I bear to take my leave of thee for ever, at our firſt meeting, after an abſence which ſeemed ſo long? Can I ſtand by, and give thee up to torments, when I flattered myſelf that I arrived to bring thee liberty? Alas! my preſence will only aggravate thy ſufferings, and make the bitterneſs of death more inſupportable.

In this extremity, I offered the grand maſter, not only to pay down all the ranſom I had promiſed before, but to yield myſelf a voluntary ſlave, and ſerve in the gallies all my life, if Abderamen's might be ſpared.

He ſeemed touched with my propoſal, and inclined to pity me; but was told by a jeſuit, who was his confeſſor, that an example of ſeverity was neceſſary; and that he ought to pardon my father on no terms but renouncing Mahometiſm, and being converted immediately to the *church of Rome*.

No, cried I, if that is to be the price of a few unhappy years, it is better both of us ſhould periſh than accept them. But can you, ſaid I to the prieſt, who profeſs an holineſs ſuperior to other men, can you obſtruct the mercy of your prince, and compel him to deſtroy a wretched man, whoſe only crime was the natural love of liberty? is this your way of making converts to your faith, by terror of racks and wheels, inſtead of reaſon?—

My reproaches ſignified nothing but to incenſe him, and I quitted the palace in deſpair. I was going to the priſon to my father, for the firſt and laſt time, when a Turkiſh ſlave accoſted me, and bid me follow him.—I refuſed to do it, but he aſſured me it was of moment to the life of Abderamen. I followed him, and he led me by a back-way to a woman's apartment in the palace.—I continued there till paſt midnight without ſeeing any body, in agitations not to be conceived: at laſt there came to me a lady richly dreſſed in the habit of my own country. After looking at me attentively ſome time, O! Abdallah, ſaid ſhe, have you forgot Zoraide, the ſiſter of Zelis?

Theſe words ſoon brought her to my remembrance, though I had not ſeen her for many years: I embraced her tenderly, and deſired to hear what fortune had carried her to Malta?

You

You know, said she, that my family is of the island of Cyprus, and that I was married young to a rich merchant of Aleppo. I had by him two children, a son and daughter; and lived very happily some years, till my husband's business carrying him to Cyprus, I persuaded him to let me go, and make a visit to my relations in that island. In our passage a violent storm arose, which drove us westward beyond the isle of Candia; and before we could put into any harbour, a Maltese pirate attacked us, killed my husband, and carried me to Malta. My beauty touched the heart of the grand master; which is the more surprizing, as I took no pains to set it off, thinking of nothing but the loss I had sustained: he bought me of the knight, whose prize I was; and I thought it some comfort in my captivity, that I was delivered from the hands that had been stained in my husband's blood. The passion of my new lord was so excessive, that he used me more like a princess than a slave. He could deny me nothing I asked him, and was so liberal, that he never approached me without a present. You see the pomp and magnificence in which I live: my wealth is great, and my power in this place superior to any-body's. Hear then, Abdallah, what my friendship has done for you, and remember the obligation you have to me. I have employed all my interest with my lover to save the life of Abderamen: he has consented to it, and moreover, to set him free upon the payment of the ransom you proposed. But, in recompence for the aid which I have given you, you must promise to assist me in an affair that will, probably, be attended with some danger. I assured her, there was nothing I would not risque to do the sister of Zelis any service.

You shall know, said she, what it is I require of you, when the time comes to put it in execution; till then remain at Malta, and wait my orders.

At these words she delivered to me a pardon under the seal of the grand master, and bid me carry it instantly to my father; I was so transported that I could not stay to thank her; I ran, I flew to the prison of Abderamen, and shewing the order I brought with me to his guards, was admitted to the dungeon where he lay.

The poor old man, expecting nothing but death, and believing I was the officer that came to carry him to the place of execution, fainted away before I had time to discover to him either my person or my errand. While he lay in that state of insensibility, I unbound his chains, and bore him into the open air, where, with a good deal of difficulty, he recovered. O my father! said I to him (when I perceived that his

his senses were returned) do you not know your son Abdallah, who is come hither to save your life, who has obtained your pardon, and redeemed you from captivity?—The surprize of joy that seized him in that instant, at my sight and words, was too sudden and violent for his age and weakness to support. He struggled some time to make an answer; but at last, straining me in his arms, and muttering some half-formed sounds, he sunk down, and expired in my bosom.

When I saw that he was dead, I lost all patience, and covering myself with dust bewailed my folly, in not telling him my good tidings by degrees.

By this time it was broad day, and the whole town being informed of my affliction, was gathered about me in great crowds. The grand master himself, taking pity of me, sent to tell me, that he would permit me to bear away my father's body to Aleppo, and excuse me the ransom I had offered, since death had delivered him without it. This indulgence comforted me a little, and I would have embarqued immediately for the Levant, if I had not been stopped by my promise to Zoraide. Several days past without my hearing any news of her. I had already hired a small vessel, and put on board the remains of Abderamen, when, late one night, I was waked out of my sleep by Zoraide in the habit of a man, who told me that she was come to claim my promise. I asked what she required me to do? To carry me to Aleppo, answered she, that I may see my dear children once again, and enrich them with the treasures which I have gained from the bounty of my lover. Those treasures are useless to me without them; in the midst of all my pomp and outward pleasure I am perpetually pining for their loss; *the mother's heart* is unsatisfied within; nor will it let me enjoy a moment's peace, till I am restored to them in my happy native land. As she said this, she showed me some bags of gold, and a casket filled with jewels of great value. I must insist, Abdallah, continued she, that you set sail this very night, and take me along with you. The weather is tempestuous, but that circumstance will favour my escape; and I had rather venture to perish in the sea, than live any longer from my family.

The sense of the obligation I had to her made me consent to do what she desired, how perilous soever it appeared to me. As I had a permission from the grand master to go away as soon as I thought fit, I put to sea that night without any hinderance; and the wind blowing hard off the shore, in a little while we were out of sight of Malta. The water was so rough for two or three days, that we thought it impossible

our

our barque could weather it out; but at length the ſtorms abating, we purſued our voyage with a very fair wind, and arrived ſafe in the port of Scanderoon. Zoraide was tranſported with the thought of being ſo near Aleppo, and her children; ſhe embraced me in the moſt affectionate manner, and expreſſed a gratitude for the ſervice I had done her far beyond what it deſerved. But how great was her diſappointment and affliction, when we were told by the people of Scanderoon, that the plague was at Aleppo, and had deſtroyed a third part of the inhabitants!

Ah, wretched Zoraide! cried ſhe weeping, where are now all thy hopes of being bleſt in the ſight of thy two children? perhaps thoſe two children are no more; or, if they ſtill live, it is in hourly expectation of dying with the reſt of their fellow citizens. Perhaps, at this moment they begin to ſicken, and want the care of their mother to tend upon them, when they are abandoned by every other friend.

Thus did ſhe torture herſelf with dreadful apprehenſions, and often turning her eyes towards Aleppo, gave herſelf up to all the agonies of grief.

I ſaid every thing I could think of to relieve her, but ſhe would not be comforted.

The next morning the ſervants I had put about her, came and told me, that ſhe was not to be found: they alſo brought me a letter which informed me, that not being able to endure the uncertainty ſhe was in about her children, ſhe had ſtolen away by night, and gone to Aleppo to ſhare their danger with them. That if ſhe and her family eſcaped the ſickneſs, I ſhould hear from her again; but that if they died, ſhe was reſolved not to ſurvive them. She added, that ſhe had left me a box of diamonds worth two thouſand piſtoles, being a fourth part of the jewels which ſhe had brought from Malta by my aſſiſtance.

You may imagine how deeply I was affected at reading this letter. I reſolved to ſtay at Scanderoon till I had ſome news of her, notwithſtanding my paſſionate deſire to return to Zelis. I had waited five weeks with great impatience, when we received accounts that the infection was ceaſed, and the commerce with Aleppo reſtored again. I immediately went to viſit my native town; but, alas! I had little pleaſure in the ſight of it, after ſo diſmal a calamity. My firſt enquiry was about Zoraide and her children. They carried me to her houſe, where I found her ſon, a youth of ſixteen. When I made myſelf known to him, he fell a weeping, and told me his mother and ſiſter were both dead. I very ſincerely

joined

joined with him in his grief, and offered to reſtore to him the jewels ſhe had given me. No, Abdallah, ſaid he, I am rich enough in what I inherit from my father and Zoraide. But theſe riches cannot comfort me for her death, nor any time wear out of my remembrance the uncommon affection which occaſioned it. O, Abdallah! what a mother have I loſt, and what a friend are you deprived of! When ſhe came hither, continued he, from Scanderoon, my ſiſter and I believed we had ſeen a ſpirit: but when we found it was really Zoraide, our hearts melted with tenderneſs and joy. That joy was ſoon over; for, the third day after her arrival at Aleppo, I found myſelf ſeized with the diſtemper. She never quitted my bedſide during my illneſs; and to the care ſhe took of me I owed my life: but it proved fatal to *her* and my poor ſiſter, who both caught the infection by nurſing me; and having weaker conſtitutions, were not able to ſtruggle with it ſo well. My ſiſter died firſt, and Zoraide quickly followed: when ſhe perceived herſelf juſt expiring, ſhe called me to her, and bid me endeavour to find you out at Scanderoon, and let you know, that ſhe bequeathed to you the portion ſhe had intended for my ſiſter, amounting to five thouſand pieces of gold, as to the man in the world ſhe moſt eſteemed: ſhe added, that to you ſhe recommended me with her lateſt breath, imploring you to take care of me for her ſake, and the ſake of her ſiſter Zelis.——

The poor boy was not able to go on with his ſtory any further. I accepted the legacy, and did my utmoſt to diſcharge worthily the truſt conferred upon me: but my firſt care was to bury Abderamen with all the pomp that our cuſtoms will admit. After ſome time ſpent in ſettling the affairs of my pupil, and my own, I took a paſſage on board an Engliſh ſhip, and arrived happily in London.

I am now poſſeſt of a fortune that is ſufficient to maintain Zelis in the manner I deſire, and have nothing more to aſk of Heaven but an opportunity of repaying you, O Selim, the friendſhip and goodneſs you have ſhewn me.

LETTER LXXIX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Iſpahan.

From London.

I AM going, in the confidence of friendſhip, to give thee a proof of the weakneſs of human nature, and the unaccountable capricioufneſs of our paſſions. Since I delivered up Zelis to her huſband, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

peace. Her beauty, which I saw without emotion while she continued *in my power*, now she is *out of it*, has fired me to that degree that I have almost lost my reason. I cannot bear to see her in the possession of the man to whom I gave her: if shame, if despair did not hinder it, I should ask him for her again.—In this uneasiness and disorder of mind, there remains but one part for me to take: I must fly from her charms and my own weakness, I must retire into Persia, and endeavour by absence, and different objects, to efface the impressions she has made. Alas! what shall I find there? a seraglio composed of beautiful *slaves*, the *mercenary prostitutes*, or *reluctant victims* to gross and tyrannical lust. What *rational commerce* can I hope for with *these*, what *true affection*, what *solid peace*, what *heart-felt delight?* But were Zelis my wife, *in such a wife* I should find the most *endeared*, most *pleasing*, most *faithful friend*. All the precautions of Eastern jealously would then be unnecessary; those wretched precautions, which, while they bar the door against dishonour, shut out esteem, the life of friendship, and confidence, the soul of love. Thou wilt be surprized at my talking thus; but what I feel for Zelis, and what I have seen in England, has overcome my native prejudices: I have seen here wives, over whose conduct, though perfectly free, *religion*, *honour* and *love* are stricter guards than legions of eunuchs, or walls of brass: I have seen, by consequence, *much happier husbands* than any Persian can possibly be. We will discourse on this subject more fully when I am with thee, and it will be my greatest pleasure to try to remove out of thy mind all those prepossessions of which my own has been cured by my abode in this country. If I bring thee home *truth*, I am sure thou wilt think that I have travelled to better purpose, than if I came back fraught with the gold of Peru, or the diamonds of Golconda. I have more than compleated the four years stay I proposed making in England, and am now determined to pass through France as far as Marseilles, and embarque from thence for the Levant, as soon as the business, with which I am charged on the part of some of my friends with the Turkey merchants there, will permit. It is my fixed resolution to go away, without giving Zelis the least intimation of the the cause of my departure: Abdallah shall never know that I am his *rival*; it would take too much from the character of a *friend*. Thou art the only one to whom I dare confide my folly; and since it has hurt no-body but myself, I hope thou wilt rather pity than blame me for it.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

SELIM *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

From London.

I AM just on the point of leaving England; Abdallah and Zelis have received my adieus; the combat is past; my resolutions strengthen, and thou mayest expect ere long to see thy friend with a *mind* a good deal altered by his travels, but a *heart* which to *thee*, to his *country*, and to his *duty*, is still *the same*.

It would be unjust and ungrateful in me to quit *this island*, without expressing a very high esteem of the *good sense*, *sincerity*, and *good-nature* I have found among *the English*: to these qualities I might also add *politeness*, which certainly they have as good a title to as *any of their neighbours*; but I am afraid that this accomplishment has been acquired too much at the expence of other virtues more solid and essential. Of their *industry*, their commerce is a proof; and for their *valour*, let their *enemies* declare it. Of their *faults* I will at present say no more, but that many of them are *newly introduced*, and so contrary to the genius of the people, that one would hope they might be easily rooted out. They are undoubtedly, all circumstances considered, a very *great*, a very *powerful*, and *happy* nation; but how long they shall *continue so*, depends entirely on the *preservation of their liberty*. To the *constitution* of their government alone are attached all these blessings and advantages: should *that* ever be *depraved* or *corrupted*, they must expect to become the most *contemptible*, and most *unhappy* of mankind. For what can so much aggravate the wretchedness of an oppressed and ruined people, as the remembrance of former freedom and prosperity? All the images and traces of their liberty, which it is probable no change will quite destroy, must be a perpetual reproach and torment to them, for having so degenerately parted with *their birth-right*. And if slavery is to be endured, where is the man that would not rather chuse it under the warm sun of Agra, or Ispahan, than in the Northern climate of England?

I have therefore taken my leave of my friends here, with this affectionate, well-meant advice, That they should vigilantly *watch over their constitution*, and guard it by those bulwarks which alone are able to secure *it*, *a firm union of all honest men*, *justice upon public offenders*, *national and private frugality*.

O B-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

CONVERSION AND APOSTLESHIP

OF

ST. PAUL.

IN

A LETTER TO GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

A LETTER

TO

GILBERT WEST, Esq.

SIR,

IN a late conversation we had together upon the subject of the Christian religion, I told you, that besides all the proofs of it which may be drawn from the prophecies of the Old Testament, from the necessary connexion it has with the whole system of the Jewish religion, from the miracles of Christ, and from the evidence given of his resurrection by all the other apostles, I thought the conversion and the apostleship of St. Paul alone, duly considered, was of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation.

As you seemed to think that so compendious a proof might be of use to convince those unbelievers that will not attend to a longer series of arguments, I have thrown together the reasons upon which I support that proposition.

In the xxviiith chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, writ by a cotemporary author, and a companion of St. Paul in preaching the gospel, as appears by the book itself, ch. xx. ver. 6, 13, 14. ch. xxvii. ver. 1. &c. St. Paul is said to have given himself this account of his conversion and preaching, to king Agrippa and Festus the Roman governor: 'My manner of 'life from my youth, which was, at the first, among mine 'own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, which knew 'me from the beginning (if they would testify) that after 'the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And 'now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made 'by God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve 'tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come: 'for which hope' sake, king Agrippa, I am accused by the 'Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with 'you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought 'with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to 'the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did

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'in Jeruſalem, and many of the ſaints did I ſhut up in pri-
'ſon, having received authority from the chief prieſts: and
'when they were put to death, I gave my voice againſt
'them. And I puniſhed them oft in every ſynagogue, and
'compelled them to blaſpheme, and being exceedingly mad
'againſt them, I perſecuted them even unto ſtrange cities.
'Whereupon as I went to Damaſcus with authority and com-
'miſſion from the chief prieſts, at mid-day, o king, I ſaw in
'the way a light from heaven, above the brightneſs of the
'ſun, ſhining round about me, and them which journeyed
'with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard
'a voice ſpeaking unto me, and ſaying in the Hebrew tongue,
'Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me? It is hard for thee to
'kick againſt the pricks. And I ſaid, Who art thou, Lord?
'And he ſaid, I am Jeſus whom thou perſecuteſt. But riſe,
'ſtand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this
'purpoſe, to make thee a miniſter, and a witneſs both of thoſe
'things which thou haſt ſeen, and of thoſe things in the
'which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the
'people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now ſend thee,
'to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkneſs to light,
'and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may re-
'ceive forgiveneſs of ſins, and inheritance among them which
'are ſanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, o king
'Agrippa, I was not diſobedient to the heavenly viſion: but
'ſhewed unto them of Damaſcus, and at Jeruſalem, and
'throughout all the coaſt of Judea, and to the Gentiles,
'that they ſhould repent and turn to God, and do works
'meet for repentance. For theſe cauſes the Jews caught
'me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having
'therefore obtained help from God, I continue unto this
'day witneſſing both to ſmall and great, ſaying none other
'things than thoſe which Moſes and the prophets did ſay
'ſhould come: that Chriſt ſhould ſuffer, and that he ſhould
'be the firſt that ſhould riſe from the dead, and ſhould ſhew
'light to the people, and to the Gentiles. And as he thus
'ſpake for himſelf, Feſtus ſaid with a loud voice, Paul, thou
'art beſide thyſelf; much learning doth make thee mad. But
'he ſaid, I am not mad, moſt noble Feſtus, but ſpeak
'forth the truth and ſoberneſs. For the king knoweth of
'theſe things, before whom alſo I ſpeak freely; for I am
'perſuaded that none of theſe things are hidden from him;
'for the thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa,
'believeſt thou the prophets? I know that thou believeſt.
'Then Agrippa ſaid unto Paul, Almoſt thou perſuadeſt me
'to be a Chriſtian. And Paul ſaid, I would to God that not

'only

'only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both al-
'most and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.' In another chapter of the same book (*a*) he gives in substance the same account of the Jews, adding these further particulars: 'And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the 'Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus, and there 'it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for 'thee to do. And when I could not see for the glory of that 'light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I 'came into Damascus. And one Ananias, a devout man 'according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews 'that dwelt there, came unto me, and stood, and said unto 'me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight; and the same hour I 'looked up upon him. And he said, The God of our fathers 'hath chosen thee, that thou should'st know his will, and 'see that just one, and should'st hear the voice of his mouth. 'For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou 'hast seen and heard. And now why tarriest thou? arise, 'and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the 'name of the Lord.'

In the ixth chapter of the same book, the author of it relates the same story, with some other circumstances not mentioned in these accounts: as, that Saul (*b*) *in a vision saw* Ananias before he came to him, *coming in, and putting his hand upon him that he might receive his sight.* And that when Ananias had spoken to him, *immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales.*

And agreeably to all these accounts, St. Paul thus speaks (*c*) of himself in the epistles he wrote to the several churches he planted; the authenticity of which cannot be doubted without overturning all rules, by which the authority and genuineness of any writings can be proved, or confirmed.

To the Galatians he says: 'I certify you (*d*), brethren, 'that the gospel which was preached by me is not after man. 'For I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, 'but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. For ye have heard 'of my conversation in time past in the Jews religion, how 'that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God, and 'wasted it. And profited in the Jews religion above many 'mine equals in my own nation, being more exceedingly 'zealous of the traditions of my fathers. But when it pleas-'ed God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and 'called me by his grace, to reveal his son in me, that I might

(*a*) Acts xxii. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.—(*b*) Acts ix. 12.—(*c*) Ver. 18.—(*d*) Gal. i. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

'preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred 'not with flesh and blood, &c.

'To the Philippians he says, 'If any other man (*e*) think-'eth that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I 'more: circumcised the eight day, of the stock of Israel, 'of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews. As 'touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecut-'ing the church; touching the righteousness which is in the 'law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those 'I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all 'things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ 'Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all 'things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.'

And in his epistle to Timothy he writes thus: 'I thank (*f*) 'Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he 'counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry, who 'was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; 'but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.'

In other epistles he calls himself *an apostle (g) by the will of God, by the commandment of God our saviour, and Lord* Jesus Christ; *—and an apostle, not of men, neither by men, but by* Jesus Christ, *and God the father, who raised him from the dead.* All which implies some miraculous call that made him an apostle. And to the Corinthians he says (*h*), after enumerating many appearances of Jesus after his insurrection, 'And 'last of all he was seen of me also as one born out of due 'time.'

Now it must of necessity be, that the person attesting these things of himself, and of whom they are related in so authentick a manner, either was an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive; or he was an enthusiast, who by the force of an over-heated imagination imposed on himself; or he was deceived by the fraud of others, and all that he said must be imputed to the power of that deceit; or what he declared to have been the cause of his conversion, and to have happened in consequence of it, did all really happen, and therefore the Christian religion is a divine revelation.

Now that he was not an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive, I shall endeavour to prove, by shewing that he could have no rational motives to undertake such an imposture, nor could have possibly carried it on with any success by the means we know he employed.

First then, the inducement to such an imposture must have been

(*e*) Phil. iii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.—(*f*) 1 Tim. i. 12, 13.—(*g*) 2 Cor. i. 1. Col. i. 1. 1 Tim. i. 1. Gal. i. 1.—(*h*) 1 Cor. xv. 8.

been one of these two, either the hope of advancing himself by it in his temporal interest, credit, or power; or the gratification of some of his passions under the authority of it, and by the means it afforded.

Now these were the circumstances in which St. Paul declared his conversion to the faith of Christ Jesus. That Jesus, who called himself the Messiah, and Son of God, notwithstand the innocence and holiness of his life, notwithstanding the miracles by which he attested his mission, had been crucified by the Jews as an impostor and blasphemer, which crucifixion not only must (humanly speaking) have intimidated others from following him, or espousing his doctrines, but served to confirm the Jews in their opinion that he could not be their promised Messiah, who according to all their prejudices was not to suffer in any manner, but to reign triumphant for ever here upon earth. His apostles indeed, though at first they appeared to be terrified by the death of their master, and disappointed in all their hopes, yet had surprisingly recovered their spirits again, and publicly taught in his name, declaring him to be risen from the grave, and confirming that miracle by many they worked, or pretended to work themselves. But the chief priests and rulers among the Jews were so far from being converted either by their words or their works, that they had begun a severe persecution against them, put some to death, imprisoned others, and were going on with impracticable rage against the whole sect. In all these severities St. Paul concurred (*i*), being himself a Pharisee, *bred up at the feet of* Gamaliel, one of the chief of that sect; nor was he content in the heat of his zeal with persecuting the Christians who were at Jerusalem (*k*), but *breathing out threatning and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem.* His request was complied with, *and he went to Damascus with authority and commission from the high priest.* At this instant of time, and under these circumstances, did he become a disciple of Christ. What could be his motives to take such a part? was it the hope of increasing his wealth? the certain consequence of his taking that part was not only the loss of all that he had, but of all hopes of acquiring more. Those whom he left, were the disposers of wealth, of dignity, of power in Judea: those whom he went to, were indigent men, oppressed and kept down from all means of improving their fortunes. They among them who had more than

(*i*) Acts vii. 9, 22, 23.—(*k*) Acts ix. 1, 2.—(*l*) Acts xxvi. 12.

the reſt, ſhared what they had with their brethren, but with this aſſiſtance the whole community was hardly ſupplied with the neceſſaries of life; and even in churches he afterwards planted himſelf, which were much more wealthy than that of Jeruſalem, ſo far was St. Paul from availing himſelf of their charity, or the veneration they had for him, in order to draw that wealth to himſelf, that he often refuſed to take any part of it for the neceſſaries of life.

Thus he tells the Corinthians, 'Even unto this preſent hour '(*m*) we both hunger and thirſt, and are naked, and are buffeted, 'and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour, working 'with our own hands.'

In another epiſtle he writes to them, 'Behold the third 'time (*n*) I am ready to come to you, and I will not be bur-'thenſome to you, for I ſeek not yours but you; for the chil-'dren ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for 'the children.'

To the Theſſalonians he ſays, 'As we were allowed of 'God (*o*) to be put in truſt with the goſpel, even ſo we 'ſpeak, not as pleaſing men, but God, which trieth our 'hearts. For neither at any time uſed we flattering words, 'nor a cloak of covetouſneſs, God is witneſs; nor of men 'ſought we glory, neither of you, nor yet of others, when 'we might have been burthenſome, as the apoſtles of Chriſt. 'For ye remember, brethren, our labour and travel: for 'labouring night and day, becauſe we would not be charge-'able to any of you, we preached unto you the goſpel of 'God (*p*).' And again, in another letter to them, he repeats the ſame teſtimony of his diſintereſtedneſs: 'Neither 'did we eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought with 'labour and travail night and day, that we might not be 'chargeable to any of you.' And when he took his farewel of the church of Epheſus, to whom he foretold that they ſhould ſee him no more, he gives this teſtimony of himſelf, and appeals to them for the truth of it: 'I have coveted no man's 'ſilver (*q*) or gold, or apparel. Yea, you yourſelves know, 'that theſe hands have miniſtered unto my neceſſities, and 'to them that were with me.' It is then evident both from the ſtate of the church when St. Paul firſt came into it, and from his behaviour afterwards, that he had no thoughts of increaſing his wealth by becoming a Chriſtian; whereas by continuing to be their enemy, he had almoſt certain hopes of making his fortune by the favour of thoſe who were at the head of the Jewiſh ſtate, to whom nothing could more recommend him

(*m*) 1 Cor. xv. 8.—(*n*) 2 Cor. xii. 14.—(*o*) 1 Theſſ. ii. 4, 5, 6, 9.—(*p*) 2 Theſſ. iii. 8.—(*q*) Acts xx. 33, 34.

him than the zeal that he ſhewed in that perſecution. As to credit or reputation, that too lay all on the ſide he forſook. The ſect he embraced was under the greateſt and moſt univerſal contempt of any then in the world. The chiefs and leaders of it were men of the loweſt birth, education, and rank. They had no one advantage of parts or learning, or other human endowments to recommend them. The doctrines they taught were contrary to thoſe, which they who were accounted the wiſeſt and the moſt knowing of their nation profeſſed. The wonderful works that they did, were either imputed to magic or to impoſture. The very author and head of their faith had been condemned as a criminal, and died on the croſs between two thieves. Could the diſciple of Gamaliel think he ſhould gain any credit or reputation by becoming a teacher in a college of fiſhermen? could he flatter himſelf, that either in or out of Judea the doctrines he taught could do him any honour? No, he knew very well that the *preaching Chriſt* crucified *was a ſtumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Greeks fooliſhneſs.* He afterwards found by experience, that in all parts of the world, contempt was the portion of whoever engaged in preaching a myſtery ſo unpalatable to the world, to all its paſſions and pleaſures, and ſo irreconcileable to the pride of human reaſon. *We are made* (ſays he to the Corinthians) *as the filth of the world, the offſcouring of all things unto this day.* Yet he went on as zealouſly as he ſet out, and *was not aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt.* Certainly then the deſire of glory, the ambition of *making to himſelf a great name*, was not his motive to embrace Chriſtianity. Was it then the love of power? power! over whom? over a flock of ſheep driven to the ſlaughter, whoſe ſhepherd himſelf had been murdered a little before. All he could hope from that power was to be marked out in a particular manner for the ſame knife, which he had ſeen ſo bloodily drawn againſt them. Could he expect more mercy from the chief prieſts and the rulers, than they had ſhewn to Jeſus himſelf? would not their anger be probably fiercer againſt the *deſerter* and *betrayer* of their cauſe, than againſt any other of the apoſtles? was power over ſo mean and deſpiſed a ſet of men worth the attempting with ſo much danger? But ſtill it may be ſaid, there are ſome natures ſo fond of power, that they will court it at any riſk, and be pleaſed with it even over the meaneſt. Let us ſee then what power St. Paul aſſumed over the Chriſtians. Did he pretend to any ſuperiority over the other apoſtles? No; he declared himſelf *the leaſt of* (r) *them*, and *leſs than the leaſt*

(r) Epheſ. iii. 8. 1 Cor. xv. 9.

leaſt of all ſaints. Even in the churches he planted himſelf, he never pretended to any primacy or power above the other apoſtles: nor would he be regarded any otherwiſe by them, than as the inſtrument to them of the grace of God, and preacher of the goſpel, not as the head of a ſect. To the Corinthians he writes in theſe words: 'Now this I ſay(*s*), 'that every one of you ſaith, I am of Paul, and I of Apol-'los, and I of Cephas, and I of Chriſt. Is Chriſt divided? 'was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the 'name of Paul?' And in another place, 'Who then is 'Paul (*t*), and who is Apollos, but miniſters by whom ye 'believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? for we 'preach not ourſelves (*u*), but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord, and 'ourſelves *your ſervants* for Jeſus ſake.'

All the authority he exerciſed over them was purely of a ſpiritual nature, tending to their inſtruction and edification, without any mixture of that civil dominion in which alone an impoſtor can find his account. Such was the dominion acquired and exerciſed through the pretence of divine inſpiration, by many ancient legiſlators; by Minos, Radamanthus, Triptolemus, Lycurgus, Numa, Zaleucus, Zoroaſter, Zamolxis, nay even by Pythagoras, who joined legiſlation to his philoſophy, and, like the others, pretended to miracles and revelations from God, to give a more venerable ſanction to the laws he preſcribed. Such, in later times, was attained by Odin among the Goths, by Mahomet among the Arabians, by Mango Copac among the Peruvians, by the Sofi family among the Perſians, and that of the Xeriffs among the Moors. To ſuch a dominion did alſo aſpire the many falſe Meſſiahs among the Jews. In ſhort, a ſpiritual authority was only deſired as a foundation for temporal power, or as the ſupport of it, by all theſe pretenders to divine inſpirations, and others whom hiſtory mentions in different ages and countries, to have uſed the ſame arts. But St. Paul innovated nothing in government or civil affairs, he meddled not with legiſlation, he formed no commonwealths, he raiſed no ſeditions, he affected no temporal power (*x*). Obedience to their rulers was the doctrine he taught to the churches he planted, and what he taught he practiſed himſelf; nor did he uſe any of thoſe ſoothing arts by which ambitious and cunning men recommend themſelves to the favour of thoſe whom they endeavour to ſubject to their power. Whatever was wrong in the diſciples under his care he freely reproved, as it became a teacher from God, of which numberleſs inſtances are to be found in all his epiſtles. And he was careful of them when he had left them, as while he reſided

(*s*) 1 Cor. i. 12, 13.—(*t*) 1 Cor. iii. 5.—(*u*) 2 Cor. iv. 5.—(*x*) Rom. xiii.

ed among them, which an impoſtor would hardly have been, whoſe ends were centered all in himſelf. This is the manner in which he writes to the Philippians: 'Wherefore, 'my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not in my preſence 'only, but now much more in my abſence, work out your 'own ſalvation with fear and trembling.' Phil. ii. 12. And a little after he adds the cauſe why he intereſted himſelf ſo much in their conduct (*y*), 'that ye may be blame-'leſs and harmleſs, the ſons of god in the midſt of a 'crooked and perverſe nation, among whom ye ſhine as 'lights in the world, holding forth the word of life; that 'I may rejoice in the day of Chriſt, that I have not run 'in vain, neither laboured in vain. Yea, and if I be offered 'upon the ſacrifice and ſervice of your faith, I joy and re-'joice with you all.' Are theſe the words of an impoſtor deſiring nothing but temporal power? No, they are evidently written by one who looked beyond the bounds of this life. But it may be ſaid, that he affected at leaſt an abſolute ſpiritual power over the churches he formed. I anſwer, *he preached* Chriſt Jeſus *and not himſelf.* Chriſt was the *head*, he only the *miniſter*, and for ſuch only he gave himſelf to them. He called thoſe who aſſiſted him in preaching the goſpel, his *fellow-labourers* and *fellow-ſervants.*

So far was he from taking any advantage of a higher education, ſuperior learning, and more uſe of the world, to claim to himſelf any ſupremacy above the other apoſtles, that he made light of all thoſe attainments, and declared, *that he came not with excellency of ſpeech, or of wiſdom, but determined to know nothing among* thoſe he converted *ſave* Jeſus Chriſt, *and him crucified.* And the reaſon he gave for it was, *that their faith ſhould not ſtand in the wiſdom of men, but in the power of God.* Now this conduct put him quite on a level with the other apoſtles, who knew Jeſus Chriſt as well as he, and had the power of God going along with their preaching in an equal degree of virtue and grace. But an impoſtor, whoſe aim had been power, would have acted a contrary part; he would have availed himſelf of all thoſe advantages, he would have extolled them as highly as poſſible, he would have ſet up himſelf, by virtue of them, as head of that ſect to which he acceded, or at leaſt of the proſelytes made by himſelf. This is no more than was done by every philoſopher who formed a ſchool; much more was it natural in one who propagated a new religion.

We ſee that the biſhops of Rome have claimed to themſelves a primacy, or rather a monarchy, over the whole Chriſtian church. If St. Paul had been actuated by the ſame

(*y*) Phil. ii. 15, 16, 17.

ſame luſt of dominion, it was much eaſier for him to have ſucceeded in ſuch an attempt. It was much eaſier for him to make himſelf head of a few poor mechanicks and fiſhermen, whoſe ſuperior he had always been in the eyes of the world, than for the biſhops of Rome to reduce thoſe of Ravenna or Milan, and other great metropolitans, to their obedience. Beſides the oppoſition they met with from ſuch potent antagoniſts, they were obliged to ſupport their pretenſions in direct contradiction to thoſe very ſcriptures which were forced to ground them upon, and to the indiſputable practice of the whole Chriſtian church for many centuries. Theſe were ſuch difficulties as required the utmoſt abilities and ſkill to ſurmount. But the firſt preachers of the goſpel had eaſier means to corrupt a faith not yet fully known, and which in many places could only be known by what they ſeverally publiſhed themſelves. It was neceſſary indeed, while they continued together, and taught the ſame people, that they ſhould agree; otherwiſe the credit of their ſect would have been overthrown; but when they ſeparated, and formed different churches in diſtant countries, the ſame neceſſity no longer remained.

It was in the power of St. Paul to model moſt of the churches he formed, ſo as to favour his own ambition: for he preached the goſpel in parts of the world where no other apoſtles had been, *where* Chriſt *was not named* till he brought the knowledge of him, avoiding *to build upon another man's foundation* (z). Now had he been an impoſtor, would he have confined himſelf to juſt the ſame goſpel as was delivered by the other apoſtles, where he had ſuch a latitude to preach what he pleaſed without contradiction? would he not have twiſted and warped the doctrines of Chriſt to his own ends, to the particular uſe and expediency of his own followers, and to the peculiar ſupport and increaſe of his own power? That this was not done by St. Paul, or by any other of the apoſtles, in ſo many various parts of the world as they travelled into, and in churches abſolutely under their own direction; that the goſpel preached by them all ſhould be one and the ſame *, the doctrines agreeing

(z) Rom. xv. 20.

* If any one imagines that he ſees any difference between the doctrines of St. James and St. Paul, concerning juſtification by faith or by works, let him read Mr. Locke's excellent comment upon the epiſtles of the latter; or let him only conſider theſe words in the firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians, c. iv. ver. 27. *But I keep under my body, and bring it into ſubjection, leſt by any means, when I have preached to others, I myſelf ſhould be caſt away.*

If St. Paul had believed or taught, that faith without works was ſufficient to ſave a diſciple of Chriſt, to what purpoſe did he

keep

ing in every particular, without any one of them attributing more to himself than he did to the others, or eſtabliſhing any thing even in point of order or diſcipline different from the reſt, or more advantageous to his own intereſt, credit, or power, is a moſt ſtrong and convincing proof of their not being impoſtors, but acting entirely by divine inſpiration.

If then it appears that St. Paul had nothing to gain by taking this part, let us conſider on the other hand, what he gave up, and what he had reaſon to fear. He gave up a fortune which he was then in a fair way of advancing. He gave up that reputation which he had acquired by the labours and ſtudies of his whole life, and by a behaviour which had been *blameleſs, touching the righteouſneſs which is in the law* (*a*). He gave up his friends, his relations, and family, from whom he eſtranged and baniſhed himſelf for life. He gave up that *religion which he had profited in above many of his equals in his own nation*, and thoſe *traditions of his fathers, which he had been more exceedingly zealous of* (*b*). How hard this ſacrifice was to a man of his warm temper, and above all men to a Jew, is worth conſideration. That nation is known to have been more tenacious of their religious opinions than any other upon the face of the earth. The ſtricteſt and proudeſt ſect among them was that of the Phariſees, under whoſe diſcipline St. Paul was bred. The departing therefore ſo ſuddenly from their favourite tenets, renouncing their pride, and from their diſciple becoming their adverſary, was a moſt difficult effort for one to make, ſo nurſed up in the eſteem of them, and whoſe early prejudices

keep under his body, ſince his ſalvation was not to depend upon *that* being ſubject to the power of his reaſon, but merely upon the *faith* he profeſſed? His *faith* was firm, and ſo ſtrongly founded upon the moſt certain conviction, that he had no reaſon to doubt its continuance; how could he then think it poſſible, that while he retained that *ſaving faith*, he might nevertheleſs *be caſt away?* or if he had ſuppoſed that his *election* and *calling* was of ſuch a nature, as that it *irreſiſtibly* impelled him to good, and reſtrained him from evil, how could he expreſs any fear, leſt the luſt of his body ſhould prevent his ſalvation? can ſuch an apprehenſion be made to agree with the notions of abſolute predeſtination aſcribed by ſome to St. Paul? He could have no doubt that the *grace of God* had been given to him in the moſt extraordinary manner; yet we ſee, that he thought his *election* was not ſo certain, but that he might fall from it again through the natural prevalence of bodily appetites, if not duly reſtrained by his own voluntary care. This ſingle paſſage is a full anſwer, cut of the mouth of St. Paul himſelf, to all the miſtakes that have been made of his meaning in ſome obſcure expreſſions concerning grace, election, and juſtification.

(*a*) Phil. iii. 6. (*b*) Gal. i. 14.

judices were so strongly confirmed by all the power of habit, all the authority of example, and all the allurements of honour and interest. These were the sacrifices he had to make in becoming a christian: let us now see what inconveniences he had to fear: the implacable vengeance of those he deserted; that sort of contempt which is hardest to bear, the contempt of those whose good opinion he had most eagerly sought; and all those other complicated evils which he describes in his second epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xi. Evils, the least of which were enough to have frighted any impostor even from the most hopeful and profitable cheat. But where the advantage proposed bears no proportion to the dangers incurred, or the mischiefs endured, he must be absolutely out of his senses who will either engage in an imposture, or, being engaged, persevere.

Upon the whole then I think I have proved that the desire of wealth, of fame, or of power, could be no motive to make St. Paul a convert to Christ; but that on the contrary he must have been checked by that desire, as well as by the just apprehension of many inevitable and insupportable evils, from taking a part so contradictory to his past life, to all the principles he had imbibed, all the habits he had contracted. It only remains to be enquired whether the gratification of any other passion under the authority of that religion, or by the means it afforded, could be his inducement.

Now that there have been some impostors who have pretended to revelations from God, meerly to give a loose to irregular passions, and set themselves free from all restraints of government, law, or morality, both ancient and modern history shews. But the doctrine preached by St. Paul is absolutely contrary to all such designs *(a)*. His writings breathe nothing but the strictest morality, obedience to magistrates, order and government, with the utmost abhorrence of all licentiousness, idleness, or loose behaviour, under the cloak of religion. We no where read in his works that saints are above moral ordinances; that dominion or property is founded in grace; that there is no difference in moral actions; that any impulses of the mind are to direct us against the light of our reason and the laws of nature; or any of those wicked tenets from which the peace of society has been disturbed, and the rules of morality have been broken, by men pretending to act under the sanction of a divine revelation. Nor does any part of his life, either before or after his conversion to Christianity, bear any mark of a libertine disposition. As among the Jews, so among the Christians, his conversation and manners

(a) See particularly Rom. xi. & xiii. & Col iii.

ners were blameleſs. Hear the appeal that he makes to the Theſſalonians upon his doctrine and behaviour among them: our exhortation was 'not of *deceit* nor of *uncleanneſs*, 'nor in *guile*: ye are witneſſes, and God alſo, how *holily*, 'and *juſtly*, and *unblameably* we behaved ourſelves among 'you that believe.' 1 Theſſ. ii. 10. * And to the Corinthians he ſays, We have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have defrauded no man. 2 Cor. vii. 2.

It was not then the deſire of gratifying any irregular paſſion, that could induce St. Paul to turn Chriſtian, any more than the hope of advancing himſelf, either in wealth, or reputation, or power. But ſtill it is poſſible ſome men may ſay (and I would leave no imaginable objection unanſwered), that though St. Paul could have no ſelfiſh or intereſted view in undertaking ſuch an impoſture, yet for the ſake of its moral doctrines he might be inclined to ſupport the Chriſtian faith, and make uſe of ſome pious frauds to advance a religion, which, though erroneous and falſe in its theological tenets, and in the facts upon which it was grounded, was in its precepts and influence beneficial to mankind.

Now it is true that ſome good men in the Heathen world have both pretended to divine revelations, and introduced or ſupported religions they knew to be falſe, under a notion of public utility: but beſides that this practice was built upon maxims diſclaimed by the Jews (who, looking upon truth, not utility, to be the baſis of their religion, abhorred all ſuch frauds, and thought them injurious to the honour of God) the circumſtances they acted in were very different from thoſe of St. Paul.

The firſt reformers of ſavages, uncivilized nations, had no other way to tame thoſe barbarous people, and bring them to ſubmit to order and government, but by the reverence which they acquired from this pretence. The fraud was therefore alike beneficial both to the deceiver and the

* If St. Paul had held any ſecret doctrines, or Eſoterick, (as the philoſophers call them) we ſhould have probably found them in the letters he wrote to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, his boſom-friends, and diſciples. But both the theological and moral doctrines are exactly the ſame in *them* as thoſe he wrote to the *churches*. A very ſtrong preſumptive proof of his being no impoſtor! Surely had he been one, he would have given ſome hints in theſe private letters of the cheat they were carrying on, and ſome ſecret directions to turn it to ſome worldly purpoſes of one kind or another. But no ſuch thing is to be found in any one of them. The ſame diſintereſted, holy, and divine ſpirit breathes in all theſe, as in the other more public epiſtles.—(*a*) See alſo 2 Cor. i. 12. and iv. 2.

the deceived. And in all other instances which can be given of good men acting this part, they not only did it to serve good ends, but were secure of its doing no harm. Thus when Lycurgus persuaded the Spartans, or Numa the Romans, that the laws of the one were inspired by Apollo, or those of the other by Egeria, when they taught their people to put great faith in oracles, or in augury, no temporal mischief, either to them or their people, could attend the reception of that belief. It drew on no persecutions, no enmity with the world. But at that time when St. Paul undertook the preaching of the Gospel, to persuade any man to be a Christian, was to persuade him to expose himself to all the calumnies human nature could suffer. This St. Paul knew; this he not only expected, but warned those he taught to look for it too: 1 Thess. iii. 4. 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5. Eph. vi. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. Phil. i. 28, 29, 30. Col. i. 9, 10, 11. Rom. viii. 35, 36. The only support that he had himself, or gave to them, was, 'That if they '*suffered* with Christ, they should be also glorified *together*.' And that 'he reckoned that the sufferings of the present 'time were not worthy to be compared *with that glory*.' Rom. viii. 17, 18. So likewise he writes to the Thessalonians, 'We ourselves glory in you, in the churches of God, for 'your patience and faith in all your persecutions and tribu-'lations that you endure; which is a manifest token of the 'righteous judgement of God, that ye may be counted 'worthy of the kingdom of God, *for which also ye suffer*' Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense [or 'pay] tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you 'who are troubled, rest with us, *when the Lord Jesus shall 'be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty angels*, &c.' 2 Thess. i. 4, 5, 6, 7. And to the Corinthians he says, '*If in this 'life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most 'miserable*.' How much reason he had to say this, the hatred, the contempt, the torments, the deaths endured by the Christians in that age, and long afterwards, abundantly prove. Whoever professed the gospel under these circumstances without an entire conviction of its being a divine revelation must have been mad; and if he made others profess it by fraud or deceit, he must have been worse than mad, he must have been the most hardened wretch that ever breathed. Could any man, who had in his nature the least spark of humanity, subject his fellow-creatures to so many miseries? or could one that had in his mind the least ray of reason, expose himself to share them with those he deceived, in order to advance a religion which he knew to be false, meerly for the sake of its moral doctrines? Such an extravagance is too absurd to be supposed, and I dwell too long on a notion that upon little reflexion confutes itself.

I would

I would only add to the other proofs I have given that St. Paul could have no rational motive to become a disciple of Christ, unless he sincerely believed in him, this observation: that whereas it may be objected to the other apostles, by those who are resolved not to credit their testimony, that, having been deeply engaged with Jesus during his life, they were obliged to continue the same professions after his death, for the support of their own credit, and from having gone too far to go back, this can by no means be said of St. Paul. On the contrary, whatever force there may be in that way of reasoning, it all tends to convince us that St. Paul must naturally have continued a Jew, and an enemy of Christ Jesus. If they were engaged on one side, he was as strongly engaged on the other. If shame with-held them from changing sides, much more ought it to have stopt him, who, being of a higher education and rank in life a great deal than they, had more credit to lose, and must be supposed to have been vastly more sensible to that sort of shame. The only difference was, that they, by quitting their master after his death, might have preserved themselves; whereas he, by quitting the Jews, and taking up the cross of Christ, certainly brought on his own destruction.

As therefore no rational motive appears for St. Paul's embracing the faith of Christ, without having been really convinced of the truth of it: but on the contrary every thing concurred to deter him from acting that part; one might very justly conclude, that when a man of his understanding embraced that faith, he was in reality convinced of the truth of it, and that, by consequence, he was not an impostor, who said what he knew to be false with an intent to deceive.

But that no shadow of doubt may remain upon the impossibility of his having been such an impostor; that it may not be said, 'The minds of men are sometimes so capricious, 'that they will act without any rational motives, they know 'not why, and so perhaps might St. Paul;' I shall next endeavour to prove, that if he had been so unaccountably wild and absurd, as to undertake an imposture so unprofitable and dangerous both to himself and those he deceived by it, he could not possibly have carried it on with any success, by the means that we know he employed.

First then let me observe, that if his conversion, and the part that he acted in consequence of it, was an imposture, it was such an imposture as could not be carried on by one man alone. The faith he professed, and which he became an apostle of, was not his invention. He was not the author or beginner of it, and therefore it was not in his power

to

to draw the doctrines of it out of his own imagination. With Jesus, who was the author and head of it, he had never had any communication before his death, nor with his apostles after his death, except as their persecutor. As he took on himself the office and character of an apostle, it was absolutely necessary for him to have a precise and perfect knowledge of all the facts contained in the gospel, several of which had only passed between Jesus himself and his twelve apostles, and others more privately still, so that they could be known but to very few, being not made public by any writings; otherwise he would have exposed himself to ridicule among those who preached that gospel with more knowledge than he; and as the testimony they bore would have been different in point of fact, and many of their doctrines and interpretations of scripture repugnant to his, from their entire disagreement with those Jewish opinions in which he was bred up; either they must have been forced to ruin his credit, or he would have ruined theirs. Some general notices he might have gained of these matters from the Christians he persecuted, but not exact nor extensive enough to qualify him for an apostle, whom the least error in these points would have disgraced, and who must have been ruined by it in all his pretensions to that inspiration, from whence the apostolical authority was chiefly derived.

It was therefore impossible for him to act this part but in confederacy at least with the apostles. Such a confederacy was still more necessary for him, as the undertaking to preach the gospel did not only require an exact and particular knowledge of all it contained, but an apparent power of working miracles; for to such a power all the apostles appealed in proof of their mission, and of the doctrines they preached. He was therefore to learn of them by what secret arts they so imposed on the senses of men, if this power was a cheat. But how could he gain these men to become his confederate? was it by furiously persecuting them and their brethren, as we find that he did, to the very moment of his conversion? would they venture to trust their capital enemy with all the secrets of their imposture, with those upon which all their hopes and credit depended? would they put it in his power to take away not only their lives, but the honour of their sect, which they preferred to their lives, by so ill-placed a confidence! would men so secret as not to be drawn by the most severe persecutions to say one word which could convince them of being impostors, confess themselves such to their persecutor, in hopes of his being their accomplice?

This

This is ſtill more impoſſible than that he ſhould attempt to engage in their fraud without their conſent and aſſiſtance.

We muſt ſuppoſe then, that till he came to Damaſcus, he had no communication with the apoſtles, acted in no concert with them, and learnt nothing from them except the doctrines which they had publicly taught to all the world. When he came there, he told the Jews to whom he brought letters from the high-prieſt andthe ſynagogue againſt the(*a*) Chriſtians, of his having ſeen in the way a great light from Heaven, and heard Chriſt Jeſus reproaching him with his perſecution, and commanding him to go into the city, where it ſhould be told him what he was to do. But to account for his chuſing this method of declaring himſelf a convert to Chriſt, we muſt ſuppoſe that all thoſe, who were with him, when he pretended he had this viſion, were his accomplices. Otherwiſe the ſtory he told could have gained no belief, being contradicted by them whoſe teſtimony was neceſſary to vouch for the truth of it. And yet, how can we ſuppoſe, that all theſe men ſhould be willing to join in this impoſture? They were probably officers of juſtice, or ſoldiers, who had been employed often before in executing the orders of the high-prieſt and the rulers againſt the Chriſtians. Or if they were choſen particularly for this expedition, they muſt have been choſen by them as men they could truſt for their zeal in that cauſe. What ſhould induce them to the betraying that buſineſs they were employed in? does it even appear that they had any connection with the man they ſo lied for, before or after this time, or any reward from him for it? this is therefore a difficulty, in the firſt outſet of this impoſture, not to be overcome.

But further, he was to be inſtructed by one at Damaſcus. That inſtructor therefore muſt have been his accomplice, hough they appear to be abſolute ſtrangers to one another, and hough he was a man of an excellent character, *who had a good eport of all the Jews that dwelt at Damaſcus*, and ſo was very nlikely to have engaged in ſuch an impoſture. Notwithtanding theſe improbabilities, this man, I ſay, muſt have een his confident and accomplice in carrying on this wicked raud, and the whole matter muſt have been previouſly agreed n between them. But here again the ſame objection occurs: ow could this man venture to act ſuch a dangerous part ithout the conſent of the other diſciples, eſpecially of the poſtles, or by what means could he obtain their conſent? and

(*a*) The diſciples of Chriſt were not called Chriſtians till after this time; but I uſe the name as moſt familiar to us, and to void circumlocutions.

and how abſurdly did they contrive their buſineſs, to make the converſion of Saul the effect of a miracle, which all thoſe who were with him muſt certify did never happen! how much eaſier would it have been to have made him be preſent at ſome pretended miracle wrought by the diſciples, or by Ananias himſelf, when none were able to diſcover the fraud, and have imputed his converſion to that, or to the arguments uſed by ſome of his priſoners whom he might have diſcourſed with, and queſtioned about their faith, and the grounds of it, in order to colour his intended converſion!

As this was the ſafeſt, ſo it was the moſt natural method of bringing about ſuch a change; inſtead of aſcribing it to an event which lay ſo open to detection *(a)*. For, (to uſe the words of St. Paul to Agrippa) this *thing was not done in a corner*, but in the eye of the world, and ſubject immediately to the examination of thoſe who would be moſt ſtrict in ſearching into the truth of it, the Jews at Damaſcus. Had they been able to bring any ſhadow of proof to convict him of fraud in this affair, his whole ſcheme of impoſture muſt have been nipt in the bud. Nor were they at Jeruſalem, whoſe commiſſion he bore, leſs concerned to diſcover ſo provoking a cheat. But we find that many years afterwards, when they had had all the time and means they could deſire to make the ſtricteſt enquiry, he was bold enough to appeal to Agrippa in the preſence of Feſtus *(b)*, upon his own knowledge of the truth of his ſtory, who did not contradict him, though he had certainly heard all that the Jews could alledge againſt the credit of it in any particular. A very remarkable proof both of the notoriety of the fact, and the integrity of the man, who, with ſo fearleſs a confidence could call upon a *king* to give teſtimony for him, even while he was ſitting in judgement upon him.

But to return to Ananias. Is it not ſtrange, if this ſtory had been an impoſture, and he had been joined with Paul in carrying it on, that after their meeting at Damaſcus we never ſhould hear of their conſorting together, or acting in concert; or that the former drew any benefit from the friendſhip of the latter, when he became ſo conſiderable among the Chriſtians? Did Ananias engage and continue in ſuch a dangerous fraud without any hope or deſire of private advantage? or was it ſafe for Paul to ſhake him off, and riſk his reſentment? There is, I think, no other way to get over this difficulty, but by ſuppoſing that Ananias happened to die ſoon after the other's converſion. Let us then take that for granted, without any authority either of hiſtory or tradition

(*a*) Acts xxvi. 26. (*b*) Acts xxvi. 26.

tradition; and let us see in what manner this wondrous imposture was carried on by Paul himself. His first care ought to have been, to get himself owned, and received as an apostle by the apostles. Till this was done, the bottom he stood upon was very narrow, nor could he have any probable means of supporting himself in any esteem or credit among the disciples. Intruders into impostures run double risks; they are in danger of being detected, not only by those upon whom they attempt to practise their cheats, but also by those whose society they force themselves into, who must always be jealous of such an intrusion, and much more from one who had always before behaved as their enemy. Therefore to gain the apostles, and bring them to admit him into a participation of all their mysteries, all their designs, and all their authority, was absolutely necessary at this time to Paul. The least delay was of dangerous consequence, and might expose him to such inconveniences as he never afterwards could overcome *(a)*. But, instead of attending to this necessity, he went into Arabia, and then returned again to Damascus; nor did he go to Jerusalem till three years were past.

Now this conduct may be accounted for, if it be true that (as he declares in his epistle to the Galatians) *(b)* 'he neither received the gospel of any man, neither was he taught 'it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' Under such a master, and with the assistance of his divine power, he might go on boldly without any human associates; but an impostor so left to himself, so deprived of all help, all support, all recommendation, could not have succeeded.

Further; we find that at Antioch he was not afraid to *withstand Peter to his face (c)*, and even *to reprove him before all the disciples, because he was to be blamed*. If he was an impostor, how could he venture to offend that apostle, whom it so highly concerned him to agree with, and please? Accomplices in a fraud are obliged to shew greater regards to each other; such freedom belongs to truth alone.

But let us consider what difficulties he had to encounter among the Gentiles themselves, in the enterprize he undertook of going to *them*, making himself *their apostle*, and converting *them* to the religion of Christ. As this undertaking was the distinguishing part of his apostolical functions, that which, in the language of his epistles, he was particularly *called to*; or which, to speak like an unbeliever, he chose and assigned to himself, it deserves a particular consideration: but I shall only touch the principal points of it as concisely

(*a*) Gal. i. 17, 18.—(*b*) Gal. i. 12.—(*c*) Gal. ii. 11, 14.

as I can, becauſe you have in a great meaſure exhauſted the ſubject in your late excellent book on the reſurrection, where you diſcourſe with ſuch ſtrength of reaſon and eloquence upon the difficulties that oppoſed the propagation of the Chriſtian religion, in all parts of the world.

Now in this enterprize St. Paul was to contend, 1ſt, with the policy and power of the magiſtrates; 2dly, with the intereſt, credit, and craft of the prieſts; 3dly, with the prejudices and paſſions of the people; 4thly, with the wiſdom and pride of the philoſophers.

That in all heathen countries the eſtabliſhed religion was interwoven with their civil conſtitution, and ſupported by the magiſtrates as an eſſential part of the government, whoever has any acquaintance with antiquity cannot but know. They tolerated indeed many different worſhips (though not with ſo entire a latitude as ſome people ſuppoſe) as they ſuffered men to diſcourſe very freely concerning religion provided they would ſubmit to an exterior conformity with the eſtabliſhed rites; nay, according to the genius of paganiſm, which allowed an intercommunity of worſhip, they in moſt places admitted, without any great difficulty, new gods and new rites; but they no where endured any attempt to overturn the eſtabliſhed religion, or any direct oppoſition made to it; eſteeming that an unpardonable offence, not to the gods alone, but to the ſtate. This was ſo univerſal a notion, and ſo conſtant a maxim of heathen policy, that when the Chriſtian religion ſet itſelf up in oppoſition to all other religions, admitted no intercommunity with them, but declared that the gods of the Gentiles *were not to be worſhipped*, nor any ſociety ſuffered between them and the *only true God*; when this new doctrine began to be propagated, and made ſuch a progreſs as to fall under the notice of the magiſtrate, the civil power was every where armed with all its terrors againſt it. When therefore St. Paul undertook the converſion of the Gentiles, he knew very well, that the moſt ſevere perſecutions muſt be the conſequence of any ſucceſs in his deſign.

Secondly, This danger was rendered more certain by the oppoſition he was to expect from the intereſt, credit, and craft of the prieſts. How gainful a trade they, with all their inferior dependants, made of thoſe ſuperſtitions which he propoſed to deſtroy; how much credit they had with the people as well as the ſtate by the means of them, and how much craft they employed in carrying on their impoſtures, all hiſtory ſhews. St. Paul could not doubt that theſe men would exert their utmoſt abilities to ſtop the ſpreading of the doctrines he preached, doctrines which ſtruck at the root of their power and gain, and were much more terrible

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to them than those of the most atheistical sect of philosophers, because the latter contented themselves with denying their principles, but at the same time declared for supporting their practices, as useful cheats, or at least acquiesced in them as establishments authorised by the sanction of law. Whatever therefore their cunning could do to support their own worship, whatever aid they could draw from the magistrate, whatever zeal they could raise in the people, St. Paul was to contend with, unsupported by any human assistance.

And *thirdly*. This he was to do in direct opposition to all the prejudices and passions of the people. Now had he confined his preaching to Judæa alone, this difficulty would not have occurred in near so great a degree. The people there were so moved by the miracles the apostles had wrought, as well as by the memory of those done by Jesus, that in spite of their rulers, they began to be favourably disposed towards them (*d*); and we even find that the high-priest and the council had more than once been with-held from treating the apostles with so much severity as they desired to do, *for fear of the people*. But in the people among the Gentiles no such dispositions could be expected: their prejudices were violent, not only in favour of their own superstitions, but in a particular manner against any doctrines taught by a Jew. As, from their aversion to all idolatry, and irreconcileable separation from all other religions, the Jews were accused of hating mankind, so were they hated by all other nations: nor were they hated alone, but despised. To what a degree that contempt was carried, appears as well by the mention made of them in heathen authors, as by the complaints Josephus makes of the unreasonableness and injustice of it in his apology. What authority then could St. Paul flatter himself that his preaching would carry along with it, among people to whom he was at once both the object of national hatred and national scorn? But, besides this popular prejudice against a Jew, the doctrines he taught were such as shocked all their most ingrafted religious opinions. They agreed to no principles of which he could avail himself, to procure their assent to the other parts of the gospel he preached. To convert the Jews to Christ Jesus, he was able to argue from their own scriptures, upon the authority of books which they owned to contain divine revelations, and from which he could clearly convince them, that *Jesus was the very Christ*. But all these ideas were new to the Gentiles; they expected no Christ, they allowed no such scriptures (*e*), they were to be taught the *Old Testament* as well as the *New*. How was this to be done by a man not even authorized by his own nation; opposed by those who were greatest, and thought wisest among

(*d*) Acts iv. 21, 26.—(*e*) Acts ix. 22.

them ; either quite ſingle, or only attended by one or two more under the ſame diſadvantages, and even of leſs conſideration than he?

The light of nature indeed, without expreſs revelation (*f*), might have conducted the Gentiles to the knowledge of one God the creator of all things; and to that light St. Paul might appeal, as we find that he did. But clear as it was, they had almoſt put it out by their ſuperſtitions (*g*), *having changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beaſts, and creeping things, and ſerving the creature more than the Creator.* And to this idolatry they were ſtrongly attached, not by their prejudices alone, but by their paſſions, which were flattered and gratified in it, as they believed that their deities would be rendered propitious, not by virtue and holineſs, but by offerings and incenſe, and outward rites; rites which dazzled their ſenſes by magnificent ſhews, and allured them by pleaſures often of a very impure and immoral nature. Inſtead of all this, the goſpel propoſed to them no other terms of acceptance with God but a worſhip of him *in ſpirit and truth*, ſincere repentance, and perfect ſubmiſſion to the divine laws, the ſtricteſt purity of life and manners, and renouncing of all thoſe luſts in which they had formerly walked. How unpalatable a doctrine was this to men ſo given up to the power of thoſe luſts, as the whole heathen world was at that time! If their philoſophers could be brought to approve it, there could be no hope that the people would reliſh it, or exchange the eaſe and indulgence which thoſe religions they were bred up in allowed to their appetites, for one ſo harſh and ſevere. But might not St. Paul, in order to gain them, relax that ſeverity? He might have done ſo, no doubt, and probably would, if he had been an impoſtor; but it appears by all his epiſtles, that he preached it as purely, and enjoined it as ſtrongly, as Jeſus himſelf.

But ſuppoſing they might be perſuaded to quit their habitual ſenſuality for the purity of the goſpel, and to forſake their idolatries (*h*), which St. Paul reckons amongſt *the works of the fleſh*, for the *ſpiritual* worſhip of the *one inviſible God*; how were they diſpoſed to receive the doctrine of the ſalvation of man by the croſs of Jeſus Chriſt? could they, who were bred in notions ſo contrary to that *great myſtery* (*i*), to that *hidden wiſdom of God, which none of the princes of this world knew*, incline to receive it againſt the inſtructions of all their teachers, and the example of all their ſuperiors? could they whoſe gods had almoſt all been powerful kings, and mighty conquerors, they, who at that very time paid divine

(*f*) Acts xiv. 17. xvii. 17. 28.—(*g*) Rom. i. 23, 25.—(*h*) Gal. v. 19, 20.—(*i*) 1 Cor. i. 7, 8.

divine honours to the emperors of Rome, whose only title to deification was the imperial power; could they, I say, reconcile their ideas to a crucified *Son of God*, to a *Redeemer of mankind* on the cross? would they look there for him *who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature (k): by whom and for whom were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers?* Now, most surely, *the natural man* (to speak in the words of St. Paul) *received not these things, for they are foolishness to him; neither could he know them, because they are spiritually discerned (l).* I may therefore conclude, that in the enterprize of converting the Gentiles, St. Paul was to contend not only with the policy and power of the magistrates, and with the interest, credit, and craft of the priests, but also with the prejudices and passions of the people.

I am next to shew, that he was to expect no less opposition from the wisdom and pride of the philosophers. And though some may imagine, that men who pretend to be raised and refined, above vulgar prejudices and vulgar passions, would have been helpful to him in his design, it will be found upon examination, that instead of assisting or befriending the gospel, they were its worst and most irreconcileable enemies. For they had prejudices of their own still more repugnant to the doctrines of Christ than those of the vulgar, more deeply rooted, and more obstinately fixed in their minds. The wisdom upon which they valued themselves, chiefly consisted in vain metaphysical speculations, in logical subtleties, in endless disputes, in highflown conceits of the perfection and self-sufficiency of human wisdom, in dogmatical positiveness about doubtful opinions, or sceptical doubts about the most clear and certain truths. It must appear at first sight, that nothing could be more contradictory to the first principles of the Christian religion, than those of the atheistical, or sceptical sects, which at that time prevailed very much both among the Greeks and the Romans; nor shall we find that the theistical sects were much less at enmity with it, when we consider the doctrines they held upon the nature of God and the soul.

But I will not enlarge on a subject which the most learned Mr. Warburton has handled so well *(m)*. If it were necessary to enter particularly into this argument, I could easily prove, that there was not one of all the different philosophical

(*k*) Coloss. 15, 16.—(*l*) 1 Cor. ii. 14.—(*m*) See the Divine Legation of Moses, l. iii. See also a late Pamphlet, entitled, A critical Enquiry into the Opinions and Practice of the ancient Philosophers, concerning the Nature of the Soul, and a future State.

cal sects then upon earth, not even the Platonicks themselves, who are thought to favour it most, that did not maintain some opinions fundamentally contrary to those of the gospel. And in this they all agreed, to explode as most unphilosophical, and contrary to every notion that any among them maintained, that great article of the Christian religion, upon which the foundations of it are laid, and without which St. Paul declares to his proselytes (*n*), *their faith would be vain*, the resurrection of the dead with their bodies, of which resurrection Christ was the *first-born* (*o*). Besides the contrariety of their tenets to those of the gospel, the pride that was common to all the philosophers, was of itself an almost invincible obstacle against the admission of the evangelical doctrines calculated to humble that pride, and teach them, that *professing themselves to be wise they became fools* (*p*). This pride was no less intractable, no less averse to the instructions of Christ, or of his apostles, than that of the Scribes and Pharisees. St. Paul was therefore to contend in his enterprize of converting the Gentiles, with all the opposition that could be made to it by all the different sects of philosophers. And how formidable an opposition this was, let those consider who are acquainted from history with the great credit those sects had obtained at that time in the world, a credit even superior to that of the priests. Whoever pretended to learning or virtue was their disciple; the greatest magistrates, generals, kings, ranged themselves under their discipline, were trained up in their schools, and professed the opinions they taught.

All these sects made it a maxim, not to disturb the popular worship, or established religion; but under those limitations they taught very freely whatever they pleased, and no religious opinions were more warmly supported, than those they delivered were by their followers. The Christian religion at once overturned their several systems, taught a morality more perfect than theirs, and established it upon higher and much stronger foundations, mortified their pride, confounded their learning, discovered their ignorance, ruined their credit. Against such an enemy, what would they not do? would they not exert the whole power of their rhetorick, the whole art of their logick, their influence over the people, their interest with the great, to discredit a novelty so alarming to them all! If St. Paul had had nothing to trust to but his own natural faculties, his own understanding, knowledge, and eloquence, could he have hoped to be singly a match for all theirs united against him? could a teacher unheard-of before, from an obscure and unlearned part of the world, have

(*n*) 1 Cor. xv. 17. 20.—(*o*) Col. i. 18.—(*p*) Rom. i. 22.

have withſtood the authority of Plato, Ariſtotle, Epicurus, Zeno, Arceſilaus, Carneades, and all the great names which held the firſt rank of human wiſdom? He might as well have attempted alone, or with the help of Barnabas and Silas, of Timotheus and Titus, to have erected a monarchy upon the ruins of all the ſeveral ſtates then in the world, as to have erected Chriſtianity upon the deſtruction of all the ſeveral ſects of philoſophy which reigned in the minds of the Gentiles, among whom he preached, particularly the Greeks and the Romans.

Having thus proved (as I think) that in the work of converting the Gentiles, St. Paul could have no aſſiſtance, but was ſure on the contrary of the utmoſt repugnance and oppoſition to it imaginable, from the magiſtrates, from the prieſts, from the people, and from the philoſophers; it neceſſarily follows, that to ſucceed in that work he muſt have called in ſome extraordinary aid, ſome ſtronger power than that of reaſon and argument. Accordingly we find, he tells the Corinthians, *that his ſpeech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wiſdom, but in demonſtration of the ſpirit and of power.* 1 Cor. ii. 4. And to the Theſſalonians, he ſays, *our goſpel came not unto you in word only, but alſo in power and in the Holy Ghoſt.* 1 Theſſ. i. 5. It was to the efficacy of the divine power that he aſcribed all his ſucceſs in thoſe countries, and wherever elſe he planted the goſpel of Chriſt. If that power really went with him, it would enable him to overcome all thoſe difficulties that obſtructed his enterprize, but *then he was not an impoſtor:* our enquiry therefore muſt be, whether (ſuppoſing him to have been an impoſtor) he could by *pretending to miracles* have overcome all thoſe difficulties, and carried on his work with ſucceſs.

Now to give miracles, falſely pretended to, any reputation, two circumſtances are principally neceſſary, *an apt diſpoſition* in thoſe whom they are deſigned to impoſe upon, and a *powerful confederacy* to carry on, and abet the cheat. Both theſe circumſtances, or at leaſt one of them, have always accompanied all the falſe miracles, ancient and modern, which have obtained any credit among mankind. To both theſe was owing the general faith of the heathen world in oracles, auſpices, auguries, and other impoſtures, by which the prieſts, combined with the magiſtrates, ſupported the national worſhip, and deluded a people prepoſſeſſed in their favour, and willing to be deceived. Both the ſame cauſes likewiſe cooperate in the belief that is given to popiſh miracles among thoſe of their own church. But neither of theſe aſſiſted St. Paul. What prepoſſeſſions could there have been in the minds of the Gentiles, either in favour of him, or the doctrines he taught? or rather, what prepoſſeſſions could be

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ſtronger than thoſe, which they undoubtedly had againſt both? If he had remained in Judæa, it might have been ſuggeſted by unbelievers, that the Jews were *a credulous people*, apt *to ſeek after miracles*, and to afford them an eaſy belief; and that the fame of thoſe ſaid to be done by Jeſus himſelf, and by his apoſtles, before Paul declared his converſion had prediſpoſed their minds, and warmed their imaginations to the admiſſion of others ſuppoſed to be wrought by the ſame power.

The ſignal miracle of the apoſtles ſpeaking with tongues on the day of *Pentecoſt* (*p*), had made three thouſand converts; that of healing the lame man at the gate of the temple, five thouſand more. Nay ſuch was the faith of the multitude, that they brought forth the ſick into the ſtreets, and laid them on beds and couches, *that at the leaſt the ſhadow of Peter paſſing by might over-ſhadow ſome of them*, *Acts* x. ver. 15. Here was therefore a good foundation laid for Paul to proceed upon in pretending to ſimilar miraculous works; though the prieſts and the rulers were hardened againſt them, the people were inclined to give credit to them, and there was reaſon to hope for ſucceſs among *them*, both at Jeruſalem, and in all the regions belonging to the Jews. But no ſuch diſpoſitions were to be found in the Gentiles. There was among them no matter prepared for impoſture to work upon, no knowledge of Chriſt, no thought of his power, or of the power of thoſe who came in his name (*q*). Thus, when at Lyſtra, St. Paul healed the man who was a cripple from his birth, ſo far were the people there from ſuppoſing that he could be able to do ſuch a thing *as an apoſtle of* Chriſt, or by any virtue derived from *him*, that they took Paul and Barnabas to be gods of their own, come down *in the likeneſs of men*, and would have *ſacrificed* to them *as ſuch*.

Now I aſk, did the citizens of Lyſtra concur in this matter to the deceiving themſelves? were their imaginations overheated with any conceits of a miraculous power belonging to Paul, which could diſpoſe them to think he worked ſuch a miracle when he did not? As the contrary is evident, ſo in all other places to which he carried the goſpel, it may be proved to demonſtration, that he could find no diſpoſition, no aptneſs, no bias to aid his impoſture, if the miracles, by which he every where confirmed his preaching, had not been true.

On the other hand, let us examine whether without the advantage of ſuch an aſſiſtance there was any *confederacy* ſtrong enough to impoſe his falſe miracles upon the Gentiles, who were both unprepared and undiſpoſed to receive them. The contrary is apparent. He was in no combination with their

(*p*) Acts ii. 14. iv. 4.—(*q*) Acts xiv.

their *priests* or their *magistrates*; no *sect* or *party* among them gave him any help; all eyes were open and watchful to detect his impostures, all hands ready to punish him as soon as detected. Had he remained in Judæa, he would at least have had many confederates, all the apostles, all the disciples of Christ, at that time pretty numerous; but in preaching to the Gentiles he was often alone, never with more than two or three companions or followers. Was this a confederacy powerful enough to carry on such a cheat, in so many different parts of the world, against the united opposition of the magistrates, priests, philosophers, people, all combined to detect and expose their frauds?

Let it be also considered, that those upon whom they practised these arts were not a gross or ignorant people, apt to mistake any uncommon operations of nature, or juggling tricks, for miraculous acts. The churches planted by St. Paul were in the most enlightened parts of the world, among the Greeks of Asia and Europe, among the Romans, in the midst of science, philosophy, freedom of thought, and in an age more inquisitively curious into the powers of nature, and less inclined to credit religious frauds, than any before it. Nor were they only the lowest of the people that he converted. Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of Paphos, Erastus (*r*), chamberlain of Corinth, and Dionysius the Areopagite, were his proselytes.

Upon the whole it appears beyond contradiction, that his pretension to miracles was not assisted by the *disposition* of those whom he designed to convert by those means, nor by any powerful *confederacy* to carry on, and abet the cheat; without both which concurring circumstances, or one at least, no such pretension was ever supported with any success.

Both these circumstances concurred even in the late famous miracles supposed to be done at Abbé Paris's tomb. They had not indeed the support of the government, and for that reason appear to deserve more attention than other popish miracles; but they were supported by all the jansenists, a very powerful and numerous party in France, made up partly of wise and able men, partly of bigots and enthusiasts. All these confederated together to give credit to miracles, said to be worked in behalf of their party; and those who believed them were strongly disposed to that belief. And yet with these advantages how easily were they suppressed! only by walling up that part of the church, where the tomb of the saint, who was supposed to work them, was placed! Soon after this was done, a paper was fixed on the wall with this inscription:

De par le roy defense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu,

By

(*r*) οἰκονόμος τῆς πόλεως, treasurer or bailiff of the city.

By command of the king, God is forbidden to work any more miracles here. The paſquinade was a witty one, but the event turned the point of it againſt the party by which it was made: for if God had really worked any miracles there, could this abſurd prohibition have taken effect? would he have ſuffered his purpoſe to be defeated by building a wall? When all the apoſtles were ſhut up in priſon to hinder their working of miracles, the angel of the Lord opened the priſon doors (*t*), and let them out. But the power of abbé Paris could neither throw down the wall that excluded his votaries, nor operate through that impediment. And yet his miracles are often compared with, and oppoſed by unbelievers to, thoſe of Chriſt and his apoſtles, which is the reaſon of my having taken this particular notice of them here. But to go back to the times nearer to St. Paul's. There is in Lucian an account of a very extraordinary and ſucceſsful impoſture carried on in his days (*u*), by one Alexander of Pontus, who introduced a new god into that country, whoſe prophet he called himſelf, and in whoſe name he pretended to miracles, and delivered oracles, by which he acquired great wealth and power. All the arts by which this cheat was managed are laid open by Lucian, and nothing can better point out the difference between impoſture and truth, than to obſerve the different conduct of this man and St. Paul. Alexander made no alteration in the religion eſtabliſhed in Pontus before; he only grafted his own upon it; and ſpared no pains to intereſt in the ſucceſs of it the whole (*x*) *heathen* prieſthood, not only in Pontus, but all over the world; ſending great numbers of thoſe who came to conſult him to other oracles, that were at that time in the higheſt vogue; by which means he engaged them all to ſupport the reputation of his (*y*), and abet his impoſture. He ſpoke with the greateſt reſpect of all the ſects of philoſophers, except the Epicureans, who from their principles he was ſure would deride and oppoſe his fraud; for though they preſumed not to innovate, and overturn eſtabliſhed religions, yet they very freely attacked and expoſed all innovations that were introduced under the name of religion, and had not the authority of a legal eſtabliſhment (*z*). To get the better of their oppoſition, as well as that of the Chriſtians, he called in the aid of perſecution and force, exciting the people againſt them, and anſwering objections with ſtones. That he might be ſure to get money enough, he delivered this oracle in

(*t*) Acts v. 16.—26.—(*u*) Vide the Pſeudomantis of Lucian.—(*x*) Pſeudomantis. Lucian. Varior. 765, 766.—(*y*) Ibid. 763.—(*z*) Ibid. 762, 763, 773, 777, 762, 768, 773, 774.

in the name of his God (*a*), *I command you to grace with gifts my prophet and minister; for I have no regard for riches myself, but the greatest for my prophet.* And he shared the gains that he made, which were immense, among an infinite number of associates, and instruments, whom he employed in carrying on and supporting his fraud. When any declared themselves to be his enemies, against whom he durst not proceed by open force, he endeavoured to gain them by blandishments, and, having got them into his power, to destroy them by secret ways (*b*); which arts he practised against Lucian himself. Others he kept in awe and dependence upon him, by detaining in his own hands the written questions they had proposed to his god upon state affairs; and as these generally came from men of the greatest power and rank, his being possessed of them was of infinite service to him (*c*), and made him master of all their credit, and of no little part of their wealth.

He obtained the protection and friendship of Rutilianus (*d*), a great Roman general, by flattering him with promises of a very long life, and exaltation to *deity* after his death; and at last, having quite turned his head, enjoined him by an oracle to marry his daughter, whom he pretended to have had by the *moon*; which command Rutilianus obeyed (*e*), and by his alliance secured this impostor from any danger of punishment; the Roman governor of Bithynia and Pontus excusing himself on that account from doing justice upon him, (*f*) when Lucian and several others offered themselves to be his accusers.

He never quitted that ignorant and barbarous country, which he had made choice of at first as the fittest to play his tricks in undiscovered; but, residing himself among those superstitious and credulous people, extended his fame to a great distance by the emissaries which he employed all over the world (*g*), especially at Rome, who did not pretend themselves to work any miracles, but only promulgated his, and gave him intelligence of all that it was useful for him to know.

These were the methods by which this remarkable fraud was conducted, every one of which is directly opposite to all those used by St. Paul in preaching the gospel; and yet such methods alone could give success to a cheat of this kind. I will not mention the many debaucheries, and wicked enormities committed by this false prophet under the mask of religion,

(*a*) Muneribus decorate meum vatem atque ministrum præcipio —nec opum mihi cura, at maxima vatis.—(*b*) Ibid. 776, 780, 781.—(*c*) Ibid. 767.—(*d*) Ibid. 768.—(*e*) Ibid. 781.—(*f*) Ibid. 753.—(*g*) Ibid. 762, 769.

gion, which is another characteriſtical difference between him and St. Paul; nor the ambiguous anſwers, cunning evaſions, and juggling artifices which he made uſe of, in all which it is eaſy to ſee the evident marks of an impoſture, as well as in the objects he plainly appears to have had in view. That which I chiefly inſiſt upon, is the ſtrong confederacy with which he took care to ſupport his pretenſion to miraculous powers, and the apt diſpoſition in thoſe he impoſed upon to concur and aſſiſt in deceiving themſelves; advantages entirely wanting to the apoſtles of Chriſt.

From all this I think it may be concluded, that no human means employed by St. Paul, in his deſign of converting the Gentiles, were or could be adequate to the great difficulties he had to contend with, or to the ſucceſs that we know attended his work; and we can in reaſon aſcribe that ſucceſs to no other cauſe, but the power of God going along with and aiding his miniſtry, becauſe no other was equal to the effect.

Having then ſhewn that St. Paul had *no rational motives* to become an apoſtle of Chriſt, without being himſelf convinced of the truth of that goſpel he preached, and that, had he engaged in ſuch an impoſture without any rational motives, he would have had *no poſſible means* to carry it on with any *ſucceſs*; having alſo brought reaſons of a very ſtrong nature, to make it appear, that the ſucceſs he undoubtedly had in preaching the goſpel was an effect of the divine power attending his miniſtry; I might reſt all my proof of the Chriſtian religion being a divine revelation upon the arguments drawn from this head alone. But, to conſider this ſubject in all poſſible lights, I ſhall purſue the propoſition which I ſet out with through each of its ſeveral parts: and having proved, as I hope, to the conviction of any impartial man, that St. Paul was not an impoſtor, who ſaid what he knew to be falſe with an intent to deceive, I come next to conſider whether he was an enthuſiaſt, who by the force of an overheated imagination impoſed upon himſelf.

Now theſe are the ingredients of which enthuſiaſm is generally compoſed; great heat of temper, melancholy, ignorance, credulity, and vanity or ſelf-conceit. That the firſt of theſe qualities was in St. Paul, may be concluded from that fervour of zeal with which he acted both as a Jew and Chriſtian, in maintaining that which he thought to be right; and hence, I ſuppoſe, as well as from the impoſſibility of his having been an impoſtor, ſome unbelievers have choſe to conſider him as an enthuſiaſt. But this quality alone will not be ſufficient to prove him to have been ſo, in the opinion of any reaſonable man. The ſame temper has been common to others, who undoubtedly were not enthuſiaſts, to the Gracchi, to Cato, to Brutus, to many more among the beſt and wiſeſt

wiſeſt of men. Nor does it appear that this diſpoſition had ſuch a maſtery over the mind of St. Paul, that he was not able at all times to rule and controul it by the dictates of reaſon. On the contrary he was ſo much the maſter of it, as, in matters of an indifferent nature, to *become all things to all men* (*h*), bending his notions and manners to theirs, ſo far as his duty to God would permit, with the moſt pliant condeſcenſion; a conduct neither compatible with the ſtiffneſs of a bigot, nor the violent impulſes of fanatic deluſions. His zeal was eager and warm, but tempered with prudence, and even with the civilities and decorums of life, as appears by his behaviour to Agrippa, Feſtus, and Felix; not the blind, inconſiderate, indecent zeal of an enthuſiaſt.

Let us now ſee if any one of thoſe other qualities which I have laid down, as diſpoſing the mind to enthuſiaſm, and as being characteriſtical of it, belong to St. Paul. Firſt, as to melancholy (*i*), which of all diſpoſitions of body or mind is moſt prone to enthuſiaſm, it neither appears by his writings, nor by any thing told of him in the Acts of the Apoſtles, nor by any other evidence, that St. Paul was inclined to it more than other men. Though he was full of remorſe for his former ignorant perſecution of the church of Chriſt, we read of no gloomy penances, no extravagant mortifications, ſuch as the Bramins, the Jaugues, the monks of La Trappe, and other melancholy enthuſiaſts, inflict on themſelves. His holineſs only conſiſted in the ſimplicity of a good life, and the unwearied performance of thoſe apoſtolical duties to which he was called. The ſufferings he met with on that account he chearfully bore, and even rejoiced in them for the love of Chriſt Jeſus, but he brought none on himſelf; we find, on the contrary, that he pleaded the privilege of a Roman citizen, to avoid being whipped. I could mention more inſtances of his having uſed the beſt methods that prudence could ſuggeſt, to eſcape danger, and ſhun perſecution, whenever it could be done without betraying the duty of his office, or the honour of God (*k*).

Compare

(*b*) 1 Cor. ix. 20, 21, 22.—(*i*) Joſephus con. Apion. l. ii. c. 37.—(*k*) A remarkable inſtance of this appears in his conduct among the Athenians *. There was at Athens a law, which made it capital to introduce or teach any new gods in their ſtate. Therefore when Paul was preaching *Jeſus and the Reſurrection* to the Athenians, ſome of them carried him before the court of Areopagus, the ordinary judges of criminal matters, and in a particular manner entruſted with the care of religion, as having broken this law, and being *a ſetter forth of ſtrange gods*. Now in this caſe an impoſtor would have retracted his doctrine to ſave his life, and an enthuſiaſt would have loſt his life without trying to ſave it by innocent means. St. Paul did neither the one nor the

* Acts xvii. & Joſephus cont. Apion. l. ii. c. 37.

Compare with this the conduct of Francis of Assisi, of Ignatius Loyola, and other enthusiasts sainted by Rome, it will be found the reverse of St. Paul's. 'He *wished indeed to die*, 'and be with Christ:' but such a wish is no proof of melancholy, or of enthusiasm; it only proves his conviction of the divine truths he preached, and of the happiness laid up for him in those blessed abodes, which had been shewn to him even in this life. Upon the whole, neither in his actions, nor in the instructions he gave to those under their charge, is there any tincture of melancholy, which yet is so essential a characteristick of enthusiasm, that I have scarce ever heard of any enthusiast, ancient or modern, in whom some very evident marks of it did not appear.

As to ignorance, which is another ground of enthusiasm, St. Paul was so far from it, that he appears to have been master not of the Jewish learning alone, but of the Greek. And this is one reason why he is less liable to the imputation of having been an enthusiast than the other apostles, though none of them were such any more than he, as may by other arguments be invincibly proved.

I have mentioned credulity as another characteristick and cause of enthusiasm, which that it was not in St. Paul the history of his life undeniably shews. For, on the contrary, he seems to have been slow and hard of belief in the extremest degree, having paid no regard to all the miracles done by our Saviour, the fame of which he could not be a stranger to, as he lived in Jerusalem, nor to that signal one done after his resurrection, and in his name, by Peter and John (*l*), upon the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple; nor to the evidence given in consequence of it by Peter, in presence of the high-priest, the rulers, elders, and scribes, that Christ *was raised from the dead* (*m*). He must also have known, that when *all the apostles* had been *shut up in the common prison, and the high-priest, the council, and all the senate of the children of Israel had sent their officers to bring them before them, the officers came and found them not in prison*, but *returned* and made this report:

the other; he availed himself of an altar which he had found in the city, inscribed *To the unknown God*, and pleaded that he did not propose to them the worship of any new God, but only explained to them one whom their government had already received; *Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.* By this he avoided the law, and escaped being condemned by the Areopagus, without departing in the least from the truth of the gospel, or violating the honour of God. An admirable proof, in my opinion, of the good sense with which he acted, and one that shews there was no mixture of fanaticism in his religion.—(*l*) Acts iii.—(*m*) Acts v. 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32.

report: 'The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the 'keepers standing without before the doors, but when we had 'opened we found no man within.' And that the council was immediately told, *that the men they had put in prison were standing in the temple, and teaching the people.* And that *being brought* from thence *before the council*, they had spoke these memorable words, *We ought to obey God rather than men. The god of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a prince and a saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of the things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God has given to them that obey him.* (*s*) All this he resisted, and was consenting to the murder of Stephen, who preached the same thing, and evidenced it by miracles. So that his mind, far from being disposed to a credulous faith, or a too easy reception of any miracle worked in proof of the christian religion, appears to have been barred against it by the most obstinate prejudices, as much as any man's could possibly be; and from hence we may fairly conclude, that nothing less than the irresistible evidence of *his own senses*, clear from all possibility of doubt, could have overcome his unbelief.

Vanity or self-conceit is another circumstance that for the most part prevails in the character of an enthusiast. It leads men of a warm temper and religious turn, to think themselves worthy of the special regard, and extraordinary favours of God; and the breath of that inspiration to which they pretend, is often no more than the wind of this vanity, which puffs them up to such extravagant imaginations. This strongly appears in the writings and lives of some enthusiastical heretics in the mysticks both ancient and modern, in many founders of orders and saints both male and female amongst the papists, in several protestant sectaries of the last age, and even in some of the *Methodists* now (*t*). All the divine communications, illuminations, and extasies, to which they have pretended, evidently sprung from much self-conceit, working together with the vapours of melancholy upon a warm imagination; and this is one reason, besides the contagious nature of melancholy, or fear, that makes enthusiasm so very catching among weak minds. Such are most strongly disposed to vanity; and, when they see others pretend to extraordinary gifts,

(*s*) Acts viii. 1.—(*t*) See the account of Montanus and his followers, the writings of the counterfeit Dionysius the Areopagite, Santa Theresa, St. Catharine of Sienna, Madame Bourignon, the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola; see also an account of the lives of George Fox, and of Rice Evans, and Whitefield's Journal.

gifts, are apt to flatter themſelves that they may partake of them as well as thoſe whoſe merit they think no more than their own. Vanity therefore may juſtly be deemed a principal ſource of enthuſiaſm. But that St. Paul was as free from it as any man, I think may be gathered from all that we ſee in his writings, or know of his life. Throughout his epiſtles there is not one word that favours of vanity, nor is any action recorded of him, in which the leaſt mark of it appears.

In his epiſtle to the Epheſians (*p*), he calls himſelf *leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints* (*q*). And to the Corinthians he ſays, *he is the leaſt of the apoſtles, and not meet to be called an apoſtle, becauſe he had perſecuted the church of God.* In his epiſtle to Timothy, he ſays, 'This is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of 'all acceptation, That Chriſt Jeſus came into the world to 'ſave ſinners, *of whom I am chief* (*r*). Howbeit for this cauſe 'I obtained mercy, that in me firſt Jeſus Chriſt might ſhew 'forth all long ſuffering, for a pattern to them which ſhould 'hereafter believe in him to life everlaſting.'

It is true indeed, that in another epiſtle he tells the Corinthians, *That he was not a whit behind the very chiefeſt of the apoſtles*, 2 Cor. xi. 5. But the occaſion which drew from him theſe words muſt be conſidered. A falſe teacher by faction and calumny had brought his apoſtleſhip to be in queſtion among the Corinthians. Againſt ſuch an attack not to have aſſerted his apoſtolical dignity would have been a betraying of the office and duty committed to him by God. He was therefore conſtrained to do himſelf juſtice, and not let down that character, upon the authority of which the whole ſucceſs and efficacy of his miniſtry among them depended. But how did he do it? not with that wantonneſs which a vain man indulges, when he can get any opportunity of commending himſelf; not with a pompous detail of all the amazing miracles which he had performed in different parts of the world, though he had ſo fair an occaſion of doing it, but with a modeſt and ſimple expoſition of his abundant labours and ſufferings in preaching the goſpel, and barely reminding them (*s*), 'that the ſigns of an apoſtle had been wrought '*among them* in all patience, in ſigns, and wonders, and 'mighty deeds.' Could he ſay leſs than this? is not ſuch boaſting *humility itſelf?* And yet for this he makes many apologies, expreſſing the greateſt uneaſineſs in being obliged to ſpeak thus of himſelf, even in his own vindication (*t*). When, in the ſame epiſtle, and for the ſame purpoſe, he mentions the viſion he had of heaven, how modeſtly does he do

(*p*) Eph. iii. 8.—(*q*) 1 Cor. xv. 9.—(*r*) 1 Tim. i. 15, 16.—(*s*) Cor. xii. 12.—(*t*) 2 Cor. xi. 1. 16, 16, 17, 18, 19, 30.

do it (*a*)! not in his own name, but in the third perſon, *I knew a man in Chriſt*, &c. *caught up into the third Heaven.* And immediately after he adds (*b*), *but now I forbear, leſt any man ſhould think of me above that which he ſeeth me to be, or that he heareth of me.* How contrary is this to a ſpirit of vanity! how different from the practice of enthuſiaſtick pretenders to raptures and viſions, who never think they can dwell long enough upon thoſe ſubjects, but fill whole volumes with their accounts of them! Yet St. Paul is not ſatisfied with this forbearance; he adds the confeſſion of ſome *infirmity*, which he tells the Corinthians was given to him as an alloy (*c*) *that he might not be above meaſure exalted through the abundance of his revelations.* I would alſo obſerve, that he ſays this rapture, or viſion of paradiſe, happened to him above fourteen years before: Now, had it been the effect of a meer enthuſiaſtical fancy, can it be ſuppoſed that in ſo long a period of time, he would not have had many more raptures of the ſame kind? would not his imagination have been perpetually carrying him to Heaven, as we find St. Thereſa, St. Bridget, and St. Catherine were carried by theirs (*d*)? and if vanity had been predominant in him, would he have remained fourteen years in abſolute ſilence upon ſo great a mark of the divine favour? No, we ſhould certainly have ſeen his epiſtles filled with nothing elſe but long accounts of theſe viſions, conferences with angels, with Chriſt, with God Almighty, myſtical unions with God, and all that we read in the works of thoſe ſainted enthuſiaſts, whom I have mentioned before (*e*). But he only mentions this viſion in anſwer to the falſe teacher who had diſputed his apoſtolical power, and comprehends it all in three ſentences, with many excuſes for being compelled to make any mention of it at all. Nor does he take any merit to himſelf, even from the ſucceſs of thoſe apoſtolical labours which he principally boaſts of in this epiſtle. For in a former one to the ſame church he writes thus, 'Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but miniſters by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increaſe. So then neither is he that planteth *any thing*, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increaſe.' And in another place of the ſame epiſtle he ſays (*f*), 'By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was beſtowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than

(*a*) 2 Cor. xii. 2.—(*b*) 2 Cor. xii. 6.—(*c*) 2 Cor. xii. 7.—(*d*) See their Works and Lives.—(*e*) 2 Cor. xii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1.—(*f*) 1 Cor. xv. 10.

'they all: *yet not I, but the grace of God which was with* 'me.'

I think it needleſs to give more inſtances of the modeſty of St. Paul. Certain I am, not one can be given that bears any colour of vanity, or that vanity in particular which ſo ſtrongly appears in all enthuſiaſts, of ſetting their imaginary gifts above thoſe virtues which make the eſſence of true religion, and the real excellency of a good man, or, in the ſcripture phraſe, of a *ſaint*. In his firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians he has theſe words (*g*), 'Though I 'ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have 'not charity, I am become as ſounding braſs, or a tinkling 'cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and 'underſtand all myſteries and all knowledge, and though I 'have all faith ſo that I could remove mountains, and have 'no charity, I am nothing. And though I beſtow all my 'goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be 'burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' Is this the language of enthuſiaſm? did ever enthuſiaſt prefer that univerſal benevolence which comprehends all moral virtues, and which (as appears by the following verſes) is meant by charity here; did ever enthuſiaſt, I ſay, prefer that benevolence to *faith* and to *miracles*, to thoſe religious opinions which he had embraced, and to thoſe ſupernatural graces and gifts which he imagined he had acquired, nay even to the merit of martyrdom? Is it not the genius of enthuſiaſm to ſet moral virtues infinitely below the merit of faith, and of all moral virtues to value that leaſt which is moſt particularly enforced by St. Paul, a ſpirit of candour, moderation, and peace? Certainly neither the temper, nor the opinions of a man ſubject to fanatick deluſions, are to be found in this paſſage; but it may be juſtly concluded, that he who could eſteem the value of charity ſo much above miraculous gifts, could not have pretended to any ſuch gifts if he had them not in reality.

Since then it is manifeſt from the foregoing examination, that in St. Paul's diſpoſition and character thoſe qualities do not occur which ſeem to be neceſſary to form an enthuſiaſt, it muſt be reaſonable to conclude he was none. But allowing, for argument's ſake, that all thoſe qualities were to be found in him, or that the heat of his temper alone could be a ſufficient foundation to ſupport ſuch a ſuſpicion; I ſhall endeavour to prove, that he could not have impoſed on himſelf by any power of enthuſiaſm, either in regard to the

(*g*) 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 3, 4.

the miracle that caused his conversion, or to the consequential effects of it, or to some other circumstances which he bears testimony to in his epistles.

The power of imagination in enthusiastical minds is no doubt very strong, but it always acts in conformity to the opinions imprinted upon it at the time of its working, and can no more act against them, than a rapid river can carry a boat against the current of its own stream. Now nothing can be more certain, than that when Saul set out for Damascus with an authority from the chief-priests *to bring the Christians which were here, bound to Jerusalem*, * an authority solicited by himself, and granted to him at his own earnest desire, his mind was strongly possest with opinions against Christ and his followers. To give those opinions a more active force, his passions at that time concurred, being inflamed in the highest degree by the irritating consciousness of his past conduct towards them, the pride of supporting a part he had voluntarily engaged in, and the credit he found it procured him among the chief priests and rulers, whose commission he bore.

If, in such a state and temper of mind, an enthusiastical man had imagined he saw a vision from Heaven denouncing the anger of God against the Christians, and commanding him to persecute them without any mercy, it might be accounted for by the natural power of enthusiasm. But that, in the very instant of his being engaged in the fiercest and hottest persecution against them, no circumstance having happened to change his opinions, or alter the bent of his disposition, he should at once imagine himself called by a heavenly vision to be the apostle of Christ, whom but a moment before he deemed an impostor and a blasphemer, that had been justly put to death on the cross, is in itself wholly incredible, and so far from being a probable effect of enthusiasm, that just a contrary effect must have been naturally produced by that cause. The warmth of his temper carried him violently another way: and whatever delusions his imagination could raise to impose on his reason, must have been raised at that time agreeably to the notions imprinted upon it, and by which it was heated to a degree of enthusiasm, not in direct contradiction to all those notions, while they remained in their full force.

This is so clear a proposition, that I might rest the whole argument entirely upon it: but still farther to shew that this vision could not be a phantom of St. Paul's own creating, I beg leave to observe, that he was not alone when he saw it: there were many others in company, whose minds were no

* Acts ix. 2.

better disposed than his to the Christian faith. Could it be possible that the imaginations of all these men should at the same time be so strangely affected, as to make them believe that they saw a *great light shining about them, above the brightness of the sun at noon-day* (*a*), and heard the sound of *a voice from Heaven*, though *not the words which it spake*, when in reality they neither saw, nor heard any such thing? could they be so infatuated with this conceit of their fancy, (*b*) as to *fall down from their horses* together with Saul, and be *speechless through fear*, when nothing had happened extraordinary either to them or to him; especially considering that this apparition did not happen in the night, when the senses are more easily imposed upon, but at mid-day? If a sudden frenzy had seized upon Saul, from any distemper of body or mind, can we suppose his whole company, men of different constitutions and understandings, to have been at once affected in the same manner with him, so that not the distemper alone, but the effects of it should exactly agree? If all had gone mad together, would not the frenzy of some have taken a different turn, and presented to them different objects? This supposition is so contrary to nature and all possibility, that unbelief must find some other solution, or give up the point.

I shall suppose then, in order to try to account for this vision without a miracle, that as Saul and his company were journeying along in their way to Damascus, an extraordinary meteor did really happen, which cast a great light, as some meteors will do, at which they being affrighted fell to the ground in the manner related. This might be possible; and fear, grounded on ignorance of such phænomena, might make them imagine it to be a vision from God. Nay even the voice or sound they heard in the air, might be an explosion attending this meteor, or at least there are those who would rather recur to such a supposition as this, however incredible, than acknowledge the miracle. But how will this account for the distinct words heard by St. Paul, to which he made answer? how will it account for what followed upon it when he came to Damascus, agreeably to the sense of those words which he heard? how came Ananias to go to him there, and say, 'He was chosen by God 'to know his will (*c*), and see that Just One, and hear the 'voice of his mouth?' or why did he propose to him *to be baptized* (*d*)? what connexion was there between the meteor which

(*a*) Acts ix. 3. xxii. 9.—(*b*) Acts xxvi. 14. ix. 7.—(*c*) Acts xxii. 14.—(*d*) Ver. 16.

which Saul had ſeen, and theſe words of Ananias? will it be ſaid that Ananias was ſkilful enough to take advantage of the fright he was in at that appearance, in order to make him a Chriſtian? But could Ananias inſpire him with a viſion in which he ſaw him before he came (*e*)? if that viſion was the effect of imagination, how was it verified ſo exactly in fact? But allowing that he dreamt by chance of Ananias's coming, and that Ananias came by chance too; or, if you pleaſe, that, having heard of his dream, he came to take advantage of that, as well as of the meteor which Saul had ſeen, will this get over the difficulty? No, there was more to be done. Saul was ſtruck blind, and had been ſo for three days. Now had this blindneſs been natural from the effects of a meteor or lightning upon him, it would not have been poſſible for Ananias to heal it, as we find that he did, meerly by putting his hands on him and ſpeaking a few words. This undoubtedly ſurpaſſed the power of nature; and if this was a miracle, it proves the other to have been a miracle too, and a miracle done by the ſame Jeſus Chriſt. For Ananias, when he healed Saul, ſpoke to him thus (*f*); *Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jeſus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou cameſt, has ſent me, that thou mighteſt receive thy ſight, and be filled with the Holy Ghoſt* (*g*). And that he ſaw Chriſt both now and after this time, appears not only by what he relates, Acts xxii. 17, 18, but by other paſſages in his epiſtles, 1 Cor. ix. 1. xvi. 8. From *him* (as he aſſerts in many places of his epiſtles) he learned the goſpel by immediate revelation, and by him he was ſent to the Gentiles, Acts xxii. 31. xxiii. 11. Among thoſe Gentiles *from Jeruſalem, and round about to Illyricum* (*h*), he preached the goſpel of Chriſt *with mighty ſigns and wonders wrought by the power of the ſpirit of God, to make them obedient to his preaching*, as he teſtifies himſelf in his epiſtle to the Romans, and of which a particular account is given to us in the Acts of the Apoſtles; ſigns and wonders indeed, above any power of nature to work, or of impoſture to counterfeit, or of enthuſiaſm to imagine. Now does not ſuch a ſeries of miraculous acts, all conſequential to and dependent upon the firſt revelation, put the truth of that revelation beyond all poſſibility of doubt or deceit? and if he could ſo have impoſed on himſelf as to think that he worked them when he did not (which ſuppoſition cannot be admitted, if he was not all that time quite out of his ſenſes),

(*e*) Acts ix.—(*f*) Acts ix. 17, 18. xxii. 13.—(*g*) Acts ix. 17.—(*h*) Rom. xv. 19.

ſes), how could ſo *diſtemper'd an enthuſiaſt* make ſuch a progreſs, as we know that he did, in converting the Gentile world? If the difficulties which have been ſhewn to have obſtructed that work were ſuch as the ableſt impoſtor could not overcome, how much more inſurmountable were they to a madman!

It is a much harder taſk for unbelievers to account for the ſucceſs of St. Paul, in preaching the goſpel, upon the ſuppoſition of his having been an enthuſiaſt, than of his having been an impoſtor. Neither of theſe ſuppoſitions can ever account for it; but the impoſſibility is more glaringly ſtrong in this caſe than the other. I could enter into a particular examination of all the miracles recorded in the acts to have been done by St. Paul, and ſhew that they were not of a nature in which enthuſiaſm, either in him, or the perſons he worked them upon, or the ſpectators, could have any part. I will mention only a few. When he told Elymas the ſorcerer, at Paphos, before the Roman duputy (*i*), that *the hand of God was upon him, and he ſhould be blind, not ſeeing the ſun for a ſeaſon; and immediately there fell on him a miſt and a darkneſs, and he went about ſeeking ſome to lead him by the hand*; had enthuſiaſm in the doer or ſufferer any ſhare in this act? if Paul, as an enthuſiaſt, had thrown out this menace, and the effect had not followed, inſtead of converting the deputy, as we are told that he did, he would have drawn on himſelf his rage and contempt. But the effect upon Elymas could not be cauſed by enthuſiaſm in Paul; much leſs can it be imputed to an enthuſiaſtick belief in that perſon himſelf, of his being ſtruck blind, when he was not, by thoſe words of a man whoſe preaching he ſtrenuouſly and bitterly oppoſed. Nor can we aſcribe the converſion of Sergius, which happened upon it, to any enthuſiaſm. A Roman proconſul was not very likely to be an enthuſiaſt; but had he been one, he muſt have been bigoted to his own gods, and ſo much the leſs inclined to believe any miraculous power in St. Paul. When at Troas, a young man named Eutychus *fell down from a* high *window*, while Paul was preaching, and *was taken up dead* (*k*). Could any enthuſiaſm, either in Paul or the congregation there preſent, make them believe, that by that apoſtle's *falling upon him and embracing him*, he was reſtored to life? or could he who was ſo reſtored contribute any thing to it himſelf, by any power of his own imagination? When, in the iſle of Melita, where St. Paul was ſhipwrecked (*l*), there *came a viper and faſtened on his hand*, which he *ſhook off, and felt no harm*, was that an effect of enthuſiaſm? An enthuſiaſt

(*i*) Acts xiii.—(*k*) Acts xx. 9.—(*l*) Acts xxvii.

thuſiaſt might perhaps have been mad enough to hope for ſafety againſt the bite of a viper without any remedy being applied to it: but would that hope have prevented his death? or were the barbarous iſlanders, to whom this apoſtle was an abſolute ſtranger, prepared by enthuſiaſm to expect and believe that any miracle would be worked to preſerve him? On the contrary, when they ſaw the viper hang on his hand, they ſaid among themſelves, 'No doubt this man 'is a murderer, whom, though he hath eſcaped the ſea, 'yet vengeance ſuffereth not to live.' I will add no more inſtances: theſe are ſufficient to ſhew that the miracles told of St. Paul, can no more be aſcribed to enthuſiaſm than to impoſture.

But moreover the power of working miracles was not confined to St. Paul; it was alſo communicated to the churches he planted in different parts of the world. In many parts of his firſt epiſtle he tells the Corinthians *(m)*, that they had among them many miraculous graces and gifts, and gives them directions for the more orderly uſe of them in their aſſemblies. Now I aſk, whether all that he ſaid upon that head is to be aſcribed to enthuſiaſm? If the Corinthians knew that they had among them no ſuch miraculous powers, they muſt have regarded the author of that epiſtle as a man out of his ſenſes, inſtead of revering him as an apoſtle of God.

If, for inſtance, a Quaker ſhould, in a meeting of his own ſect, tell all the perſons aſſembled there, that '*to ſome among them was given the gift of healing by the ſpirit of God, to others the working of other miracles, to others diverſe kinds of tongues*;' they would undoubtedly account him a madman, becauſe they pretend to no ſuch gifts. If indeed they were only told by him that they were inſpired by the ſpirit of god in a certain ineffable manner, which they alone could underſtand, but which did not diſcover itſelf by any outward, diſtinct operations, or ſigns, they might miſtake the impulſe of enthuſiaſm for the inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt; but they could not believe, '*againſt the conviction of their own minds*,' that they ſpoke tongues they did not ſpeak, or healed diſtempers they did not heal, or worked other miracles, when they worked none. If it be ſaid, the Corinthians might pretend to theſe powers, though the Quakers do not; I aſk, whether in that pretenſion they were impoſtors, or only enthuſiaſts? If they were impoſtors, and St. Paul was alſo ſuch, how ridiculous was it for him to

(m) 1 Cor. xii. 4, 5.

to adviſe them, in an epiſtle writ *only to them, and for their own uſe*, not to value themſelves too highly upon thoſe gifts; to pray for one rather than another, and prefer charity to them all! do aſſociates in fraud talk ſuch a language to one another? But if we ſuppoſe their pretenſion to all thoſe gifts was an effect of enthuſiaſm, let us conſider how it was poſſible that he and they could be ſo cheated by that enthuſiaſm, as to imagine they had ſuch powers when they had not.

Suppoſe that enthuſiaſm could make a man think, that he was able by a word or a touch to give ſight to the blind, motion to the lame, or life to the dead: would that conceit of his make the blind ſee, the lame walk, or the dead revive: and if it did not, how could he perſiſt in ſuch an opinion, or upon his perſiſting eſcape being ſhut up for a madman? But ſuch a madneſs could not infect ſo many at once, as St. Paul ſuppoſes at Corinth to have bean endowed with the gift of healing, or any other miraculous powers. One of the miracles which they pretended to was the ſpeaking of languages they never had learned. And St. Paul ſays, * he poſſeſſed this gift *more than them all.* If this had been a deluſion of fancy, if they had ſpoke only gibberiſh, or unmeaning ſounds, it would ſoon have appeared when they came to make uſe of it where it was neceſſary, *viz.* in converting thoſe who underſtood not any language they naturally ſpoke. St. Paul particularly, who travelled ſo far upon that deſign, and had ſuch occaſion to uſe it, muſt ſoon have diſcovered that this imaginary gift of the ſpirit was no gift at all, but a ridiculous inſtance of *frenzy*, which had poſſeſſed both him and them. But if thoſe he ſpoke to in diverſe tongues underſtood what he ſaid, and were converted to Chriſt by that means, how could it be a deluſion? Of all the miracles recorded in ſcripture, none are more clear from any poſſible imputation of being the effect of an enthuſiaſtick imagination than this. For how could any man think that he had it, who had it not; or if he did think ſo, not be undeceived, when he came to put his gift to the proof? Accordingly I do not find ſuch a power to have been ever pretended to by any enthuſiaſt, ancient or modern.

If then St. Paul and the church of Corinth were not deceived in aſcribing to themſelves this miraculous power, but really had it, there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to think, that neither were

* 1 Cor. xiv. 18.

were they deceived in the other powers to which they pretended, as the same spirit which gave them that, equally could, and probably would, give them the others, to serve the same holy ends for which that was given. And by consequence St. Paul was no enthusiast in what he wrote upon that head to the Corinthians, nor in other similar instances, where he ascribes to himself, or to the churches he founded, any supernatural graces and gifts. Indeed they who would impute to imagination effects such as those St. Paul imputes to the power of God attending his mission, must ascribe to imagination the same omnipotence which he ascribes to God.

Having thus, I flatter myself, satisfactorily shewn that St. Paul could not be an enthusiast, who, by the force of an overheated imagination, imposed on himself; I am next to enquire whether he was deceived by the fraud of others, and whether all that he said of himself can be imputed to the power of that deceit? But I need say little to shew the absurdity of this supposition. It was morally impossible for the disciples of Christ, to conceive such a thought as that of turning his persecutor into his apostle, and to do this by a fraud in the very instant of his greatest fury against them and their Lord. But could they have been so extravagant as to conceive such a thought, it was physically impossibly for them to execute it in a manner we find his conversion to have been effected. Could they produce a light in the air which at midday was brighter than that of the sun? could they make Saul hear words from out of that light which were not heard by the rest of the company? * could they make him blind for three days after that vision, and then make scales fall from off his eyes, and restore him to his sight by a word? Beyond dispute, no fraud could do these things; but much less still could the fraud of others produce those miracles subsequent to his conversion, in which he was not passive, but active, which he did himself, and appeals to in his epistles as proofs of his divine mission. I shall then take it for granted that he was not deceived by the fraud of others, and that what he said of himself cannot be imputed to the power of that deceit, no more than to wilful imposture, or to enthusiasm; and then it follows, that what he related to have been the cause of his conversion, and to have happened in consequence of it, did all really happen, and *therefore the Christian religion is a divine revelation.*

That

* Acts xxii. 9.

That that concluſion is fairly and undeniably drawn from the premiſes, I think muſt be owned, unleſs ſome probable cauſe can be aſſigned, to account for thoſe facts ſo authentically related in the Acts of the Apoſtles, and atteſted in his Epiſtles by St. Paul himſelf, other than any of thoſe which I have conſidered; and this I am confident cannot be done. It muſt be therefore accounted for by the power of God. That God ſhould work miracles for the eſtabliſhment of a moſt holy religion, which, from the inſuperable difficulties that ſtood in the way of it, could not have eſtabliſhed itſelf without ſuch an aſſiſtance, is no way repugnant to human reaſon: but that without any miracle ſuch things ſhould have happened as no adequate natural cauſes can be aſſigned for, is what human reaſon cannot believe.

To impute them to magick, or the power of dæmons (which was the reſource of the Heathens and Jews againſt the notoriety of the miracles performed by Chriſt and his diſciples,) is by no means agreeable to the notions of thoſe who in this age diſbelieve Chriſtianity. It will therefore be needleſs to ſhew the weakneſs of that ſuppoſition: but that ſuppoſition itſelf is no inconſiderable argument of the truth of the facts. Next to the apoſtles and evangeliſts, the ſtrongeſt witneſſes of the undeniable force of that truth are Celſus and Julian, and other ancient opponents of the Chriſtian religion, who were obliged to ſolve what they could not contradict, by ſuch an irrational and abſurd imagination.

The diſpute was not then between faith and reaſon, but between religion and ſuperſtition. Superſtition aſcribed to cabaliſtical names, or magical ſecrets, ſuch operations as carried along with them evident marks of the divine power: religion aſcribed them to God, and reaſon declared itſelf on that ſide of the queſtion. Upon what grounds then can we now overturn that deciſion? upon what grounds can we reject the unqueſtionable teſtimony given by St. Paul, that he was called by God to be a diſciple and apoſtle of Chriſt? It has been ſhewn that we cannot impute it either to enthuſiaſm or fraud; how ſhall we then reſiſt the conviction of ſuch a proof? does the doctrine he preached contain any precepts againſt the law of morality, that natural law written by God in the hearts of mankind? If it did, I confeſs that none of the arguments I have made uſe of could prove ſuch a doctrine to come from *him*. But this is ſo far from being the caſe, that even thoſe who reject Chriſtianity as a divine revelation,

velation, acknowledge the morals delivered by Chriſt and by his apoſtles to be worthy of God. Is it then on account of the myſteries in the goſpel that the facts are denied, though ſupported by evidence which in all other caſes would be allowed to contain the cleareſt conviction, and cannot in this be rejected without reducing the mind to a ſtate of abſolute ſcepticiſm, and overturning thoſe rules by which we judge of all evidence, and of the truth or credibility of all other facts? But this is plainly to give up the uſe of our underſtanding where we are able to uſe it moſt properly, in order to apply it to things of which it is not a competent judge. The motives and reaſons upon which divine wiſdom may think proper to act, as well as the manner in which it acts, muſt often lie out of the reach of our underſtanding; but the motives and reaſons of human actions, and the manner in which they are performed, are all in the ſphere of human knowledge, and upon them we may judge, with a well grounded confidence, when they are fairly propoſed to our conſideration.

It is incomparably more probable that a revelation from God concerning the ways of his providence, ſhould contain in it matters above the capacity of our minds to comprehend, than that St. Paul, or indeed any of the other apoſtles, ſhould have acted, as we know that they did, upon any other foundations than certain knowledge of Chriſt's being riſen from the dead; or ſhould have ſucceeded in the work they undertook, without the aid of miraculous powers. To the former of theſe propoſitions I may give my aſſent without any direct oppoſition of reaſon to faith; but in admitting the latter I muſt believe againſt all thoſe probabilities that are the rational grounds of aſſent.

Nor do they, who reject the Chriſtian religion becauſe of the difficulties which occur in its myſteries, conſider how far that objection will go againſt other ſyſtems both of religion and of philoſophy, which they themſelves profeſs to admit. There are in *deiſm* itſelf, the moſt ſimple of all religious opinions, ſeveral difficulties, for which human reaſon can but ill account, which may therefore be not improperly ſtyled *articles of faith*. Such is the origin of evil under the government of an all-good and all-powerful God; a queſtion ſo hard, that the inability of ſolving it in a ſatisfactory manner to their apprehenſions, has driven ſome of the greateſt philoſophers into the monſtrous and ſenſeleſs opinions of *Manicheiſm*,

theism and atheism. Such is the reconciling the prescience of God with the free-will of man, which, after much thought on the subject, Mr. Locke* fairly confesses he could not do, though he acknowledged both; and what Mr. Locke could not do, in reasoning upon subjects of a metaphysical nature, I am apt to think, few men, if any, can hope to perform.

Such is also the creation of the world at any supposed time, or the *eternal production* of it from God; it being almost equally hard, according to meer philosophical notions, either to admit that the goodness of God could remain unexerted through all eternity before the time of such a creation, let it be set back ever so far, or to conceive an *eternal production*, which words, so applied, are inconsistent and contradictory terms; the solution commonly given by a comparison to the emanation of light from the sun not being adequate to it, or just; for light is a *quality* inherent in fire, and naturally emaning from it; whereas *matter* is not a *quality* inherent or emaning from the divine essence, but of a different substance and nature, and, if not *independent* and *self-existing*, must have been *created* by a meer act of the divine *will*; and if *created*, then not *eternal*, the idea of *creation* implying a time *when the substance created did not exist*. But if, to get rid of this difficulty, we have recourse, as many of the ancient philosophers had, to the *independent existence of matter*, then we must admit *two self-existing principles*, which is quite inconsistent with genuine theism, or natural reason. Nay, could *that* be admitted, it would not yet clear up the doubt, unless we suppose not only the eternal existence of matter, independent of God, but that it was from eternity in the *order* and *beauty* we see it in now, without any *agency* of the Divine power; otherwise the same difficulty will always occur, why it was not before put into that *order* and state of *perfection*; or how the goodness of God could so long remain in a state of inaction, *unexerted* and *unemployed*. For were the time of such an *exertion* of it put back ever so far, if, instead of five or six thousand years, we were to suppose millions of millions of ages to have passed since the world† was reduced out of a *chaos* to an *harmonious* and *regular form*, still a whole *eternity* must

* See his Letter to Mr. Molyneux, p. 509. vol. III.

† By the world I do not mean this earth alone, but the whole material *universe*, with all its inhabitants. Even *created spirits* fall under the same reasoning; for they must also have had a *beginning*, and before that *beginning* an eternity must have preceded.

muſt have preceded that date, during which the Divine attributes did not exert themſelves in *that beneficent work*, ſo ſuitable to them that the conjectures of human reaſon can find no cauſe for its being delayed.

But becauſe of theſe difficulties, or any other that may occur in the ſyſtem of deiſm, no wiſe man will deny the *being* of God, or his *infinite wiſdom*, *goodneſs*, and *power*, which are proved by ſuch evidence as carries the cleareſt and ſtrongeſt conviction, and cannot be refuſed without involving the mind in *far greater difficulties*, even in downright *abſurdities* and *impoſſibilities*. The only part therefore that can be taken is, to account in the beſt manner that our weak reaſon is able to do, for ſuch ſeeming objections; and where *that* fails, to acknowledge its weakneſs, and acquieſce under the certainty, that our very imperfect knowledge or judgement cannot be the meaſure of the Divine wiſdom, or the univerſal ſtandard of truth. So likewiſe it is with reſpect to the *Chriſtian religion*. Some *difficulties* occur in that revelation, which human reaſon can hardly clear; but as the truth of it ſtands upon evidence ſo ſtrong and convincing, that it cannot be denied without much *greater difficulties* than thoſe that attend the belief of it, as I have before endeavoured to prove, we ought not to reject it upon ſuch objections, however mortifying they may be to our pride. *That* indeed would have all things made plain to us; but God has thought proper to proportion our knowledge to our *wants*, not our *pride*. All that concerns our *duty* is clear; and as to other points either of natural or revealed religion, if he has left ſome obſcurities in them, is that any reaſonable cauſe of complaint? Not to rejoice in the benefit of what he has graciouſly allowed us to know, from a preſumptuous diſguſt at our incapacity of knowing more, is as abſurd as it would be to refuſe to *walk*, becauſe we cannot *fly*.

From the arrogant ignorance of metaphyſical reaſonings, aiming at matters above our knowledge, aroſe all the ſpeculative impiety, and many of the worſt ſuperſtitions, of the old heathen world, before the Goſpel was preached to bring men back again to the primitive faith; and from the ſame ſource have ſince flowed ſome of the greateſt corruptions of the evangelical truth, and the moſt inveterate prejudices againſt it: in effect juſt as natural as for our eyes to grow weak, and even blind, by being ſtrained to look at objects too diſtant, or not made for them to ſee.

Are

Are then our intellectual faculties of no use in religion? Yes undoubtedly of the most necessary use, when rightly employed. The proper employment of them is, to distinguish its genuine doctrines from others erroneously or corruptly ascribed to it; to consider the importance and purport of them, with the connexion they bear to one another; but first of all to examine with the strictest attention the evidence by which religion is proved, *internal* as well as *external*. If the *external* evidence be convincingly strong, and there is no *internal* proof of its falshood, but much to support and confirm its truth, then surely no difficulties ought to prevent our giving a full assent and belief to it. It is our duty indeed to endeavour to find the best solutions we can to them; but where no satisfactory ones are to be found, it is no less our duty to acquiesce with humility, and believe that to be right which we know is above us, and belonging to a wisdom superiour to ours.

Nor let it be said, that this will be an argument for the admitting all doctrines, however absurd that may have been grafted upon the Christian faith. Those which can plainly be proved *not to belong to it*, fall not under the reasoning I have laid down (and certainly none do belong to it which contradict either our *clear*, *intuitive knowledge*, or the *evident principles and dictates of reason.)* I speak only of difficulties which attend the belief of the gospel in some of its pure and essential doctrines, plainly and evidently delivered there, which, being made known to us by a *revelation* supported by *proofs* that our reason *ought to admit*, and not being such things as it can *certainly know to be false*, must be received by it as *objects of faith*, though they are such as it could not have discovered by any natural means, and such as are difficult to be conceived, or satisfactorily explained, by its limited powers. If "the glorious light of the Gospel" be sometimes overcast with clouds of doubt, so is the light of our *reason* too. But shall we deprive ourselves of the advantage of *either*, because those clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? shall we obstinately and frowardly shut our eyes against "that day-spring from on high that has visited us," because we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? Indeed, not even in heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the *height* and the *depth* of the infinite

finite wiſdom of God, be ever diſcloſed or underſtood. *Faith* even then will be neceſſary; and there will be *myſteries* which cannot be penetrated by the moſt exalted archangel, and *truths* which cannot be known by him otherwiſe than from *revelation*, or believed upon any other ground of aſſent than a "ſubmiſſive confidence in the Divine wiſdom." What, then ſhall man preſume that his weak and narrow underſtanding is ſufficient to guide him *into all truth*, without any need of *revelation* or *faith*? ſhall he complain that "the ways of God are not like his ways," and "paſt his finding out?" True Philoſophy, as well as true Chriſtianity, would teach us a wiſer and modeſter part. It would teach us to be content, within thoſe bounds which God has aſſigned to us, "* caſting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itſelf againſt the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Chriſt."

* 2 Cor. x. 5.

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

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PREFAC

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION.

LUCIAN among the ancients, and among the moderns Fenelon, archbiſhop of Cambray, and Monſieur Fontelle, have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with a general applauſe. The plan they have traced out is ſo extenſive, that ıe matter which lies within the compaſs of it can ſcarce be chauſted. It ſets before us the hiſtory of all times and all ations, preſents to the choice of a writer all characters of markable perſons, which may beſt be oppoſed to, or comıred with, each other; and is, perhaps, one of the moſt greeable methods, that can be employed, of conveying to e mind any critical, moral, or political obſervations; beuſe the *Dramatic* ſpirit, which may be thrown into them, ves them more life, than they could have in diſſertations, owever well written. And ſometimes *a new dreſs* may ren*an old truth* more pleaſing to thoſe whom the mere love novelty betrays into error, as it very frequently does not ly the *wits*, but the *ſages* of theſe days. Indeed, one of the ſt ſervices that could now be done to mankind by any good riter, would be the bringing them back to *common ſenſe*, m which the deſire of ſhining by extraordinary notions s ſeduced great numbers, to the no ſmall detriment of molity, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to obſerve, that in all works of this nare, the dead are often ſuppoſed, by a neceſſary fiction, to thoroughly informed of many particulars, which happened times poſterior to their own; and in all parts of the world, well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in enelon's dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds ult with the conduct of the latter; and in another between lon and the emperor Juſtinian, the Athenian cenſures the vernment of the Roman Legiſlator, and talks of the Hiſtory Procopius, as if he had read it. I have alſo taken the

liberty that others have uſed, to date the ſeveral dialogues, as beſt ſuited with the purpoſes to which they were written, ſuppoſing ſome of them to have paſſed immediately after the deceaſe of one or more of the ſpeakers, and others at a very great diſtance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former. Elyſium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being neceſſary allegories in this way of writing, are occaſionally uſed here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the archbiſhop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would juſtify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they uſe ſuch expreſſions: "*Se haveſſi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Deſtino, Elyſio, Stige*, &c. *ſono ſcherzi di penna poetica, non ſentimenti di animo Catolico* *."

Three of theſe dialogues were written by a different hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them ſhould ever write any more, I ſhall think that the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius ſo capable of uniting delight with inſtruction, and giving to virtue and knowledge thoſe graces, which the wit of the age has too often, and too ſucceſsfully, employed all its ſkill to beſtow on vice and folly.

Beſides many corrections which the reader will find in this edition, four new dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief deſign of the work, I mean the illuſtrating of certain *principles* and certain *characters* of importance, by bringing in perſons who have acted upon different ſyſtems, to defend their own conduct, or to explain their own notions, by free diſcourſe with each other, and in a manner conformable to the turn of their minds, as they have been repreſented to us by the beſt authors.

The ſeeing this done in the compaſs of a ſmall volume, may poſſibly induce our young gentry (for whoſe ſervice it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the ſubjects treated of in this work: and, if they make a proper uſe of the lights given to them, the public, I hope, will derive ſome benefit from the book, when the writer is no more.

* If I have named *Fate, Fortune, Deſtiny, Elyſium, Styx*, &c. they are only the ſports of a poetical pen, not the ſentiments of a Catholic mind.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Lord FALKLAND—Mr. HAMPDEN.

Lord Falk. ARE not you ſurprized to ſee me in Elyſium, Mr. Hampden?

Mr. Hamp. I was going to put the ſame queſtion to your rdſhip; for, doubtleſs, you thought me a rebel.

Lord Falk. And certainly you thought me an apoſtate from e commonwealth, and a ſupporter of tyranny.

Mr. Hamp. I own I did, and I don't wonder at the ſeverity your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived both of our natural candour. Yet I will confeſs to you re, that before I died, I began to ſee in our party enough juſtify your apprehenſions, that the civil war, which we d entered into from generous motives, from a laudable de- e to preſerve our free conſtitution, would end very unhap- y, and perhaps, in the iſſue, deſtroy that conſtitution, en by the arms of thoſe who pretended to be moſt zealous r it.

Lord Falk. And I will as frankly own to you, that I ſaw, the court and camp of the king *, ſo much to alarm me for e liberty of my country, if our arms were ſucceſsful, that dreaded a victory little leſs than I did a defeat, and had no- ng in my mouth but the word *peace*, which I conſtantly peated with paſſionate fondneſs, in every council at which was called to aſſiſt.

Mr. Hamp. I wiſhed for peace too, as ardently as your dſhip. But I ſaw no hopes of it. The inſincerity of the

* See the Letters, in the Sidney Collection, from the earl of derland to his Lady.

king and the influence of the queen made it impossible to trust to his promises or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *laws* designed to limit and restrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the bill of rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the privileges which had been in dispute? If his conscience would allow him to break an act of parliament *made to determine the bounds of the royal prerogative*, because he thought *that the royal prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal ties could bind a conscience so prejudiced? or what effectual security could his people obtain against the obstinate malignity of such an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the sword*, and enabling *themselves* to defend the laws he had past?

Lord Falk. There is evidently too much truth in what you have said. But, by taking from the king *the power of the sword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the government into a *democracy*; and if he had submitted to it, he would only have preserved the name of a king. The sceptre would have been held by those who had the sword; or we must have lived in a state of perpetual anarchy, without any force, or balance in the government; a state which could not have lasted long, but would have ended in a republic or in absolute dominion.

Mr. Hampden. Your reasoning seems unanswerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and those other court-divines, who directed the king's conscience, and fixed in it such principles, as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good qualities, and some great ones; let them, I say, answer for all the mischiefs they brought upon him and the nation.

Lord Falk. They were, indeed, much to blame: but those principles had gained ground before their times, and seemed the principles of our church, in opposition to the Jesuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other extream.

Mr. Hampden. It is a disgrace to our church to have taken up such opinions; and I will venture to prophesy, that our clergy, in future times, must renounce them, or they will be turned against them by those who mean their destruction. Suppose a Popish king on the throne. Will the clergy adhere to passive obedience and non-resistance? If they do they deliver up their religion to Rome; if they do not, their practice will confute their own doctrines.

Lord Falk. Nature, Sir, will in the end be sure to set right whatever opinion contradicts her great laws, let who will be th

the teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on those miserable times in which we both lived, the more I esteem it a favour of Providence to us, that we were cut off so soon. *The most grievous misfortune that can befall a virtuous man, is to be in such a state, that he can hardly so act as to approve his own conduct.* In such a state we both were. We could not easily make a step, either forward or backward, without great hazard of guilt, or at least of dishonour. We were unhappily entangled in connections with men who did not mean so well as ourselves, or did not judge so rightly. If we endeavoured to stop them, they thought us false to the cause: if we went on with them, we run directly upon rocks, which we saw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take shelter in a philosophical retreat from business. Inaction would in us have been cowardice and desertion. To compleat the public calamities, a religious fury, on both sides, mingled itself with the rage of our civil dissentions, more frantic than that, more implacable, more averse to all healing measures. The most intemperate counsels were thought the most *pious*; and a regard to the laws, if they opposed the suggestions of these fiery zealots, was accounted *irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itself, the settling of a nation which no longer could put any confidence in its sovereign, nor lay more restraints on the royal authority without destroying the balance of the whole constitution. In these circumstances, the balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our guardian angels, to deliver us from horrors we could not support, and perhaps from a guilt our souls abhorred.

Mr. Hamp. Indeed things were brought to so deplorable a state, that, if either of us had seen his party triumphant, he must have lamented that triumph as the ruin of his country. Were I to return into life, the experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the sparks of civil war in England: for I have seen, that, when once that devouring fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the head of a party to say to the conflagration, *Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy violence stop.*

Lord Falk. The conversation we have had, as well as the reflections of my own mind on past events, would, if I were condemned to my body again, teach me great moderation in my judgments of persons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult scenes of public action: they would entirely cure me of the *spirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the church, so also in the state, no evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthusiastical zeal.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Louis le Grand—Peter the Great.

Louis. WHO, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a ſhipwright in the dock-yards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the ſurname of Great?

Peter. Which of us beſt deſerved that title, poſterity will decide. But my greatneſs appeared ſufficiently in that very act which ſeemed to you a debaſement.

Louis. The dignity of a king does not ſtoop to ſuch mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my ſubjects or foreigners, but in all the ſplendor and majeſty of royal power.

Peter. Had I remained on the throne of Ruſſia, as my anceſtors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatneſs, I ſhould have been idolized by my people, as much, at leaſt, as you ever were by the French. My deſpotiſm was more abſolute, their ſervitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil cuſtoms; have taught them arts, civility, navigation, and war; have exalted them from brutes in human ſhapes into men. In this was ſeen the extraordinary force of my genius beyond any compariſon with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatneſs, to deſcend from my throne, and go and work in the dock-yards of a foreign republic; to ſerve as a private ſailor in my own fleets, and as a common ſoldier in my own army; till I had raiſed myſelf by my merit in all the ſeveral ſteps and degrees of promotion, up to the higheſt command, and had thus induced my nobility to ſubmit to a regular ſubordination in the ſea and land-ſervice, by a leſſon hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other maſter, or by any other method of inſtruction.

Louis. I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgement was perverted by the prejudices ariſing from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by ſome of my courtiers, whoſe minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatneſs of your's in that ſituation.

Peter. It was an act of more heroiſm than any ever done by Alexander or Cæſar. Nor would I conſent to exchange my glory with their's. They both did great things; but they were at the head of great nations, far ſuperior in valour and military ſkill to thoſe with whom they contended. I was the king

king of an ignorant, undiſciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at firſt ſo ſuperior to my ſubjects, that ten thouſand of them could beat a hundred thouſand Ruſſians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ſhip. The king of Sweden was a prince of the moſt intrepid courage, aſſiſted by generals of conſummate knowledge in war, and ſerved by ſoldiers ſo diſciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquiſhed theſe ſoldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at ſea, as well as land; I *new-created* my people; I gave them arts, ſcience, policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependance, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done ſuch wonders as theſe? Read all the records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in compariſon with me!

Louis. Your glory would indeed have been ſupreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your ſubjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the legiſlator and reformer of the Muſcovites was drunken and cruel.

Peter. My drunkenneſs I confeſs: nor will I plead, to excuſe it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious paſſions of anger, and produced actions, of which our reaſon, when ſober, was aſhamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with may in ſome degree be excuſed, as neceſſary to the work I had to perform. Fear of puniſhment was in the hearts of my barbarous ſubjects the only principle of obedience. To make them reſpect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whoſe minds could be ruled, like a fine managed horſe, with an eaſy and gentle rein. The fear of ſhame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Ruſſians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally ſuitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuſe can you find for the cruel violence you employed againſt your Proteſtant ſubjects? They deſired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourſelf had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the moſt hearty zeal for your ſervice. Yet theſe did you force, by the moſt inhuman ſeverities, either to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their conſciences ſtill retained, or to leave their native land,

land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am ſurpriſed that your heart itſelf did not ſtop you. It makes one ſhudder to think, that ſuch orders ſhould be ſent from the moſt poliſhed court in Europe, as the moſt ſavage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorſe and compaſſion.

Louis. It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated theſe ſeverities. My confeſſor told me, they alone would atone for all my ſins.

Peter. Had I believed in my patriarch, as you believed in your prieſt, I ſhould not have been the great monarch that I was.—But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whoſe memory is dear to his ſubjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the higheſt praiſe to a king. My people alſo date their glory from the æra of my reign. But there is this capital diſtinction between us. The pomp and pageantry of ſtate were neceſſary to your greatneſs: I was great in myſelf, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the ſuperiority and *ſovereignty* of my ſoul over all other men.

DIALOGUE III.

PLATO — FENELON.

Plato. WELCOME to Elyſium, O thou, the moſt pure, the moſt gentle, the moſt refined diſciple of philoſophy that the world, in modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome!—I need not name myſelf to you. Our ſouls by ſympathy muſt know one another.

Fen. I know you to be Plato, the moſt amiable of all the diſciples of Socrates, and the philoſopher of all antiquity whom I moſt deſired to reſemble.

Plato. Homer and Orpheus are impatient to ſee you in that region of theſe happy fields, which their ſhades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great poet, though you have written no verſes. And they are now buſy in compoſing for you unfading wreaths of all the fineſt and ſweeteſt Elyſian flowers. But I will lead you from them to the ſacred grove of Philoſophy, on the higheſt hill of Elyſium, where the air is moſt pure and moſt ſerene. I will conduct you to the fountain of Wiſdom, in which you will ſee, as in your own writings, the fair image of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raiſe in you more love than was felt by Narciſſus, when he contemplated

contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled ſpring. But you ſhall not pine, as he did, for a ſhadow. The goddeſs herſelf will affectionately meet your embraces and mingle with your ſoul.

Fen. I find you retain the allegorical and poetical ſtyle, of which you were ſo fond in many of your writings. Mine alſo run ſometimes into poetry, particularly in my Telemachus, which I meant to make a kind of epic compoſition. But I dare not rank myſelf among the great poets, nor pretend to any equality in oratory with you, the moſt eloquent of philoſophers, on whoſe lips the Attic bees diſtilled all their honey.

Plato. The French language is not ſo harmonious as the Greek: yet you have given a ſweetneſs to it, which equally charms the ear and heart. When one reads your compoſitions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's lyre, ſtrung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the Muſes. The idea of a *perfect king*, which you have exhibited in your Telemachus, far excels, in my own judgement, my imaginary *republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure ſpirit of virtue, of unaffected good ſenſe, of juſt criticiſm, of fine taſte. They are in general as ſuperior to your countryman Fontenelle's, as reaſon is to falſe wit, or truth to affectation. The greateſt fault of them, I think, is, that ſome are too ſhort.

Fen. It has been objected to them, and I am ſenſible of it myſelf, that moſt of them are too full of *common-place morals*. But I wrote them for the inſtruction of a young prince: and one cannot too forcibly imprint on the minds of thoſe who are born to empire the moſt ſimple truths: becauſe, as they grow up, the flattery of a court will try to diſguiſe and conceal from them thoſe truths, and to eradicate from their hearts the love of their duty, if it has not taken there a very deep root.

Plato. It is indeed the peculiar misfortune of princes, that they are often inſtructed with great care in the refinements of policy, and not taught the firſt principles of moral obligations, or taught ſo ſuperficially, that the virtuous man is ſoon loſt in the corrupt politician. But the leſſons of virtue you gave your royal pupil are ſo graced by the charms of your eloquence, that the oldeſt and wiſeſt men may attend to them with pleaſure. All your writings are embelliſhed with a ſublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to ſimplicity, and dignity to the moſt vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are leſs ſenſible of the beauty of your genius and ſtyle than any of their neighbours. What has ſo much depraved their taſte?

Fen.

Fen. That which depraved the taſte of the Romans after the age of Auguſtus; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, muſt be painted and adorned with artificial embelliſhments to attract their regards. And thus the natural beauty of both is loſt. But it is no wonder if few of them eſteem my Telemachus; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconſiſtent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the ſplendor of a refined and opulent nation. They ſeem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of ſociety is to procure the pleaſures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taſte of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furniſhes it well with good ſtatues and pictures, who encourages the fine arts, and makes them ſubſervient to every modiſh vice, who has a reſtleſs ambition, a perfidious policy, and a ſpirit of conqueſt, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the exceſſes of luxury, thoſe exceſſes I mean which enfeeble the ſpirit of a nation; to eaſe the people, as much as is poſſible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the bleſſings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or diſhonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and maſculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fitter for war whenever it does come upon them; but above all to watch diligently over their morals, and diſcourage whatever may defile or corrupt them, is the great buſineſs of government, and ought to be in all circumſtances the principal object of a wiſe legiſlature. Unqueſtionably *that is the happieſt country which has moſt virtue in it:* and to the eye of ſober reaſon the pooreſt Swiſs canton is a much nobler ſtate than the kingdom of France, if it has more liberty, better morals, a more ſettled tranquillity, more moderation in proſperity, and more firmneſs in danger.

Plato. Your notions are juſt; and if your country rejects them, ſhe will not long hold the rank of the firſt nation in Europe. Her declenſion is begun, her ruin approaches. For, omitting all other arguments, can a ſtate be well ſerved, when the raiſing of an opulent fortune in its ſervice, and making a ſplendid uſe of that fortune, is a diſtinction more envied than any which ariſes from integrity in office, or public ſpirit in government? can that ſpirit, which is the parent of a national greatneſs, continue vigorous and diffuſive, where the deſire of wealth, for the ſake of a luxury which wealth alone

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can support, and an ambition aspiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant passions? If it exists in a king, or a minister of state, how will either of them find, among a people so disposed, the necessary instruments to execute his great designs; or rather, what obstruction will he not find from the continual opposition of private interest to public? But if, on the contrary, a court inclines to tyranny, what a facility will be given by these dispositions to that evil purpose! how will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating ease and softness of luxury, have vigour to oppose it! will not most of them lean to servitude, *as their natural state*, as that in which the extravagant and insatiable cravings of their artificial wants may best be gratified at the charge of a bountiful master, or by the spoils of an enslaved and ruined people? when all sense of public virtue is thus destroyed, will not fraud, corruption, and avarice, or the opposite workings of court factions to bring disgrace on each other, ruin armies and fleets without the help of an enemy, and give up the independence of the nation to foreigners, after having betrayed its liberties to a king? All these mischiefs you saw attendant on that luxury, which some modern philosophers account (as I am informed) the highest good to a state! Time will shew that their doctrines are pernicious to society, pernicious to government; and that your's, tempered and moderated, so as to render them more practicable in the present circumstances of your country, are wise, salutary, and deserving of the general thanks of mankind. But, lest you should think, from the praise I have given you, that flattery can find a place in Elysium, allow me to lament, with the tender sorrow of a friend, that a man so superior to all other follies could give into the *reveries* of a madame Guyon, a distracted enthusiast. How strange was it to see *the two great lights of France*, you and the bishop of Meaux, engaged in a controversy, whether a *madwoman* was a *heretic*, or a *saint!*

Fen. I confess my own weakness, and the ridiculousness of the dispute. But did not your warm imagination carry you also into some *reveries* about *divine love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourself?

Plato. I *felt* something more than I was able to *express*.

Fen. I had my *feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we should both have done better to have avoided those subjects, in which *sentiment* took the place of *reason*.

DIALOGUE IV.

Mr. ADDISON—Dr. SWIFT.

Swift. SURELY, Addiſon, Fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the fool (a humour her ladyſhip, as well as moſt other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when ſhe made you *a miniſter of ſtate*, and me *a divine!*

Addiſon. I muſt confeſs we were both of us out of our elements. But you don't mean to inſinuate, that all would have been right, if our deſtinies had been reverſed?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent biſhop; and I ſhould have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an abſolute ſway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and ſo forth.

Addiſon. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never underſtood that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are very different things.

Swift. Ay; ſo you fellows that have no genius for politics may ſuppoſe. But there are times when, by ſeaſonably putting himſelf at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times, when the nation itſelf is a mob, and ought to be treated as ſuch by a ſkilful obſerver.

Addiſon. I don't deny the truth of your propoſition. But is there no danger, that, from the natural viciſſitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob ſhould be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may: but I riſked it; and it anſwered my purpoſe. Aſk the lord lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, inſtead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my ſuperiority. And if I could make myſelf ſo conſiderable, when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a ſeat in either houſe of parliament, what ſhould I have done, if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a ſituation that would have enabled me to make myſelf heard in the houſe of lords or of commons?

Addiſon. You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a whig as my lord Wharton himſelf. Or, if the whigs had unhappily offended *the ſtateſmen*, as they did *the doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the pretender? Pray let me aſk you one queſtion between you and me. If your great talents had raiſed you to the office of firſt miniſ-

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ter under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he, or his master, could make you as great in wit, as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

Addison. I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a soul he has brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

MERCURY—Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you—How does my old lad? how does honest Lemuel Gulliver? have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the *flying island*, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray when did you *eat a crust with Lord* Peter? is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear that, since you published the history of his case, the poor fellow, by more gentle usage, is almost got well. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as *brother* Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has lately spawned a strange brood of Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than ever Jack was in his worst days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your Tale of the Tub for the use of these fellows.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of my old friend the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is, in your favour;—but—

MERCURY—Don't be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder

and twenty more characters, drawn with the fineſt ſtrokes of unaffected wit and humour in your admirable writings, have obtained for you a high place in the claſs of *my authors*, though not quite ſo high a one as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the decency of your nature and the cautiouſneſs of your judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing, that in the force and ſpirit of his wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate ſentiment; in developing the ſecret ſprings of the ſoul; in ſhewing the mild lights and ſhades of a character; in diſtinctly marking each line, and every ſoft gradation of tints, which would eſcape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the ſhades even of the greateſt ſimplicity, or the moſt ridiculous weakneſſes; ſo that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing!* Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this.—He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a maſterly hand: but there was all his power: and, if I am to ſpeak as a *god*, a worthleſs power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have liberty to ſay a word for myſelf) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? is whipping of no uſe to mend naughty boys?

MERCURY.—Men are generally not ſo patient of whipping as boys: and *a rough ſatiriſt* is ſeldom known to mend them. Satire, like antimony, if it be uſed as a medicine, muſt be rendered leſs corroſive. Your's is often rank poiſon. But I will allow that you have done ſome good in your way, though not half ſo much as Addiſon did in his.

Addiſon. Mercury, I am ſatisfied. It matters little what rank you aſſign me as a wit, if you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

MERCURY.—I paſs ſentence on the *writers*, not the *men*. And my decree is this. When any hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the taſk of lowering his arrogance be aſſigned to Swift. The ſame good office may be done to a philoſopher vain of his wiſdom and virtue, or to a bigot puffed up with ſpiritual pride. The doctor's diſcipline will ſoon convince the firſt, that with all his boaſted morality, he is but a *yahoo*: and the latter, that to be *holy* he muſt neceſſarily be *humble*. I would alſo have him apply his *anticoſmetic waſh* to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent folly or petulant wit. But Addiſon ſhould be employed to comfort thoſe, whoſe delicate minds are dejected with too painful a ſenſe of ſome infirmities

in their nature. To them he ſhould hold his fair and charitable mirrour, which would bring to their ſight their hidden excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for Elyſium.—Adieu: continue to eſteem and love each other as you did in the other world, though you were of oppoſite parties, and (what is ſtill more wonderful) *rival wits*. This alone is ſufficient to entitle you both to Elyſium.

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES—CIRCE. *In* CIRCE's *Iſland (a)*.

Circe. YOU will go then, Ulyſſes; but tell me without reſerve—What carries you from me?

Ulyſ. Pardon, goddeſs, the weakneſs of human nature. My heart will ſigh for my country. It is an attachment which all my admiration of you cannot entirely overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what, Ulyſſes, do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudeſt goddeſs on earth, when ſhe has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulyſ. It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the tenderneſs of love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar ſenſations.

Circe. I underſtand your caution; it belongs to your character: and therefore, to remove all diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you, or your friends, for any thing which you ſay, however offenſive it may be to my love or my pride; but will ſend you away from my iſland with all marks of my friendſhip. Tell me now truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren rock of Ithaca, which can compenſate for thoſe you leave in this paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulyſ. The pleaſures of virtue; the ſupreme happineſs of doing good. Here I do nothing. My mind is in a palſy: all its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action, that I may worthily employ thoſe talents, which I have cultivated from the earlieſt days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me. They are the exerciſe of my ſoul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than theſe vacant groves. There I could reap the bright harveſt of

(*a*) N. B. This cannot be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but we have one of the ſame kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulyſſes and his companion Grillus, when turned to a boar by the enchantments of Circe; and two or three others, that are ſuppoſed to have paſt between living perſons.

glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of *my former self* haunts and seems to upbraid me, wherefoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every shade: it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess, unless you have power to lay that spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulyss. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses. Here I am deprived of that sacred society. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, or think, while such a number of beasts (and the worst beast are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting all about me?

Circe. There may be something in this: but this, I know, is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in this island; which follows your walks; which more particularly interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, Ulysses, I know it is.—Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Penelope in my bosom itself—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have past since her's has been faded. I might say without vanity that in her best days she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulyss. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired about her, that she is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falshood? shall I forget my Penelope, who can't forget me; who has no pleasure so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose as she pleases of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own

own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her paſſion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I underſtand nothing of womankind.

Ulyſ. O cruel goddeſs! why will you force me to tell you truths I deſire to conceal? If by ſuch unmerited, ſuch barbarous uſage, I could loſe her heart, it would break mine. How ſhould I be able to endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged ſuch a wife? what could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I muſt own, (ſince you will have me ſpeak) I muſt own *you* could not.—With all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to aſſiſt thoſe of nature, you are not ſo powerful a charmer as ſhe. You feel *deſire*, and you give it: but you have never felt *love*, nor can you inſpire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beaſt? Penelope raiſed me into a hero. Her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the ſiege of Troy, though the parting with me was worſe than death to herſelf. She bid me expoſe myſelf there to all the perils of war among the foremoſt heroes of Greece, though her poor heart ſunk and trembled at every thought of thoſe perils, and would have given all its own blood to ſave a drop of mine. Then there was ſuch a conformity in all our inclinations! When Minerva was teaching me the leſſons of wiſdom, ſhe delighted to be preſent; ſhe heard, ſhe retained, ſhe gave them back to me, ſoftened and ſweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Muſæus, and Linus, with what taſte did ſhe diſcern every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She ſeemed herſelf to be the Muſe who had inſpired thoſe verſes, and had tuned their lyres to infuſe into the hearts of mankind the love of wiſdom and virtue, and the fear of the Gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how tender to my people! what care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in all the finer elegant arts; to relieve the neceſſities of the ſick and aged; to ſuperintend the education of children; to do my ſubjects every good office of kind interceſſion; to lay before me their wants, to mediate for thoſe who were objects of mercy, to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the favours of the crown! And ſhall I baniſh myſelf for ever from ſuch a conſort? ſhall I give up her ſociety for the brutal joys of a ſenſual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having loſt the human ſoul, or at leaſt all its noble and godlike powers? Oh Circe, it is impoſſible; I can't bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—don't imagine that I aſk you to ſtay. *The daughter of the ſun* is not ſo mean ſpirited, as to ſolicit a mor-

tal to ſhare her happineſs with her. It is a happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and deſpiſe you. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a jargon of ſentiments fitter for a ſilly woman than a great man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my iſland. You ſhall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm, that Neptune can raiſe, purſue and overwhelm you!—Be gone, I ſay, quit my ſight.

Ulyſ. Great goddeſs, I obey—but remember your oath.—

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY—An Engliſh DUELLIST—A North-American SAVAGE.

Duel. MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other ſide of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before ſaw one of that ſpecies. He looks very grim.—Pray, ſir, what is your name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

Sav. Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for ſome years among the Engliſh of New York. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainouſly cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the reſt of my tribe in the late war againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a ſcalping party. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was ſhot, I had glorioufly ſcalped ſeven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed ſtill greater exploits. My name is *the Bloody Bear*: it was given me to expreſs my fierceneſs and valour.

Duel. Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble ſervant. My name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profeſſion a gameſter and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable ſingle combat; but don't underſtand cutting the throats of women and children.

Sav. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its cuſtoms. But, by the grimneſs of your countenance, and that hole in your breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was, in ſome ſcalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your ſcalp?

Duel. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a ſum of money. After two or three years, being in great

great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he run upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me thro' the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said, that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling hospital.

Sav. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mer. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Sav. Don't tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know indeed, that the English are *a barbarious nation*; but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mer. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Sav. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend:—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to swim over the water.

Mer. By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength.—Swim now if thou canst.

Sav. This is a potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

Mer. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

Duel. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

Sav. I know thou art a ſcoundrel—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mer. Stop.—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Sav. I muſt obey thee.—Well, ſir, let me know what merit you had, to introduce you into good company? what could you do?

Duel. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Beſides, I kept a good table. I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

Sav. Eat! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his ſhoulder! There is *fine eating!* I have eat twenty. My table was always *well ſerved.* My wife was eſteemed the beſt cook for the dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine?

Duel. I danced very finely.

Sav. I'll dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war-dance* with more ſpirit than any man of my nation. Let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how aukward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way thou haſt never yet learnt. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging *raſcal?*

Duel. O heavens! muſt I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword, nor piſtol. And his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

Mer. You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths, which you muſt neceſſarily hear when you come before Rhadamanthus. He aſked you what you could do beſides eating and dancing.

Duel. I ſung very agreeably.

Sav. Let me hear you ſing your *death ſong*, or the *war whoop.* I challenge you to ſing.—Come, begin.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a *liar.*—He has told us nothing but *lies.* Let me pull out his tongue.

Duel. The lie given me!—and alas! I dare not reſent it. What an indelible diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! This indeed is *damnation.*

Mer.

Mer. Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of *honour*; it is the spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

Sav. If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your breech.*

Duel. Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER.—PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Plin. Eld. THE account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour *, amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was shaking beneath you, when the whole heaven was darkened with sulphurous clouds; when all nature seemed falling into its final destruction, to be *reading* Livy, and *making extracts*, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage, is manly; but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility, where it cannot be supposed, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that tremendous scene, by shewing yourself undismayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Plin. Young. That vulgar minds should consider my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that you would blame it as such, I did not apprehend; you, whom no business could separate from the Muses; you, who approached nearer to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

* V. C. Plinii Epist. l. vi. ep. 20.

Plin. Eld. I died in doing my duty *. Let me recall to your remembrance all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your behaviour and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. On the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out, to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phœnomenon, and endeavour to discover its nature and cause. This I did, as a philosopher; and it was a curiosity proper and natural to an inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have gone; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent. When I came out from my house, I found all the inhabitants of Misenum flying to the sea. That I might assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and sailed with it all round the bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to escape with the utmost trepidation. Thus I happily preserved some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with an unshaken composure and freedom of mind, the several phœnomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, our gallies were covered with ashes, the showers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice stones, and burnt and broken *pyrites*, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopt by the obstacles which the ruins of the vulcano had suddenly formed, by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he was desirous to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. The family watched, and I slept; till the heaps of pumice stones, which incessantly fell from the clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had staid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were

* V. Epist. 16. l. vi.

able,

able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the sea very rough, we all remained on the shore, till the descent of a sulphurous and fiery vapour suddenly oppressed my weak lungs, and put an end to my life. In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I must say, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of vanity blended with your virtue, which impaired and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men whom Rome has ever produced: for none excelled you in sincere integrity of heart and greatness of sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory, by seeking the shadow?—Your eloquence had, I think, the same fault as your manners: it was generally too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan; the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory: the latter appears the harangue of a florid *rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

Pliny Young. I will not question your judgement either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant *glow* of his diction, and pointed *brilliancy* of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject. Permit me therefore to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through its surface? The foot of it was covered with corn fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas, and magnificent towns: the sides of it were cloathed with

with the beſt vines of Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the change! All was at once overwhelmed, with aſhes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, preſenting to the eye the moſt diſmal ſcene of horror and deſolation!

Plin. Eld. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your philoſophical mind, that this change is a ſtriking emblem of that which muſt happen, by the natural courſe of things, to every rich, luxurious ſtate! While the inhabitants of it are ſunk in voluptuouſneſs, while all is ſmiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger is nigh, the latent ſeeds of deſtruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a ſudden, they lay waſte all their opulence, all their boaſted delights; and leave them a ſad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempeſts and convulſions.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

Cortez. IS it poſſible, William Penn, that you ſhould ſeriouſly compare your glory with mine! the planter of a ſmall colony in North-America preſume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

Penn. Friend, I pretend to no glory,—the LORD preſerve me from it!—All glory is *his*; but this I ſay, that I was *his inſtrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

Cortez. Doſt thou not know, William Penn, that with leſs than ſix hundred Spaniſh foot, eighteen horſe, and a few ſmall pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, dethroned an emperor who had been raiſed to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the ſcience of war, as much as they excelled all the reſt of the Weſt Indian nations? that I made him my priſoner in his own capitol; and, after he had been depoſed and ſlain by his ſubjects, vanquiſhed and took Guatimozin, his ſucceſſor, and accompliſhed my conqueſt of the whole empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spaniſh crown? Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful acts, I ſhewed as much courage as Alexander the Great, as much prudence as Cæſar? that, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful commonwealth of Tlaſcala, and brought them to aſſiſt me in ſubduing the Mexicans, tho' with the loſs of their own beloved independence? and that, to conſummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, Velaſquez, would have taken my command from me, and ſacrificed me to his envy and jealouſy, I drew from him all his forces,

orces, and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſu-
erior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

Penn. I know very well that thou waſt as fierce as a lion, nd as ſubtle as a ſerpent. The devil, perhaps, may place thee s high *in his black liſt of heroes* as Alexander or Cæſar. It s not my buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy rank. But hark thee, friend Cortez—What right hadſt thou, or ad the king of Spain himſelf, to the Mexican empire? An-wer me that, if thou canſt.

Cortez. The pope gave it to my maſter.

Penn. The devil offered to give our LORD all the king-loms of the earth; and I ſuppoſe the pope, as *his vicar*, gave his maſter this: in return for which he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an idolater as he was. But ſuppoſe the igh prieſt of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain o Motezuma, would his grant have been good?

Cortez. Theſe are queſtions of caſuiſtry, which it is not he buſineſs of a ſoldier to decide. We leave that to gownſ-nen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what right had you to the pro-ince you ſettled?

Penn. An honeſt right of fair purchaſe. We gave the na-ive ſavages ſome things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed n, not a drop of blood ſhed to ſtain our acquiſition.

Cortez. I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the pur-haſe. Thy followers, William Penn, are ſaid to think heating in a quiet and ſober way no mortal ſin.

Penn. The ſaints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a ſight which an angel might contemplate with elight, to behold the colony I ſettled! to ſee us living with he Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of heir barbarous manners by the gentleneſs of ours! to ſee the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderneſs, endered as fertile and fair as the Garden of God! O Fer-ando Cortez! didſt thou leave the great empire of Mexico n that ſtate? No, thou hadſt turned thoſe delightful and po-ulous regions into a deſert, a deſert flooded with blood. Doſt hou not remember that moſt infernal ſcene, when the noble mperor Guatimozin was ſtretched out by thy ſoldiers upon ot burning coals, to make him diſcover into what part of the ake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treaſures? are not is groans ever ſounding in the ears of thy conſcience? do ot they rend thy hard heart, and ſtrike thee with more hor-or than the yells of the Furies?

Cortez. Alas! I was not preſent when that dire act was one. Had I been there, I would have forbidden it. My ature was mild.

Penn.

Penn. Thou waſt the captain of that band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counſels and conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy ſkill ſaved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to ſo enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly puniſhed them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of Satan.*

Cortez. The *ſaints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preſerve this *admirable* colony which you have ſettled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent lambs.* Are there no *wolves* in North America to devour thoſe *lambs?* But if the Americans ſhould continue in perpetual peace with all your ſucceſſors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennſylvania to make war againſt *them* with prayers and preaching? If ſo, that garden of GOD, which you ſay you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

Penn. The LORD's will be done! The LORD will defend us, againſt the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleaſure.

Cortez. Is this the wiſdom of a great legiſlator? I have heard ſome of your countrymen compare you to Solon! did Solon, think you, give laws to a people, and leave thoſe laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The firſt buſineſs of legiſlature is, to provide a military ſtrength that may defend the whole ſyſtem. If a houſe is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to ſhut, or a bolt or bar to ſecure it, what avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious, the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furniſhed within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to ſeize its wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any ſtate or commonwealth erected therein muſt be well fenced and ſecured by good military inſtitutions; or, the happier it is in all other reſpects, the greater will be its danger, the more ſpeedy its deſtruction. Perhaps the neighbouring Engliſh colonies may for awhile protect your's: but that precarious ſecurity cannot always preſerve you. Your plan of government muſt be changed, or your colony will be loſt. What I have ſaid is alſo applicable to Great Britain itſelf. If an increaſe of its wealth be not accompanied with an increaſe of its force, that wealth will become the prey of ſome of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial ſpirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praiſe may be due to its civil inſtitutions, if they are not guarded by a wiſe ſyſtem of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own diſſolution.

Penn.

Penn. Theſe are ſuggeſtions of human wiſdom. The doctrines I held were *inſpired*; they came *from above.*

Cortez. It is blaſphemy to ſay, *that any folly could come from the Fountain of Wiſdom.* Whatever is inconſiſtent with the great laws of nature, and with the neceſſary ſtate of human ſociety, cannot poſſibly have been inſpired by GOD. Self-defence is as neceſſary to nations as to men. And ſhall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, William Penn, is the perfection of reaſon. Fanaticiſm is the diſgrace, the deſtruction of reaſon.

Penn. Though what thou ſayeſt ſhould be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papiſt* talk of *reaſon!* Go to the Inquiſition, and tell *them* of *reaſon*, and *the great laws of nature.* They will broil thee, as thy ſoldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why doſt thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquiſition, or the name of Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madeſt thyſelf a voluntary inſtrument to carry into a new-diſcovered world that helliſh tribunal! Tremble and ſhake when thou thinkeſt, that every murder the inquiſitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou muſt anſwer to GOD for all their inhumanity, for all their injuſtice. What wouldſt thou give to part with the renown of thy conqueſts, and to have a conſcience as pure and undiſturbed as mine?

Cortez. I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have cauſed.—Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of GOD, and propagate in the remoteſt parts of the earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well-deſigning and pious error. Thou alſo wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, ſo much as I.

Penn. Aſk thy heart, whether ambition was not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

Cortez. Aſk thine, whether thy zeal had no worldly views, and whether thou didſt believe all the nonſenſe of the ſect, at the head of which thou waſt pleaſed to become a legiſlator. Adieu!—Self-examination requires retirement.

DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO.—MESSALLA CORVINUS.

Cato. OH Meſſalla!—is it then poſſible that what ſome of our countrymen tell me ſhould be true? Is it poſſible that you could live the courtier of Octavius, that

you

you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the tyrant of your country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Meſſalla; you, whom, I remember, my ſon-in-law Brutus has frequently extolled, as the moſt promiſing youth in Rome, tutored by philoſophy, trained up in arms, ſcorning all thoſe ſoft, effeminate pleaſures, that reconcile men to an eaſy and indolent ſervitude, fit for all the roughest taſks of honour and virtue, fit to live or to *die* a freeman?

Meſſalla. Marcus Cato, I revere both your life and your death: but the laſt, permit me to tell you, did no good to your country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the ſternneſs of your virtue, I will not ſay of your pride. For my own part, I adhered with conſtant integrity and unwearied zeal to the republic, while the republic exiſted. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for himſelf. When he was dead, I ſaw that nothing remained to my country but *the choice of a maſter.* I choſe *the beſt.*

Cato. The beſt!—What! a man who had broken all laws, who had violated all truſts, who had led the armies of the commonwealth againſt Antony, and then joined with him and that ſottiſh traitor Lepidus, to ſet up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who ſhed the beſt blood in Rome by an inhuman proſcription; murdered even his own guardian; murdered Cicero, to whoſe confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his power! Was this the maſter you choſe? could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Auguſtus?* could you ſtoop to beg conſulſhips and triumphs from him? Oh ſhame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her ſons, her nobleſt ſons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of: it ſtabs my ſoul.

Meſſalla. Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much paſſion mixed with your virtue. The enthuſiaſm you are poſſeſſed with is a noble one; but it diſturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience and with the tranquillity that becomes a philoſopher. It is true that Octavius had done all you have ſaid: but it is no leſs true that in our circumſtances he was the beſt maſter Rome could chuſe. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His underſtanding was clear, and ſtrong. His paſſions were cool, and under the abſolute command of his reaſon. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people, which no other Roman could poſſeſs in an equal degree. He uſed that authority

authority to restrain the excesses of both, which it was no longer in the power of the senate to repress, nor of any other general, or magistrate in the state. He restored discipline in our armies, the first means of salvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or supported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and respected those which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of speech. He treated the nobles of Pompey's party as well as those of his father's, if they did not themselves, for factious purposes, keep up the distinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, respectable, which left the senate its majesty, and some of its power. He restored vigour and spirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, justice, and glory: he humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceness of the barbarous nations: he gave to his country, exhausted and languishing with the great loss of blood, which she had sustained in the course of so many civil wars, the blessing of peace; a blessing which was become so necessary for her, that without it she could enjoy no other. In doing these things, I acknowledge, he had my assistance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can justify myself more effectually to my country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do some good* than *to project a great deal.* A little practicable virtue is of more use to society than the most sublime theory, or the best principles of government ill applied.

CATO. Yet I must think it was beneath the character of Massalla to join in supporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was still a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have seen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly practised those private virtues, which are all that the gods require from good men in certain situations?

MESS. No:—I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had Augustus required of me any thing base, any thing servile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it.—But he respected my virtue, he respected my dignity; he treated me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this distinction alone, that he never employed my sword but against foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republic.

CATO. It must, I own, have been a pleasure to be employed against Antony, that monster of vice, who plotted the

ruin of liberty, and the raiſing of himſelf to ſovereign power, amidſt the riot of Bacchanals, and in the embraces of harlots: who, when he had attained to that power, delivered it up to a laſcivious queen, and would have made an Egyptian ſtrumpet the miſtreſs of Rome, if the battle of Actium had not ſaved us from *that laſt of misfortunes.*

MESS. In that battle I had a conſiderable ſhare. So I had in encouraging the liberal arts and ſciences, which Auguſtus protected. Under his judicious patronage the Muſes made Rome their capital ſeat. It would have pleaſed you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whoſe names will be illuſtrious to all generations.

CATO. I underſtand you, Meſſalla. Your Auguſtus and you, after the ruin of our liberty, made Rome a Greek city, an academy of fine wits, another Athens under the government of Demetrius Phalareus. I had much rather have ſeen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honeſt old conſuls, who could not read.

MESS. Yet to theſe writers ſhe will owe as much of her glory as ſhe did to thoſe heroes. I could ſay more, a great deal more, on the happineſs of the mild dominion of Auguſtus. I might even add, that the vaſt extent of the empire, the factions of the nobility, and the corruption of the people, which no laws under the ordinary magiſtrates of the ſtate were able to reſtrain, ſeemed neceſſarily to require ſome change in the government: that Cato himſelf, had he remained upon earth, could have done us no good, unleſs he would have yielded to become *our prince.* But I ſee you conſider me as a deſerter from the republic, and an apologiſt for a tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of thoſe ancient Romans, for whoſe ſociety you were always much fitter than for that of your contemporaries. Cato ſhould have lived with Fabricius and Curius, not with Pompey and Cæſar.

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.—Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

CHRIST. YOU ſeem to avoid me, Oxenſtiern; and, now we are met, you don't pay me the reverence that is due to your queen! Have you forgotten that I was your ſovereign?

OXEN.

OXEN. I am not your ſubject here, madam; but you have forgotten, that you yourſelf broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown againſt my advice and the inclination of your people. Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

CHRIST. I ſee you would mortify me, if it were in your power, for acting againſt your advice. But my fame does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatneſs of my mind in reſigning a crown, to dedicate myſelf entirely to the love of the ſciences and the fine arts: things of which you had no taſte in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXEN. There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you ſure, madam, it was magnanimity, that cauſed you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your anceſtors, and particularly your heroic father, Guſtavus, had ruled with ſo much glory?

CHRIST. Am I ſure of it? Yes:—— and to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *beaux eſprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroiſm.

OXEN. Thoſe *beaux eſprits* judged according to their predominant paſſion. I have heard young ladies expreſs their admiration of Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of Actium, to follow his miſtreſs. Your paſſion for literature had the ſame effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? why did not you bring the Muſes to Sweden, inſtead of deſerting that kingdom to ſeek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect arts and ſciences, and more eſpecially to inſtruct an illiterate people, and inſpire them with knowledge, politeneſs, and fine taſte, is indeed an act of true greatneſs.

CHRIST. The Swedes were too groſs to be refined by my culture, which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen ſouls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more Southern climate.

OXEN. The Swedes too groſs! No, madam: not even the Ruſſians are too groſs to be refined, if they had a prince to inſtruct them.

CHRIST. It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper to poliſh bears into men: I ſhould have died of the ſpleen before I had made any proficiency in it. My deſire was to ſhine among thoſe who were qualified to judge of my talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of ſhewing the

French and Italian wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity: that which I drew from the French and Roman academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the joy, the tranſport of my heart, when I ſaw the greateſt authors, and all the celebrated artiſts, in the moſt learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and ſubmitting the merit of them to my deciſions; when I ſaw the philoſophers, the rhetoricians, the poets, making my judgement the ſtandard of their reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

OXEN. O great Guſtavus! my ever honoured, my adored maſter! O greateſt of kings, greateſt in valour, in virtue, in wiſdom, with what indignation muſt thy ſoul, enthroned in heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter! With what ſhame muſt thou have ſeen her rambling about from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debaſed into a pedant, a witling, a ſmatterer in ſculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy rhetorician, or hireling poet! I weep to think on this ſtain, this diſhonourable ſtain, to thy illuſtrious blood! And yet—would to GOD! would to GOD! this was all the pollution it has ſuffered!

CHRIST. Dareſt thou, Oxenſtiern, impute any blemiſh to my honour?

OXEN. Madam, the world will ſcarce reſpect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones; much leſs when they have voluntarily degraded themſelves to the level of the vulgar. And if ſcandalous tongues have unjuſtly aſperſed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *aſſaſſination*.

CHRIST. Oh! that I were alive again, and reſtored to my throne, that I might puniſh the inſolence of this hoary traitor!—But ſee! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool contempt!—Alas! do I not deſerve this ſcorn? In ſpite of myſelf I muſt confeſs that I do.—O vanity, how ſhort-lived are the pleaſures thou beſtoweſt! I was thy votary: thou waſt the god for whom I changed my religion. For thee I forſook my country and my throne. What compenſation have I gained for all theſe ſacrifices, ſo laviſhly, ſo imprudently made? Some puffs of incenſe from authors, who thought their flattery due to the rank I had held, or hoped to advance themſelves by my recommendation, or, at beſt,

over-rate

over-rated my passion for literature, and praised me, to raise the value of those talents with which they were endowed. But in the esteem of *wise men* I stand very low; and 'their 'esteem alone is the true measure of glory.' Nothing, I perceive, can give the mind a lasting joy, but the consciousness of having performed our duty in that station, which it has pleased the divine Providence to assign to us. The glory of virtue is solid and eternal: all other will fade away like a thin vapoury cloud, on which the casual glance of some faint beams of light has superficially imprinted their weak and transient colours.

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.—PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TIT. NO—Scipio, I can't give place to you in this.—In other respects I acknowledge myself your inferior, though I was emperor of Rome, and you only her consul. I think your triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judea: but in that I gained over love, I must esteem myself superior to you, though your generosity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your captive, has been celebrated so highly.

SCIP. Fame has been then unjust to your merit: for little is said of the *continence* of Titus: but mine has been the favourite topic of eloquence in every age and country.

TIT. It has:—and in particular your great historian Livy has poured forth all the ornaments of his admirable rhetoric to embellish and dignify that part of your story. I had a great historian too, Cornelius Tacitus: but either from the brevity which he affected in writing, or from the severity of his nature, which, never having felt the passion of love, thought the subduing of it too easy a victory to deserve great encomiums, he has bestowed but three lines upon my parting with Berenicé, which cost me more pain, and greater efforts of mind, than the conquest of Jerusalem.

SCIP. I wish to hear from yourself the history of that parting, and what could make it so hard and painful to you.

TIT. While I served in Palestine under the auspices of my father, Vespasian, I became acquainted with Berenicé, sister to king Agrippa, and who was herself a queen in one of those Eastern countries. She was the most beautiful woman in Asia; but she

ſhe had graces more irreſiſtible ſtill than her beauty. She had all the inſinuation and wit of Cleopatra, without her coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: ſhe loved my perſon, not my greatneſs. Her tenderneſs, her fidelity, ſo enflamed my paſſion for her, that I gave her a promiſe of marriage.

SCIPIO. What do I hear? A Roman ſenator promiſe to marry a queen!

TITUS. I expected, Scipio, that your ears would be offended with the ſound of ſuch a match. But conſider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in your's. The ferocious pride of our ancient republican ſenators had bent itſelf to the obſequious complaiſance of a court. Berenicé made no doubt, and I flattered myſelf, that it would not be inflexible in this point alone. But we thought it neceſſary to defer the completion of our wiſhes till the death of my father. On that event the Roman Empire, and (what I knew ſhe valued more) *my hand*, became due to her, according to my engagements.

SCIPIO. The Roman empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accurſed be the memory of Octavius Cæſar, who, by oppreſſing its liberty, ſo lowered the majeſty of the republic, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was veſted all the power of that mighty ſtate, could entertain ſuch a thought! But did you find the ſenate and people ſo ſervile, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the ſight of a queen, an Aſiatic queen, on the throne of the Cæſars?

TITUS. I did not;—they judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they deteſted, they diſdained it. In vain did I urge to ſome particular friends, who repreſented to me the ſenſe of the ſenate and people, that a Meſſalina, a Poppæa, were a much greater diſhonour to the throne of the Cæſars than a virtuous foreign princeſs.* Their prejudices were unconquerable; I ſaw it would be impoſſible for me to remove them. But I might have uſed my authority to ſilence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the ſoldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have ſecured their fidelity, and conſequently would have forced the ſenate and people to yield to my inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with tears implored me not to ſacrifice her happineſs and my own to an unjuſt prepoſſeſſion. Shall I own it to you, Publius? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and ſolidity of her reaſons. Yet ſo much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, ſo much reſpect did I pay to the ſentiments of my

* The character of Berenicé in this dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by Racine, not by Joſephus.

my subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to submit to my will.

SCIP. Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy virtue.

TIT. My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, o Scipio, think what anguish my heart must have felt, when I took that resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You saw the struggle of Masiniſſa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophoniſba. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling passion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally esteem her, when she quitted a husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his crown and his liberty in the cause of her country, and for her sake, to give her person to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate husband. He must, in spite of his passion, have thought her a perfidious, a detestable woman. But I esteemed Berenicé: she deserved my esteem. I was certain he would not have accepted the empire from any other hand: and had I been a private man she would have raised me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to say, the *hardneſs of heart*, to bid her depart from my sight; depart for ever! What, o Publius, was your conquest over yourself in giving back to her betrothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no conquest. I will not so dishonour the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by affection as well as vows, let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your heart no sentiments but compassion and friendship. To have violated her, would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband, would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved suffers more in the separation than you do yourself, to part with her is indeed a struggle! It is the hardest sacrifice a good heart can make to its duty.

SCIP. I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the tenderness you describe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the saving of my country, the subduing of its rival, these filled my thoughts, and left no room there for those effeminate passions. I do not blame your sensibility: but, when I went to the capitol *to talk with* JOVE, I never consulted him about *love affairs*.

TIT. If

TIT. If my ſoul had been poſſeſſed by ambition alone, I might poſſibly have been a greater man than I was; but I ſhould not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of Conqueror of Judæa and emperor of Rome, in being called the Delight of Humankind.

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE.——MACHIAVEL.

GUISE. AVAUNT! thou fiend—I abhor thy ſight.—I look upon thee as the original cauſe of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

MACH. I the cauſe of your death! you ſurprize me!

GUISE. Yes—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked diſciple, produced in France ſuch a government, ſuch diſſimulation, ſuch perfidy, ſuch violent, ruthleſs counſels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmoſt confuſion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my ſovereign, by the ſwords of aſſaſſins.

MACH. Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatneſs to it, and your deviating from it was the real cauſe of your death. If it had not been for the aſſaſſination of admiral Coligni and the maſſacre of the Huguenots, the ſtrength and power which the conduct of ſo able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, its moſt dangerous enemy, would have been fatal to your houſe: nor could you, even with all the advantage you drew from that *great ſtroke of Royal policy*, have acquired the authority you afterwards roſe to in the kingdom of France, but by purſuing my maxims; by availing yourſelf of the ſpecious name of religion, to ſerve the ſecret purpoſes of your ambition; and by ſuffering no reſtraint of fear or conſcience, not even the guilt of exciting a civil war, to check the neceſſary progreſs of your well-concerted deſigns. But on the day of the *barricades* you moſt imprudently let the king eſcape out of Paris, when you might have ſlain or depoſed him. This was directly againſt the great rule of my politics, 'not to ſtop ſhort in rebellion or treaſon till the work is fully compleated. And you were juſtly cenſured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a more conſummate politician, who ſaid, "you ought to have known, that when a ſubject draws his ſword againſt his king, he ſhould throw away the ſcabbard." You likewiſe deviated from my counſels, by putting yourſelf in the power of a ſovereign you had ſo much offended. Why would you, againſt all the caution

tions I had given, expose your life in a royal castle to the mercy of that prince? You trusted to his fear, but fear, insulted and desperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your death, not to any fault in my maxims, but to your own folly in not having sufficiently observed them.

GUISE. If neither I, nor that prince, had ever practised your maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years with honour and peace, and I should have risen by my courage and talents to as high a pitch of greatness, as it consisted with the duty of a subject to desire. But your instructions led us on into those crooked paths, out of which there was no retreat without great danger, nor a possibility of advancing without being detested by all mankind; and 'whoever is so has every thing to fear from that detestation.' I will give you a proof of this in the fate of a prince, who ought to have been your hero, instead of Cæsar Borgia, because he was incomparably a greater man, and, of all who ever lived, seems to have acted most steadily according to the rules laid down by you; I mean Richard III, king of England.* He stopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: he was a dissembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood: after the death of his brother he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who stood in his way. He trusted no man any further than helped his own purposes, and consisted with his own safety. He liberally rewarded all services done him, but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or save any man from destruction who obstructed his views. Nevertheless, though his nature shrunk from no wickedness which could serve his ambition, he possessed and exercised all those virtues, which you recommend to the practice of *your prince*. He was bold and prudent in war, just and strict in the general administration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution of the laws, to protect the people against injuries or oppressions from the great. In all his actions and words there constantly appeared the highest concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuse of his own: but knew how to give, and where to save. He professed a most edifying sense of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of sobriety, chastity, and temperance, in the whole course of his life. Nor did he shed any blood, but of those who were such obstacles in his way to dominion, as could not possibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart*: yet mark his end. The horror

* See Machiavel's Prince.

horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his ſubjects, and the deteſtation it produced, were ſo pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whoſe abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm and deſtroy him.

MACH. This example, I own, may ſeem to be of ſome weight againſt the truth of my ſyſtem. But at the ſame time it demonſtrates, that there was nothing ſo new in the doctrines I publiſhed, as to make it reaſonable to charge me with the diſorders and miſchiefs, which, ſince my time, any kingdom may have happened to ſuffer from the ambition of a ſubject, or the tyranny of a prince. Human nature wants no teaching, to render it wicked. In courts more eſpecially there has been, from the firſt inſtitution of monarchies, a policy practiſed, not leſs repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion Why ſhould I be ſingled out as worſe than other ſtateſmen ?

GUISE. There have been, it muſt be owned, in all ages and all ſtates, many wicked politicians. But thou art the firſt that ever *taught the ſcience of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and inſtructed his diſciples how to acquire and ſecure it, by treachery, perjuries, aſſaſſinations, proſcriptions ; and with a particular caution, not to be ſtopped in the progreſs of their crimes by any check of the conſcience or feeling of the heart ; but to puſh them as far as they ſhall judge to be neceſſary to their greatneſs and ſafety. It is this which has given thee a pre-eminence in guilt over all other ſtateſmen.

MACH. If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived, that I did not deſire to render men either tyrants or rebels, but only ſhewed, if they were ſo, what conduct, in ſuch circumſtances, it would be rational and expedient for them to obſerve.

GUISE. When you were a miniſter of ſtate in Florence, if any chemiſt, or phyſician, had publiſhed a treatiſe, to inſtruct his countrymen in the art of poiſoning, and how to do it with the moſt certain deſtruction to others and ſecurity to themſelves, would you have allowed him to plead in his juſtification, that he did not deſire men to poiſon their neighbours ; but, if they would uſe ſuch evil means of mending their fortunes, there could ſurely be no harm in letting them know, what were the moſt effectual poiſons, and by what methods they might give them without being diſcovered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a ſober exhortation againſt the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magiſtrate concerned

concerned for the safety of the people of Florence, you would have punished the wretch with the utmost severity, and taken great care to destroy every copy of so pernicious a book. Yet your own admired work contains a more baneful and more infernal art. It poisons states and kingdoms, and spreads its malignity, like a general pestilence, over the whole world.

MACH. You must acknowledge, at least, that my discourses on Livy are full of wise and virtuous maxims and precepts of government.

GUISE. This, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates your guilt. How could you study and comment upon Livy with so acute and profound an understanding, and afterwards write a book so absolutely repugnant to all the lessons of policy taught by that sage and moral historian? how could you, who had seen the picture of virtue so amiably drawn by his hand, and who seemed yourself to be sensible of all its charms, fall in love with a fury, and set up her dreadful image, as an object of worship to princes?

MACH. I was seduced by vanity.—My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought 'a greater genius in politics' than Aristotle or Plato. Vanity, sir, is a passion as strong in authors as ambition in princes, or rather it is the same passion exerting itself differently. I was *a duke of Guise* in the republic of letters.

GUISE. The bad influences of your guilt have reached further than mine, and been more lasting. But, heaven be praised, your credit is at present much declining in Europe. I have been told by some shades who are lately arrived here, that the ablest statesman of his time, a king, with whose fame the world is filled, has answered your book, and confuted all the principles of it, with a noble scorn and abhorrence. I am also assured, that in England there is a great and good king, 'whose whole life has been a continued opposition to your evil system;' who has hated all cruelty, all fraud, all falseness; whose word has been sacred, whose honour inviolate; who has made the laws of his kingdom the rules of his government, and good faith and a regard for the liberty of mankind the principles of his conduct with respect to foreign powers; who reigns more absolutely now in the hearts of his people, and does greater things by the confidence they place in him, and by the efforts they make from the generous zeal of affection, than any monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the arts of iniquity which you recommend,

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL.—HORACE.—MERCURY.—SCALIGER THE ELDER.

VIRG. MY dear Horace, your company is my greateſt delight, even in the Elyſian fields. No wonder it was ſo when we lived together in Rome. Never had man ſo genteel, ſo agreeable, ſo eaſy a wit, or a temper ſo pliant to the inclinations of others in the intercouſe of ſociety. And then ſuch integrity, ſuch fidelity, ſuch generoſity in your nature! A ſoul ſo free from all envy, ſo benevolent, ſo ſincere, ſo placable in its anger, ſo warm and conſtant in its affections! You were as neceſſary to Mæcenas, as he to Auguſtus. Your converſation ſweetened to him all the cares of his miniſtry: your gaiety cheered his drooping ſpirits; and your counſels aſſiſted him when he wanted advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counſelling ſtateſmen. Your ſagacity, your diſcretion, your ſecreſy, your clear judgement in all affairs, recommended you to the confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Auguſtus himſelf; which you nobly made uſe of to ſerve your old friends of the republican party, and to confirm both the miniſter and the prince in their love of mild and moderate meaſures, yet with a ſevere reſtraint of licentiouſneſs, the moſt dangerous enemy to the whole commonwealth under any form of government.

HOR. To be ſo praiſed by Virgil, would have put me in Elyſium while I was alive.—But I know your modeſty will not ſuffer me, in return for theſe encomiums, to ſpeak of your character. Suppoſing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

VIRG. Don't talk of my modeſty.—How much greater was your's, when you diſclaimed the name of a poet, you whoſe odes are ſo noble, ſo harmonious, ſo ſublime!

HOR. I felt myſelf too inferior to the dignity of that name.

VIRG. I think you did like Auguſtus, when he refuſed to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epiſtles and ſatires, where the poet was concealed, as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in diſguiſe, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: the pomp and majeſty were let drop, but the greatneſs remained.

HOR. Well:—I will not contradict you; and (to ſay the truth) I ſhould do it with no very good grace, becauſe in ſome of my odes I have not ſpoken ſo modeſtly of my own poetry,

poetry, as in my epiſtles. But to make you know your pre-eminence over me and all writers of Latin verſe, I will carry you to Quintilian, the beſt of all Roman critics, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

VIRG. I fear his judgment of me was biaſſed by your commendation.—But who is this ſhade that Mercury is conducting? I never ſaw one that ſtalked with ſo much pride, or had ſuch ridiculous arrogance expreſſed in his looks!

HOR. They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! What is this ſtranger with you?

MER. His name is Julius Cæſar Scaliger, and he is by profeſſion a *critic*.

HOR. Julius Cæſar Scaliger! He was, I preſume, a *dictator* in criticiſm.

MER. Yes, and he has exerciſed his ſovereign power over you.

HOR. I will not preſume to oppoſe it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

MER. Talk to him a little: ———He'll amuſe you. I brought him to you on purpoſe.

HOR. Virgil, do you accoſt him:—I can't do it with proper gravity: I ſhall laugh in his face.

VIRG. Sir, may I aſk for what reaſon you caſt your eyes ſo ſuperciliouſly upon Horace and me? I don't remember that Auguſtus ever looked down upon us with ſuch an air of ſuperiority, when we were his ſubjects.

SCAL. He was only a ſovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and uſurpation. But I have from nature an abſolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are ſubjected to me as the greateſt of critics or *hypercritics*.

VIRG. Your juriſdiction, great ſir, is very extenſive:—and what judgments have you been pleaſed to paſs upon us?

SCAL. Is it poſſible you ſhould be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have ſhewn to be———

VIRG. Hold, ſir,—no blaſphemy againſt my maſter.

HOR. But what have you ſaid of me?

SCAL. I have ſaid, "that I had rather have written the "little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been "made king of Arragon."

HOR. If we were in the other world, you ſhould give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce ſo favourably for us?

SCAL. Send for my works and read them.—Mercury will bring them to you with the firſt learned ghoſt that arrives here from Europe. There is inſtruction for you in them:

I tell

I tell you of your faults.—But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praiſe, I give it liberally, to ſhew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my cenſorian power, and keep my ſubjects in awe.

Hor. You did not confine your ſovereignty to poets; you exerciſed it, no doubt, over all other writers.

Scal. I was a poet, a philoſopher, a ſtateſman, an orator, an hiſtorian, a divine, without doing the drudgery of any of theſe, but only cenſuring thoſe who did, and ſhewing thereby the ſuperiority of my genius over them all.

Hor. A ſhort way indeed to univerſal fame! And I ſuppoſe you were very peremptory in your deciſions.

Scal. Peremptory! ay.—If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a raſcal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

Virg. But what ſaid others to this method of diſputation?

Scal. They generally believed me becauſe of the confidence of my aſſertions; and thought I could not be ſo inſolent, or ſo angry, if I was not abſolutely ſure of being in the right. Beſides, in my controverſies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: for one can ſcold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

Hor. Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your deſcent from the princes of Verona?

Scal. Pretended! do you preſume to deny it?

Hor. Not I indeed:—Genealogy is not my ſcience. If you ſhould claim to deſcend in a direct line from king Midas, I would not diſpute it.

Virg. I wonder, Scaliger, that you ſtooped to ſo low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnaſſus than over a petty ſtate in Italy?

Scal. You ſay well.—I was too condeſcending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a critic. Their folly made me deſire to claim kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

Hor. Pray, Mercury, how do you intend to diſpoſe of this auguſt perſon? You can't think it proper to let him remain with us.—He muſt be placed with the demigods; he muſt go to Olympus.

Mer. Be not afraid.—He ſhall not trouble you long. I brought him hither to divert you with the ſight of an animal you never had ſeen, and myſelf with your ſurpriſe. He is the chief of all the modern critics, the moſt renowned captain of that numerous and dreadful band. Whatever you may

may think of him, I can ſeriouſly aſſure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts, and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cauſe of the abſurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in ſuch a manner, that, like ſome perſpective glaſſes, it either diminiſhed or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himſelf. This made him ſo proud that it turned his brain. Now I have had my ſport with him, I think it will be charity to reſtore him to his ſenſes; or rather to beſtow what nature denied him, a ſound judgement. Come hither, Scaliger.—By this touch of my caduceus I give thee power to ſee things as they are, and among others thyſelf.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he ſays:—He is talking to himſelf.

SCAL. Bleſs me! with what perſons have I been diſcourſing! with Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my lips in their preſence? Good Mercury, I beſeech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepeſt ſhade of that grove which I ſee in the valley. After I have performed a penance here, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of thoſe illuſtrious ſhades, and beg them to ſee me burn my impertinent books of criticiſm, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

MER. They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyſelf is a ſufficient atonement for thy former preſumption.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU.——POPE.

BOIL. MR. POPE, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on Parnaſſus in the ſame paths which I had trod.

POPE. We both followed Horace: but in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much reſemblance. We both were too irritable, and too eaſily hurt by offences, even from the loweſt of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned againſt thoſe whom it was more a ſhame to contend with than an honour to vanquiſh.

BOIL. Yes:—But in general we were the champions of good morals, good ſenſe, and good learning. If our love of

theſe

these was sometimes heated into anger against those who offended them no less than us, is that anger to be blamed?

POPE. It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies observe, that neither our censure, nor our praise, was always impartial.

BOIL. It might perhaps have been better if in some instances we had not praised or blamed so much. But in panegyric and satire moderation is insipid.

POPE. Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* virtue. Mere historical truth is better written in prose. And therefore I think you did judiciously, when you threw into the fire your history of Louis le Grand, and trusted his fame to your poems.

BOIL. When those poems were published, that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occasional compositions, how to speak to the passions, as well as to the sober reason of mankind, we should not have acquired that despotic authority in the empire of wit, which made us so formidable to all the inferior tribe of poets in England and France. Besides, sharp satirists want great patrons.

POPE. All the praise which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at least, I may boast a superiority over the 'pensioned Boileau.'

BOIL. A *pension* in France was an honourable distinction. Had you been a frenchman, you would have ambitiously fought it; had I been an Englishman, I should have proudly declined it. If our merit in other respects be not unequal, this difference will not set me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

POPE. It is not for me to draw a comparison between our works. But if I may believe the best critics who have talked to me on the subject, my Rape of the Lock is not inferior to your Lutrin; and my Art of Criticism may well be compared with your Art of Poetry: my Ethic Epistles are esteemed at least equal to your's, and my Satires much better.

BOIL. Hold, Mr. Pope.—If there is really such a sympathy in our natures as you have supposed, there may be reason to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we shall not part in good friendship.

POPE. No, no: the mild air of the Elysian fields has mitigated my temper, as I presume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired, almost equally (as I hear) for energy and justness of thought. We both of us carried the beauty of our diction, and the harmony of our numbers, to the highest perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were polished to the utmost degree of correctness, yet without losing their fire, or the agree-

able

able appearance of freedom and eaſe. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our imitations (to uſe an expreſſion of your own) 'had ſtill an original air.'*

Boil. I will confeſs, ſir, (to ſhew you that the Elyſian climate has had its effects upon me) I will fairly confeſs, without the leaſt ill-humour, that in your Eloiſa to Abelard, your Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, and ſome others you wrote in your youth, there is more fire of poetry, than in any of mine. You excelled in *the pathetic*, which I never approached. I will alſo allow, that you hit the *manner* of Horace, and *the ſly delicacy* of his wit, more exactly than I, or than any other man who has written ſince his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himſelf, make *philoſophy* ſo *poetical*, and embelliſh it with ſuch charms as you have given to that of Plato, or (to ſpeak more properly) of ſome of his modern diſciples, in your celebrated Eſſay on Man.

Pope. What do you think of my Homer?

Boil. Your Homer is the moſt ſpirited, the moſt poetical, the moſt elegant, and the moſt pleaſing tranſlation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not ſo much in the *manner* of the original, or ſo exactly agreeable to the *ſenſe* in all places, as might perhaps be deſired. But when I conſider the years you ſpent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might, with leſs difficulty, have produced in that time, I can't but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great poet, ſo tied down to a tedious tranſlation, is 'a Columbus chained to an oar.' What new regions of fancy, full of treaſures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty to have boldly expanded your ſails, and ſteered your own courſe, under the conduct and direction of your own genius!—But I am ſtill more angry with you for your edition of Shakeſpear. The office of an *editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old picture?

Pope. The principal cauſe of my undertaking that taſk was zeal for the honour of Shakeſpear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this zeal. No other author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo *creative* an imagination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the paſſions, the humours, and ſentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peaſants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were deſtroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know *what man was* from thoſe writings.

* See Boileau's epigram on himſelf.

BOIL. You say he painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. I can't deny that he did so: but I wish he had not jumbled those characters together, in the composition of his pictures, as he has frequently done.

POPE. The strange mixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce, in the same play, may sometimes in the same scene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcusable. But this was the taste of the times when Shakespear wrote.

BOIL. A great genius ought to guide, not servilely follow, the taste of his contemporaries.

POPE. Consider from how thick a darkness of barbarism the genius of Shakespear broke forth! What were the English, and what (let me ask you) were the French dramatic performances, in the age when he flourished? the advances he made towards the highest perfection both of tragedy and comedy are amazing! In the principal points, in the power of exciting terror and pity, or raising laughter in an audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

BOIL. Do you think that he was equal in comedy to Moliere?

POPE. In *comic force* I do: but in the fine and delicate strokes of satire, and what is called *genteel comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the Misanthrope, the Ecole des Femmes, or Tartuffe.

BOIL. This, Mr. Pope, is a great deal for an Englishman to acknowledge. A veneration for Shakespear seems to be a part of your national religion, and the only part in which even your men of sense are fanatics.

POPE. He who can read Shakespear, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of sober criticism, has more of reason than taste.

BOIL. I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the most shocking absurdities in his plays; absurdities which no critic of my nation can pardon.

POPE. We will be satisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him still more if you could see the chief characters in all his best tragedies represented by an actor, who appeared on the stage a little before I left the world. He has shewn the English nation more excellencies in Shakespear, than the quickest wits could discern, and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the most sensible natures had ever experienced without his help.

BOIL. The variety, spirit, and force of Mr. Garrick's action have been much praised to me by many of his countrymen, whose shades I converse with, and who agree in speaking of him

im as we do of *Baron*, our moſt natural and moſt admired ctor. I have alſo heard of another, who has now quitted the age, but who had filled, with great dignity, force, and elevation, ſome tragic parts; and excelled ſo much in the comic, hat none ever has deſerved a higher applauſe.

POPE. Mr. Quin was indeed a moſt perfect comedian. In e part of Falſtaff particularly, wherein the utmoſt force of hakeſpear's humour appears, he attained to ſuch perfection, at he was not an actor; he was the man deſcribed by Sakeſar; he was Falſtaff himſelf! When I ſaw him do it, the eaſantry of the fat knight appeared to me ſo bewitching, all s vices were ſo mirthful, that I could not much wonder at s having ſeduced a young prince even to rob in his company.

BOIL. That character is not well underſtood by the French. hey ſuppoſe it belongs, not to comedy, but to farce: whereas e Engliſh ſee in it the fineſt and higheſt ſtrokes of wit and huour. Perhaps theſe different judgements may be accounted r, in ſome meaſure, by the diverſity of manners in different ountries. But don't you allow, Mr. Pope, that our writers, th of tragedy and comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect aſters of their art than your's? If you deny it, I will appeal the Athenians, the only judges qualified to decide the diſpute. will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

POPE. I am afraid of thoſe judges: for I ſee them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the moſt friendly converſation with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our dramatic writers ſeem, in general, not ſo fond of their company: they ſometimes ſhove rudely by them, and give themſelves airs of ſuperiority. They ſlight their reprimands, and laugh at their precepts. In ſhort, they will be tried by *their country* alone; and that judicature is partial.

BOIL. I will preſs this queſtion no farther.—But let me aſk you, to which of our rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the preference?

POPE. The ſublimeſt plays of Corneille are, in my judgement, equalled by the Athalia of Racine; and the tender paſſions are certainly touched by that elegant and moſt pathetic writer, with a much finer hand. I need not add that he is infinitely more correct than Corneille, and more harmonious and noble in his verſification. Corneille formed himſelf entirely upon Lucan; but the maſter of Racine was Virgil. How much better a taſte had the former than the latter in chuſing his model!

BOIL. My friendſhip with Racine, and my partiality for his writings, make me hear with great pleaſure the preference given to him above Corneille by ſo judicious a critic.

POPE. That he excelled his competitor in the particulars I have mentioned, can't I think be denied. But yet the ſpirit and the majeſty of ancient Rome were never ſo well expreſſed as by Corneille. Nor has any other French dramatic writer, in the general character of his works, ſhewn ſuch a maſculine ſtrength and greatneſs of thought.—Racine is the ſwan deſcribed by ancient poets, which riſes to the clouds on downy wings, and ſings a ſweet, but a gentle and plaintive note. Corneille is the eagle, which ſoars to the ſkies on bold and ſounding pinions and fears not to perch on the ſceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightning of the God.

BOIL. I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praiſing Corneille you run into poetry, which is not the language of *ſober criticiſm*, though ſometimes uſed by Longinus.

POPE. I caught the fire from the idea of Corneille.

BOIL. He has bright flaſhes; yet I think that in his *thunder* there is often more *noiſe* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his beſt tragedies?

POPE. I own I do—Yet the greatneſs and elevation of his ſentiments, and the nervous vigour of his ſenſe, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, deſire your opinion of our epic poet, Milton.

BOIL. Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: for he ſurpaſſes even Homer in the *ſublime*. But other critics, who, require variety and agreeableneſs, and a correct regularity of thought and judgement in an epic poem; who can endure no abſurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

POPE. His genius was indeed ſo vaſt and ſublime, that his poem ſeems beyond the limits of criticiſm; as his ſubject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and exceſſive blaze of poetical fire, which ſhines in ſo many parts of the Paradiſe Loſt, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to ſee its faults.

BOIL. The taſte of your countrymen is much changed ſince the days of Charles II. when Dryden was thought a greater poet than Milton!

POPE. The politics of Milton at that time brought his poetry into diſgrace: for it is a rule with the Engliſh; they ſee no good in a man whoſe politics they diſlike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have ſlighted, become their favourite authors, and others who have poſſeſt their warmeſt admiration, are in their turn under-valued. This revolution of favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to ſee his writings, together with his politics, quite out of faſhion. But even in his

days of his higheſt proſperity, when the generality of the people admired his Almanzor, and thought his Indian Emperor the perfection of tragedy, the duke of Buckingkam, and lord Rochester, the two wittieſt noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his ſpirits, and the abſurdity of his plots, into juſt ridicule.

BOIL. You have made him good amends by the praiſe you have given him in ſome of your writings.

POPE. I owed him that praiſe, as my maſter in the art of verſification. Yet I ſubſcribe to the cenſures which have been paſſed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critics, but he is ſtill a great poet. You, Sir, I am ſure, muſt particularly admire him as an excellent ſatiriſt. His Abſalom and Achitopel is a maſter-piece in that way of writing, and his Mac Flecno is, I think, inferior to it in nothing, but the meanneſs of the ſubject.

BOIL. Did you take the model of your Dunciad from the latter of thoſe very ingenious ſatires?

POPE. I did—but my work is more extenſive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater ſcope.

BOIL. Some critics may doubt whether the length of your poem was ſo properly ſuited to the meanneſs of the ſubject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expoſe a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the Pucelle.

POPE. My intention was to expoſe, not one author alone, but all the dullneſs and falſe taſte of the Engliſh nation in my times. Could ſuch a deſign be contracted into a narrower compaſs?

BOIL. We will not diſpute on this point, nor whether the hero of your Dunciad was really a dunce. But has not Dryden been accuſed of immorality and prophaneneſs in ſome of his writings?

POPE. He has, with too much reaſon: and I am ſorry to ſay, that all our beſt comic writers after Shakeſpear and Johnſon, except Addiſon and Steele, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is ſhocking. Etheridge, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote, with a maſterly hand; but they are too often ſuch manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, muſt be greatly offended at the repreſentation.

BOIL. In this reſpect our ſtage is far preferable to your's. It is a ſchool of morality. Vice is expoſed to contempt and

to hatred. No falſe colours are laid on, to conceal its deformity; but thoſe with which it paints itſelf are there taken off.

POPE. It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comic Muſe* ſhould be *the graveſt lady in the nation.* Of late ſhe is ſo *grave*, that one might almoſt miſtake her for her ſiſter Melpomené. Moliere made her indeed a good moral philoſopher; but then ſhe philoſophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now ſhe weeps over vice, inſtead of ſhewing it to mankind, as I think ſhe generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

BOIL. Her buſineſs is more with folly than with vice; and when ſhe attacks the latter, it ſhould be rather with ridicule than invective. But ſometimes ſhe may be allowed to raiſe her voice, and change her uſual ſmile into a frown of juſt indignation.

POPE. I like her beſt when ſhe ſmiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend La Fontaine for the vicious levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muſes*, as any of our comic poets.

BOIL. I own he was; and bewail the proſtitution of his genius, as I ſhould that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature, all ſimplicity! yet in that ſimplicity there was a grace, and unaffected vivacity, with a juſtneſs of thought and eaſy elegance of expreſſion, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himſelf, though all the *matter* of his writings is borrowed from others.

POPE. In that manner he has been imitated by my friend Mr. Prior.

BOIL. He has, very ſucceſsfully. Some of Prior's tales have the ſpirit of La Fontaine's with more judgement, but not, I think, with ſuch an amiable and graceful ſimplicity.

POPE. Prior's harp had more ſtrings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in ſome of his tales he imitated that author, his Alma was an original, and of ſingular beauty.

BOIL. There is a writer of heroic poetry, who lived before Milton, and whom ſome of your countrymen place in the higheſt claſs of your poets, though he is little known in France. I ſee him ſometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Taſſo, Arioſto and Dante.

POPE. I underſtand you mean Spenſer. There is a force and beauty in ſome of his images and deſcriptions, equal to any of thoſe writers you have ſeen him converſe with. But he had not the art of properly ſhading his pictures. He brings the minu-

and disagreeable parts too much into sight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and sublime. Had he chosen a subject proper for epic poetry, he seems to have had a sufficient elevation and strength in his genius to make him a great epic poet: but the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot interest the heart so much as those poems, the chief actors in which are supposed to have really existed. The Syrens and Circe in the Odyssey are allegorical persons; but Ulysses, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now and then in Fairy-land, among imaginary beings, is a pleasing variety, and helps to distinguish the poet from the orator or historian: but to be always there is irksome.

BOIL. Is not Spenser likewise blameable for confounding the Christian with the Pagan theology, in some parts of his poem?

POPE. Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Arioste, and with Camoens.

BOIL. Who is the poet that arrived soon after you in Elysium, whom I saw Spenser lead in and present to Virgil, as the author of a poem resembling the Georgics? On his head was a garland of the several kinds of flowers that blow in each season, with evergreens intermixed.

POPE. Your description points out Thomson. He painted nature exactly, and with great strength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extensive, and sublime: his diction bold and flowing, but sometimes obscure and affected. Nor did he always know when to stop, or what to reject.

BOIL. I should suppose that he wrote tragedies upon the Greek model. For he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.

POPE. He enjoys that distinction both as a tragedian, and as a moralist. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, here is the purest morality, animated by piety, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate sentiments of a most tender and benevolent heart.

BOIL. St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller. I was surprized to find in his writings a politeness and gallantry which the French suppose to be appropriated only to their's. His genius was a composition, which is seldom to be met with, of the sublime and the agreeable. In his comparison between himself and Apollo, as the lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sachariſſa, there is a finesse and delicacy of wit, which the most elegant of our writers

have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrazin or Voiture the art of praising more genteely the ladies they admired. But his epistle to Cromwell, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatness of manner, which give him rank among the poets of the first class.

POPE. Mr. Waller was unquestionably a very fine writer. His Muse was as well qualified as the Graces themselves to dress out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had some puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like school-boys or mob admitted into a palace. There was also an intemperance and a luxuriancy in his wit, which he did not enough restrain. He wrote little to the understanding, and less to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and sometimes strikes it with flashes of the highest sublime.--We had another poet of the age of Charles the First, extreamly admired by all his contemporaries, in whose works there is still more affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worse taste, and less judgement: but he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings than Waller,—I mean Cowley.

BOIL. I have been often solicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. Spratt. He seems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

POPE. The spirit of poetry is strong in some of his odes; but in the art of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

BOIL. I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think, that if a moderate portion of the superfluities of his wit were given by Apollo to some of their modern bards, who write common-place morals in very smooth verse, without any absurdity, but without a single new thought, or one enlivening spark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more service, than all the rules laid down in my Art of Poetry, and your's of Criticism.

POPE. I am much of your mind.—But I left in England some poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony, and correctness of style, but the spirit, and genius you will find in their writings.

BOIL. France too has produced some very excellent writers since the time of my death.—Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thousand years. She brings his praises to me from all parts of Europe.—You know I speak of Voltaire.

POPE. I do

POPE. I do: the Engliſh nation yields to none in admiration of his extenſive genius. Other writers excel in ſome one particular branch of wit or ſcience; but when the king of Pruſſia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of Belles Letters in *him* alone.

BOIL. That prince himſelf has ſuch talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country has ever poſſeſſed. What an aſtoniſhing compaſs muſt there be in his mind, what an heroic tranquillity and firmneſs in his heart, that he can, in the evening, compoſe an ode or epiſtle in the moſt elegant verſe, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of Cæſar, or Guſtavus Adolphus!

POPE. I envy Voltaire ſo noble a ſubject both for his verſe and his proſe. But if that prince will write his own Commentaries, he will want no hiſtorian. I hope that in writing them, he will not reſtrain his pen, as Cæſar has done, to a mere account of his wars, but let us ſee the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and ſciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himſelf. Voltaire has ſhewn us, that the events of battles and ſieges are not the moſt intereſting parts of good hiſtory, but that all the improvements and embelliſhments of human ſociety ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

BOIL. The progreſs of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this inſtructive ſpecies of hiſtory.

POPE. He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himſelf to it's utmoſt perfection.

BOIL. Is he not too *univerſal?* Can any writer be *exact*, who is ſo comprehenſive?

POPE. A traveller round the world cannot inſpect every region with ſuch an accurate care as exactly to deſcribe each ſingle part. If the outlines are well marked, and the obſervations on the principal points are judicious, it is all that can be required.

BOIL. I would however adviſe and exhort the French and Engliſh youth, to take a fuller ſurvey of ſome particular provinces, and to remember, that although, in travels of this ſort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the beſt guide. To ſpeak without a metaphor, the ſtudy of hiſtory, both ſacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious inveſtigation. The compoſer of a ſet of lively and witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an hiſtorian.

POPE. We

POPE. We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the life of Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

BOIL. No, certainly.—I eſteem it the very beſt hiſtory that this age has produced. As full of ſpirit as the hero whoſe actions it relates, it is nevertheleſs moſt exact in all matters of importance. The ſtyle of it is elegant, perſpicuous, unaffected; the diſpoſition and method are excellent, the judgements given by the writer acute and juſt.

POPE. Are you not pleaſed with that philoſophical freedom of thought which diſcovers itſelf in all the works of Voltaire, but more particularly in thoſe of an hiſtorical nature?

BOIL. If it were properly regulated, I ſhould reckon it among their higheſt perfections. Superſtition, and bigotry, and party ſpirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of hiſtory, as malice or adulation. To think freely, is therefore a moſt neceſſary quality in a perfect hiſtorian. But all liberty has it's bounds, which, in ſome of his writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not obſerved. Would to heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgement pronounced here upon the writer himſelf will be according to the ſcope and tendency of them, and to the extent of their good or evil effects on the great ſociety of mankind!

POPE. It would be well for all Europe, if ſome other *wits* of your country who give the tone to this age in all polite literature, had the ſame ſerious thoughts you recommend to Voltaire. Witty writings, when directed to ſerve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners ſafe through dangerous ſeas: but the brightneſs of thoſe, that are impious or immoral, ſhines only to betray, and lead men to deſtruction.

BOIL. Has England been free from all ſeductions of this nature?

POPE. No.——But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the Engliſh.

BOIL. I am not very proud of this ſuperiority in the talents of my countrymen. But, as I am told that the *good ſenſe* of the Engliſh is now admired in France, I hope it will ſoon convince both nations, "that true wiſdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion."

POPE. I think it alſo to be wiſhed, that a taſte for *the frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnaſſus, and aſcending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there: and if any of your countrymen

trymen aſpire to gain them, they muſt no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling. I would have them be perpetual competitors with the Engliſh in manly wit and ſubſtantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which ſo contracts and debaſes the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves it own image, in whatever place it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA.——PORTIA.——ARRIA.

POR. HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of Fame, ſhould have a lower here in Elyſium? We are told, that the virtues, you exerted, as a wife, were greater than our's. Be ſo good as to explain to us what were thoſe virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear ſuperiority without mortification. The jealouſy of precedence died with the reſt of our mortal frailties. Tell us then your own ſtory. We will ſit down under the ſhade of this myrtle grove, and liſten to it with pleaſure.

OCT. Noble ladies, the glory of our ſex and of Rome, I will not refuſe to comply with your deſire, though it recalls to my mind ſome ſcenes, my heart would wiſh to forget. There can be only one reaſon why Minos ſhould have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above your's; which is, that the trial aſſigned to them was harder.

ARRIA. How! madam; harder than *to die* for your huſband! We *died* for ours.

OCT. You did, for huſbands who loved you, and were the moſt virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who truſted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *outlive* ſuch huſbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them* or *with them*. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother Octavius, for reaſons of ſtate, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himſelf, I was handſomer than his miſtreſs Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm ſufficient to turn the ſcale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony ſaid he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handſome woman might, from his natural inconſtancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other mens virtues. Such vivacity! ſuch fire! ſuch a towering pride!

He

He ſeemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern with ſuch eaſe, that the buſineſs of it did not rob him of an hour of pleaſure! Nevertheleſs, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high ſpirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the neceſſary reſpect, was to me as ſubmiſſive, as obedient to every wiſh of my heart, as the humbleſt lover that ever ſighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he ſeduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himſelf. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with ſome confuſion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done ſo, he ſcorned me, he forſook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was:—the ſiſter of Cæſar, ſacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the diſgrace of her ſex! Every outrage was added that could incenſe me ſtill more. He gave her, at ſundry times, as public marks of his love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the Eaſt. * He read her love-letters openly, in his tribunal itſelf; even while he was hearing and judging the cauſes of kings. Nay he left his tribunal, and one of the beſt Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which ſhe happened to be paſſing by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all theſe demonſtrations of his extravagant paſſion for that infamous woman, he had the aſſurance, in a †letter to my brother, to call her *his wife*. Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

ARRIA. Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own boſom, to ſhew my dear Pætus *how eaſy it was to die*, that dagger ſhould I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and a due reſpect to the purity of my own ſoul, had not ſtopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I ſhould have killed myſelf; not, as I did, out of affection to my huſband, but out of ſhame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

POR. I muſt own, Octavia, that to bear ſuch uſage was harder to a woman than *to ſwallow fire*.

OCT. ‡Yet did I bear it, madam, without even a complaint, which could hurt or offend my huſband. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long abſence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich preſents of clothes and money for his troops,

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.
† V. Suetonium in Auguſto Cæſare.
‡ See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

troops, a great number of horſes, and two thouſand choſen ſoldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's prætorian bands. He ſent to me at Athens, becauſe his miſtreſs was then with him. I obeyed his orders: but I wrote to him, by one of his moſt faithful friends, a letter full of reſignation, and ſuch a tenderneſs for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy ſerved me ſo well, he ſet my fidelity in ſo fair a light, and gave ſuch reaſons to Antony, why he ought to ſee and receive me with kindneſs, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent him from ſeeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt.* —Thoſe arts prevailed. He ſent me back into Italy, and gave himſelf up more abſolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that *Circé*. He added Africa to the ſtates he had beſtowed on her before; and declared Cæſario, her ſpurious ſon by Julius Cæſar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his ſecond ſon by her; and at the ſame time declared his eldeſt ſon by her, whom he had eſpouſed to the princeſs of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he meaned to conquer for *him*. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been baſtards.—I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in;—but I never reproached him. My brother, exaſperated at ſo many indignities, commanded me to quit the houſe of my huſband at Rome, and come into his.—I refuſed to obey him.—I remained in Antony's houſe, I perſiſted to take care of his children by Fulvia, the ſame tender care, as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealouſy or my wrongs the cauſe of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not poſſibly be forgiven. When he found he ſhould draw the Roman arms on himſelf, he ſent orders to me to leave his houſe. I did ſo, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldeſt, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

ARRIA. Is it poſſible, madam? the children of Cleopatra?

OCT. Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the moſt accompliſhed, and the handſomeſt prince in the world.

ARRIA. Tell me, Octavia, did not your pride and reſentment entirely cure you of your paſſion for Antony, as ſoon as you ſaw him go back to Cleopatra? and was not your whole

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

whole conduct afterwards the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

OCT. You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from resentment and the natural pride of my sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my husband. I loved the Antony who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra, and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I should have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA. If the merit of a wife is to be measured by her sufferings, your heart was unquestionably the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a scratch in comparison to many you felt. Yet I don't know, whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there should be in it many Octavias. "Too good subjects are "apt to make bad kings."

POR. True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Cecinna Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and Patience were much better taught there than in our houses, where the Roman liberty made its last abode: and though I will not dispute the judgment of Minos, I can't help thinking that the affection of a wife to her husband is more or less respectable in proportion to the character of that husband. If I could have had for Antony the same friendship as I had for Brutus, I should have despised myself.

OCT. My fondness for Antony was ill placed; but my perseverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithstanding his ill usage, a perseverance made more difficult by the very excess of my love, appeared to Minos the highest and most meritorious effort of female resolution, against the seductions of the most dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride*.

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princess of Orange.
FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Countess of Essex and of Clanrickard; before Lady SIDNEY.

P. of OR. OUR destinies, madam, had a great and surprising conformity. I was the daughter of admiral Coligni, you of secretary Walsingham, two persons who were the most consummate statesmen and ablest supports of the Protestant religion, in France, and in England. I was married

married to Coligni, the fineſt gentleman of our party, the moſt admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning: you to Sir Philip Sidney, who enjoyed the fame pre-eminence among the Engliſh. Both theſe huſbands were cut off, in the flower of their youth and of glory, by violent deaths, and we both married again with ſtill greater men; I with William Prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Commonwealth;* you with Devereux earl of Eſſex,† the favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole Engliſh nation. But, alas! to compleat the reſemblance of our fates, we both ſaw thoſe ſecond huſbands, who had raiſed us ſo high, deſtroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatneſs; mine by the piſtol of an aſſaſſin; your's ſtill more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

C. of Clan. There was indeed in ſome principal events of our lives the conformity you obſerve. But your deſtiny, though it raiſed you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace: your's was aſſaſſinated in his old age. How, madam, did you ſupport or recover your ſpirits under ſo many misfortunes?

P. of Or. The prince of Orange left an infant ſon to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of ſo illuſtrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatneſs, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I intereſted myſelf for his ſake, ſo filled my mind, that they in ſome meaſure took from me the ſenſe of my grief, which nothing but ſuch a great and important ſcene of buſineſs, ſuch a neceſſary taſk of private and public duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn; how did your heart find a balm to alleviate the anguiſh of the wounds it had ſuffered? what employed your widowed hours after the death of your Eſſex?

C. of Clan. Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

P. of Or. Married again! With what prince, what king did you marry? The widow of Sir Philip Sydney and of my lord Eſſex could not deſcend from them to a ſubject of leſs illuſtrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

C. of Clan. I did not ſeek for one, madam: the heroiſm of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I deſired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterpriſing huſband. All this I found in the earl of Clanrickard:

* See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 193.
† Biographia Britannica.

rickard: and, believe me, madam, I enjoyed more ſolid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had poſſeſſed with my two former huſbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe reſounded with their praiſe.

P. of Or. Can it be poſſible, that the daughter of Walſingham, and the wife of Sidney and Eſſex, ſhould have ſentiments ſo inferior to the minds from which ſhe ſprung, and to which ſhe was matched! Believe me, madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy, I continually had in hearing his praiſe, and ſeeing the monuments of his glory in the free commonwealth his wiſdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I ſhared with him, while he remained upon earth, were a happineſs to my mind, becauſe they exalted its powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had loſt him. I thought, his great ſoul, though removed to a higher ſphere, would look down upon mine with ſome tenderneſs of affection, as its fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that ſoul! to be no longer his wife! to be the conſort of an inferior, inglorious huſband! I had much rather have died a thouſand deaths, than that my heart ſhould one moment have conceived ſuch a thought.

C. of Clan. Your highneſs muſt not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling paſſion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not ſo noble as your's, but better ſuited, perhaps, to the nature of women. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the earl of Eſſex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and ſtateſmen. They were ſo taken up with their wars and ſtate-affairs, that my tenderneſs for them was too often neglected. The earl of Clanrickard was conſtantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *ſpirit of chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was abſolutely poſſeſſed. He had, in a high degree, the eſteem of Elizabeth, but did not aſpire to her *love*; nor did he wiſh to be the rival of Carr or of Villars in the affection of James. Such, madam, was the man on whom my laſt choice beſtowed my hand, and whoſe kindneſs compenſated for all my misfortunes! Providence has aſſigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a prince, the government of a ſtate, the pride of being called the wife of a hero; to me a *good living huſband*, quiet, opulence, nobility, and a fair reputation, though not in a degree ſo exalted as your's. If our whole ſex were to chuſe between your conſolations and mine, your highneſs, I think, would fix

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very few of your taſte. But I reſpect the ſublimity of your ideas. Now that we have no bodies, they appear leſs unnatural than I ſhould have thought them in the other world.

P. of Or. Adieu, madam; our ſouls are of a different order, and were not made to ſympathize or converſe with each other.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Marcus Brutus.——Pomponius Atticus.

Brut. WELL, Atticus, I find, that, notwithſtanding your friendſhip for Cicero and for me, you ſurvived us both many years, with the ſame chearful ſpirit you had always poſſeſſed, and, by prudently wedding your daughter to Agrippa, ſecured the favour of Octavius Cæſar, and even contracted a cloſe alliance with him by your granddaughter's marriage with Tiberius Nero.

Att. You know, Brutus, my philoſophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I ſerved them in their wants and diſtreſſes with great generoſity; but I did not think myſelf obliged to die when they died, or not to make others as occaſions ſhould offer.

Brut. You did, I acknowledge, *ſerve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourſelf, on their account, into any great danger or diſturbance of mind: but that you *loved* them, I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? if you loved me, how could you love Octavius? if you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking part againſt Antony in their laſt civil war? Affection cannot be ſo ſtrangely divided, and with ſo much equality, among men of ſuch oppoſite characters, and who were ſuch irreconcileable enemies to each other.

Att. From my earlieſt youth I poſſeſſed the ſingular talent of ingratiating myſelf with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them, ſo far as to diſturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and, though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles, which that turbulent action had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an enemy by the ſenate, I ſent him a ſum of money, to ſupport him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my court ſo well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the higheſt marks of his favour.

Nevertheleſs, when he preſſed me to go with him to Rome,* I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him againſt the Marian party, as for them againſt him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the preſents made to him during his abode in that city, to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to ſhew that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the inſtances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconſtancy in my nature, but from a regular conſiſtent plan of conduct, which my reaſon convinced me was the wiſeſt I could follow.

BRUT. I remember, indeed, that you obſerved the ſame neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæſar.

ATT. I did ſo—and that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of thoſe great men; nor from Cicero, though my ſiſter had married his brother; nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whoſe friendſhip I thought the greateſt honour of my life.

BRUT. Are there no obligations to a good heart, Pomponius, but honours and offices? or could you, by refuſing to encumber yourſelf with theſe, diſſolve all other ties? But, ſetting aſide any conſiderations of private affection or eſteem, how was you able to reconcile your conduct with that which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more eſpecially a virtuous Roman, *the love of the public?*

ATT. The times I lived in were ſo bad, and the conflict of parties had ſo little to do in reality with *the love of the public*, that I thought my virtue much ſafer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the fray.

BRUT. Poſſibly, in the diſpute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæſar, a virtuous man might ſee ſo much to blame on both ſides, and ſo much to fear, which ever faction ſhould overcome the other, as to be juſtified in not engaging with either. But let me ſay, without vanity, in the war which I waged againſt Antony and Octavius, you could have nothing to blame: for I know you approved the principle upon which I killed Julius Cæſar. Nor had you any thing to fear if our arms had ſucceeded; for you knew that my intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that Caſſius was as much determined as I to reſtore the Republic. How could you then, with any ſenſe of virtue in your heart, maintain an indifference and neutrality

* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of your country?

ATT. My answer to this will necessarily require explanations, which my respect to the *manes* of Brutus makes me wish to avoid.

BRUT. In the other world I loved truth, and was desirous that all might speak it with freedom: but here even the tender ears of a tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have suffered are a punishment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

ATT. You said that the principle upon which you killed Julius Cæsar had my approbation. This I do not deny:—but did I ever declare, or give you reason to believe, that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever seemed to me *worse judged* or *worse timed:* and these, Brutus, were my reasons. Cæsar was just getting out to make war on the Parthians. This was an enterprize of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But his unbounded ambition, and that restless spirit, which never would suffer him to take any repose, did not intend to stop there. * You know very well, (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coast of the Caspian sea and the sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia, in order to subdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself; from whence he proposed to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now, I beseech you, how much time the execution of this project required. In some of his battles with so many fierce and warlike nations, the bravest of all the barbarians, he might have been slain: but if he had not, disease, or age itself might have ended his life, before he could have compleated such an immense undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth year, and of an affirm constitution. Except his bastard by Cleopatra, he had no son: nor was his power so absolute, or so quietly settled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a private inheritance, to his sister's grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any violence, or male-administration in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief authority in the senate. The prætorship of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæsar; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abilities,

* Vide Plutarch. in Vita Jul. Cæsar.

gave you a weight in all buſineſs, which none of his party, left behind him in Italy, would have been able to oppoſe. What a fair proſpect was here of good order, peace, and liberty at home, while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the diſgrace of Craſſus revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmoſt ambition of our forefathers, by the greateſt general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any other nation! What did it ſignify, whether in Aſia, and among the barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your friends, than to ſtart ſo much at the propoſition of his taking that name in Italy itſelf, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had poſſeſſed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUT. We conſidered that name as the laſt inſult offered to our liberty and our laws. It was an enſign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpoſe of rendering the ſervitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the tyrant, and reſtore our country to freedom.

ATT. You puniſhed the tyrant, but you did not reſtore your country to freedom. By ſparing Antony, againſt the opinion of Caſſius, you ſuffered the tyranny to remain. He was conſul, and from the moment that Cæſar was dead, the chief power of the ſtate was in his hands. The ſoldiers adored him for his liberality, valour, and military frankneſs. His eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The nobility of his houſe, which deſcended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole courſe of his life had evidently ſhewn, that his thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little reſpect for the liberty of his country. He had been the ſecond man in Cæſar's party: by ſaving him you gave a new head to that party, which could no longer ſubſiſt without your ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the reſtoration of liberty, if Cæſar had died a natural death, were ſo incenſed at his murder, that merely for the ſake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon Antony, and make him abſolute maſter of the republic. This was particularly true with reſpect to the veterans who had ſerved under Cæſar: and he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he preſently availed himſelf of their diſpoſitions. You and Caſſius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the ſame part, could find no expedient to ſave himſelf and the ſenate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing very high another

ther Cæsar, the adopted son and heir of him you had slain, to oppose Antony, and to divide the Cæsarean party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the senate, which breathed the very spirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no less guilty of his death, than those who had killed him. What could this end in, but that which you and your friends had most to fear, a reunion of the whole Cæsarean party, and of their principal leaders, however discordant the one with the other, to destroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foresaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myself wholly clear of those proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and Cassius at Philippi, because I knew your good intentions, and that, if you succeeded, you designed to restore the commonwealth. I am persuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in so many others, there was such a dissimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have lasted long; and your dissention would have had most fatal effects, with regard both to the settlement and to the administration of the republic. Besides, the whole mass of it was in such a fermentation, and so corrupted, that I am convinced new disorders would soon have arisen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, those remedies would have failed: if Cassius had induced you to act with severity, your government would have been stigmatized with the name of a tyranny more detestable than that against which you conspired; and Cæsar's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious oration to the people, and of every seditious discourse to the soldiers. Thus you would have soon been plunged in the miseries of another civil war, or perhaps assassinated in the senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a lasting tranquillity, but such a prudent plan of a *mitigated imperial power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himself from all opposition and partnership in the government. Those quiet times I lived to see; and I must say, they were the best I ever had seen, far better than those under the turbulent aristocracy for which you contended. And let me boast a little of my own prudence, which, through so many storms, could steer me safe into that port. Had it only given me safety, without reputation, I should not think that I ought to value myself upon it. But in all these revolutions my

honour

honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I so conducted myself, that I lost no esteem, in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's; or in my alliance with Agrippa and Augustus Cæsar, after my friendship with you. Nor did either Cæsar or Antony blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but on the contrary, they both seemed to respect me the more for the neutrality I observed. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act against either: and my constant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *prescription*.

BRUT. If man were born to no higher purpose, than to wear out a long life in ease and prosperity, with the general esteem of the world, your wisdom was evidently as much superior to mine, as my life was shorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I verily believe, it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever existed, considering in what difficult circumstances you were placed, and with how many violent shocks and sudden changes of fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the most *virtuous* and *public-spirited* conduct is found to have been the most *prudent*. The motives of our actions, not the success, give us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life from whence I am escaped I would not change my character to imitate your's: I would again be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the sweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect state, which is the strongest and most immovable support to the good under every misfortune, I swear by the gods, I would not give up 'the noble feelings of my heart,' that elevation of mind which accompanies active and suffering virtue, for your seventy-seven years of constant tranquillity, with all the praise you obtained from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.——JOHN DE WITT, Pensionary of Holland.

WILL. THOUGH I had no cause to love you, yet, believe me, I sincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the most popular minister that ever served a commonwealth, should fall a sacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, such virtues as you were endowed with, so clear, so cool, so comprehensive a head, a heart so untainted with any kind of vice, despising money, despising pleasure, despising the vain ostentation of greatness, such ap-

plicatio

plication to business, such ability in it, such courage, such firmness, and so perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, seemed to assure you of a fixed and stable support in the public affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the passions of the people.

De Witt. It is very generous in your majesty not only to compassionate the fate of a man, whose political principles made him an enemy to your greatness, but ascribe it to the caprice and inconstancy of the people; as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this discourse from your majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I must frankly confess, that although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deserved to lose their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendship of France, and by weakening the military strength of the state, to serve little purposes of my own power, and secure to myself the interested affection of the burgomasters, or others, who had credit and weight in the faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if you, great prince, had not been set at the head of the falling republic, and had not exerted such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of William, our first stadtholder, and equalled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

Will. This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house!

De Witt. If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the republic. You never sought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved its freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to Epaminondas, or Pelopidas, for its independance and glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to see a youth, who had scarce attained to the twenty-second year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to see this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither discipline, courage nor sense of honour! Ancient history has no exploit superior to it; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever

ever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the hero who performed it in a true light.

WILL. Say rather, when time shall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which in free states is so apt to oppose itself to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem for their servants and benefactors."

DE WITT. How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the spirit of true ancient virtue, when being asked, in the greatest extremity of our danger,* "How you intended to live "after Holland was lost?" You said, "You would live on "the lands you had left in Germany, and had rather pass "your life in hunting there, than sell your country or liberty "to France at any rate!" How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordships and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them from France by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your answer was, "That to gain one good town more for the Spaniards "in Flanders, you would be content to lose them all!" No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league against the power of France; that you were the center of union, and the directing soul of that wise, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could steadily support and keep it together, in spite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILL. I had in truth no other object, no other passion at heart, throughout my whole life, but to maintain the independance and freedom of Europe, against the ambition of France. It was this desire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my councils, both as prince of Orange and king of England.

DE WITT. This desire was the most noble (I speak it with shame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whose ancestors had opposed, and in a great measure destroyed the power of Spain, when that nation aspired to the monarchy of Europe. France, sir, in your days, had an equal ambition and more strength to support her vast designs, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you restrained, that strength you resisted. I, alas! was seduced by her perfidious court, and by the necessity of affairs in that system of policy

* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 320, 321.

policy which I had adopted, to ask her assistance, to rely on her favour, and to make the commonwealth, whose counsels I directed, subservient to her greatness—Permit me, sir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I should never have been the enemy of your house. But prince Maurice of Nassau desired to oppress the liberty of that state, which his virtuous father had freed at the expence of his life, and which he himself had defended, against the arms of the house of Austria, with the highest reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the most execrable cover of a wicked design) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright minister, Barnevelt, his father's best friend, because he refused to concur with him in treason against the state. He likewise imprisoned several other good men and lovers of their country, confiscated their estates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done these cruel acts of injustice, with a view to make himself sovereign of the Dutch commonwealth, he found they had drawn such a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accomplish his iniquitous purpose, he stopped short of the tyranny to which he had sacrificed his honour and virtue: a disappointment so mortifying, and so painful to his mind, that it probably hastened his death.

WILL. Would to heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous synod of Dort, by which he not only dishonoured himself and his family, but the Protestant religion itself! Forgive this interruption—my grief forced me to it—I desire you to proceed.

DEWITT. The brother of Maurice, prince Henry, who succeeded to his dignities in the republic, acted with more moderation. But the son of that good prince, your majesty's father, (I am sorry to speak what I know you hear with pain) resumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious designs of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and soon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the whole republican party an incurable jealousy and dread of his family. Full of these prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as pensionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your restoration to the power your ancestors had enjoyed, which I sincerely believed would be inconsistent with the safety and freedom of my country.

WILL. Let me stop you a moment here.—When my great grand-father formed the plan of the Dutch commonwealth, he made the power of a stadtholder one of the principal springs in his system of government. How could you imagine that it would

would ever go well when deprived of this ſpring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and balance its motions? A conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all its vigour and energy, without ſuch a power; but, if any degree of monarchy was mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt neceſſarily diſorder and weaken the whole fabric. This was particularly the caſe in our republic. The negative voice of every ſmall town in the provincial ſtates, the tedious ſlowneſs of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign miniſters may ſeduce or purchaſe the opinions of ſo many perſons as have a right to concur in all our reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the government, even in the quieteſt times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a ſtadtholder, which are the only remedy our conſtitution has provided for thoſe evils.

DE WITT. I acknowledge they are.—But I and my party thought no evil ſo great as that remedy; and therefore we ſought for other more pleaſing reſources. One of theſe, upon which we moſt confidently depended, was the friendſhip of France. I flattered myſelf that the intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raiſe in them a jealouſy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unleſs we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which caſes it was reaſonable to preſume we ſhould have their aſſiſtance. The French miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his court but too well, ſo confirmed me in theſe notions, that I had no apprehenſions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

WILL. You found your authority ſtrengthened by a plan ſo agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your ſagacity than all the art of D'Eſtrades.

DE WITT. My policy ſeemed to me entirely ſuitable to the laſting ſecurity of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of its maritime greatneſs. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all theſe againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I deſtroyed it, by enervating all its ſtrength, by diſbanding old troops and veteran officers attached to the houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither

experience

experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit, but their relation to, or interest with some leading men in the several *oligarchies*, of which the government in all the dutch downs is composed. Nevertheless, on the invasion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my close connexion with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the triple alliance, which Sir William Temple proposed, in order to check her ambition: but as I entered into that measure from necessity, not from choice, I did not pursue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to secure that with Sweden; I avoided any conjunction of counsels with Spain; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our army more and more; till a sudden, unnatural confederacy, struck up against all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conquest of the Seven Provinces, brought these at once to the very brink of destruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too justly provoked.

WILL. I must say, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch "a licence to trade, under the good pleasure and gracious protection of France." But any state that so entirely depends on another, is only a *province*, and its *liberty* is a *servitude* graced with a sweet but empty name. You should have reflected, that to a monarch so ambitious and so vain as Louis le Grand, the idea of a conquest, which seemed almost certain, and the desire of humbling a haughty republic, were temptations irresistible. His bigotry likewise would concur in recommending to him an enterprise, which he might think would put heresy under his feet. And if you knew either the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have supposed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impossible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excusable in a statesman to be greatly surprized, that the inclinations of princes should prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and interest of their kingdoms.

DE WITT. I am ashamed of my error; but the chief cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of Charles the Second and his ministry as they deserved.* I imagined too that his parliament would restrain him from engaging in such a war, or compel him to engage in our defence,

* See Temple's Memoirs from the year 1672 to 1679, p. 259, 299.

defence, if France should attack us. These, I acknowledge, are *excuses*, not *justifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition so unable to resist them, my fame as a minister irrecoverably sunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confess myself a *dupe*. But what praise is sufficient for the wisdom and virtue you shewed, in so firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when first you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you 'the sovereignty of the Seven Provinces,' by the assistance, and under the protection, of the two crowns! Believe me, great prince, had I been living in those times, and had known the generous answers you made to those offers, which were repeated more than once during the course of the war; not the most ancient and devoted servant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reasonably hope for such moderation, and such a right sense of glory, in the mind of a young man, descended from *kings*, whose mother was daughter to Charles the First, and whose father had left him the seducing example of a very different conduct? Happy indeed was the English nation to have such a prince so nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be their deliverer, when bigotry and despotism, the two greatest enemies to human society, had almost overthrown their whole constitution in church and state!

WILL. They might have been happy; but were not.—As soon as I had accomplished their deliverance for them, many of them became my most implacable enemies, and even wished to restore the unforgiving prince, whom they had so unanimously and so justly expelled from his kingdom.—Such levity seems incredible. I could not myself have imagined it possible, in a nation famed for *good sense*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They seemed as much to forget 'what they called me over for,' as 'that they had called me over.' The security of their religion, the maintenance of their liberty, were no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehensible doctrine of *right divine* and *passive obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that doctrine and James, by their opposition to him, by the invitation of me, and by every act of the parliament which gave me the crown.—But the most troublesome of my enemies were a sett of Republicans, who violently opposed all my measures, and joined with the Jacobites in disturbing my government, only because it was not a commonwealth.

De Witt. They who were republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love liberty, but aſpired to dominion and wiſhed to throw the nation into a total confuſion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that anarchy a better ſtate for themſelves.

Will. Your obſervation is juſt. A proud man thinks himſelf a lover of liberty, when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king, or the firſt miniſter of a king, would be a tyrant. Nevertheleſs I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous prince, that there were in England ſome Whigs, and even ſome of the moſt ſober and moderate Tories, who, with very honeſt intentions, and ſometimes with good judgements, propoſed new ſecurities to the liberty of the nation, againſt the prerogative or influence of the crown, and the corruption of miniſters in future times. To ſome of theſe I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I reſiſted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance*, in which conſiſts the perfection of a mixed form of government. I ſhould not, perhaps, have reſiſted ſo many, if I had not ſeen in the houſe of commons a diſpoſition to riſe in their demands on the crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government, upon the whole, were ſo great, that I once had determined, from mere diſguſt and reſentment, to give back to the nation, aſſembled in parliament, the crown they had placed on my head, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was ſtopped by the earneſt ſupplications of my friends, and by an unwillingneſs to undo the great work I had done: eſpecially as I knew, that, if England ſhould return into the hands of king James, it would be impoſſible, in that criſis, to preſerve the reſt of Europe from the dominion of France.

De Witt. Heaven be praiſed that your majeſty did not perſevere in ſo fatal a reſolution! The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough expreſs my aſtoniſhment, that you ſhould have met with ſuch treatment as could ſuggeſt ſuch a thought! The Engliſh muſt ſure be a people incapable either of liberty or ſubjection!

Will. There were, I muſt acknowledge, ſome faults in my temper, and ſome in my government, which are an excuſe for my ſubjects with regard to the uneaſineſs and diſquiet they gave me. My taciturnity, which ſuited the genius of the Dutch, offended theirs. They love an affable prince: it was chiefly his affability that made them ſo fond of Charles the Second.

Second. Their frankneſs and good-humour could not brook the reſerve and coldneſs of my nature. Then the exceſs of my favour to ſome of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national jealouſy in the Engliſh, and hurt their pride. My government alſo appeared, at laſt, too unſteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almoſt deprived me of the confidence and affection of both parties. I truſted too much to the integrity and the purity of my intentions, without uſing thoſe arts that are neceſſary to allay the ferment of factions and allure men to their duty by ſoothing their paſſions. Upon the whole, I am ſenſible that I better underſtood how to govern the Dutch than the Engliſh or the Scotch, and ſhould probably have been thought a greater man, if I had not been king of Great Britain.

De Witt. It is a ſhame to the Engliſh, that gratitude, and affection for ſuch merit as yours, were not able to overcome any little diſguſt ariſing from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majeſty give me leave to aſk you one queſtion? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them diſliked your alliances on the continent, and ſpoke of your war with France as a *Dutch meaſure*, in which you ſacrificed England to Holland?

Will. The cry of the nation at firſt was ſtrong for the war: but before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did;—for, as they then had a deſire to ſet up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but repreſent oppoſition to France, and vigorous meaſures taken to reſtrain her ambition, as unneceſſary for England: becauſe they well knew that the counſels of that king had been utterly averſe to ſuch meaſures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French miſtreſs, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his aſſiſtance, or at leaſt his acquieſcence, in all their deſigns.

De Witt. A king of England, whoſe cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile penſioner to a French king, degrades himſelf from his royalty, and ought to be conſidered as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole policy of Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias, by the neceſſity he lay under of ſoothing his parliament, was a conſtant, deſigned, ſyſtematical oppoſition to the intereſt of his people. His brother, though more ſenſible to the honour of England, was, by his Popery and deſire of arbitrary power, conſtrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obſtruct

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her designs on the continent, or lessen her greatness. It was therefore necessary to place the British crown on your head, not only with a view to preserve the religious and civil rights of the people from internal oppressions, but to rescue the whole state from that servile dependance on its natural enemy, which must unquestionably have ended in its destruction. What folly was it to revile your measures abroad, as sacrificing the interest of your British dominions to connexions with the continent, and principally with Holland! had Great Britain no interest to hinder the French from being masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her strongest barrier on the continent against the power of that nation, to submit with the rest to their yoke? would her trade, would her coasts, would her capital itself, have been safe after so mighty an encrease of shipping and sailors, as France would have gained by those conquests? and what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Great Britain, have attempted to make head against a power, which, even with her assistance, strong and spirited as it was, they could hardly resist? And after the check which had been given to the encroachments of France, by the efforts of the *first grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger make it necessary to recur to another such league? was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch, or even under one family, the most alarming contingency that ever had threatened the liberty of Europe?

WILL. I thought so; and I am sure I did not err in my judgement. But folly is blind; and faction wilfully shuts her eyes against the most evident truths that cross her designs; as she believes any lies, however palpable and absurd, that she thinks will assist them.

DE WITT. The only objection which seems to have any real weight against your system of policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, is the enormous expence that must necessarily attend it; an expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

WILL. I will answer that objection by asking a question. If, when you was pensionary of Holland, intelligence had been brought, that the dykes were ready to break, and the sea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have said to one of the deputies, who, when you were proposing the proper repairs to stop the inundation, should have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the province?

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This was the case in a political sense with both England and Holland. The fences raised to keep out superstition and tyranny were all giving way: those dreadful evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our ecclesiastical and civil constitution In such circumstances to object to a necessary expence is folly and madness.

De Witt. It is certain, Sir, that the utmost abilities of a nation can never be so well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religion and freedom. When *these* are lost, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wise man. Nor do I think it consistent with the prudence of government not to guard against future dangers, as well as present; which precaution must be often in some degree expensive. I acknowledge too, that the resources of a commercial country, which supports its trade, even in war, by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of imposing or collecting its taxes, are immense, and inconceivable till the trial is made; especially where the government, which demands the supplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end be destructive. What matters it whether a state is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or dies by a consumption of its own vital strength? Such a consumption will come upon Holland sooner than upon England, because the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force at last will be so diminished and exhausted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once, and those efforts, which may seem most surprisingly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulsions of death.* I don't apply this to your majesty's government; but I speak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extensive ideas of negociation and war which you have established. They have been salutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if, in pursuing great plans, great ministers do not act with a sobriety, prudence, and attention to frugality which very seldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldness of counsels.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. Apicius——Darteneuf.

Dart. ALAS! poor Apicius!—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my age and in my country. How many good dishes, unknown at Rome in thy days, have I feasted upon in England!

Api. Keep your pity for yourself.—How many good dishes have I feasted upon in Rome, which England does not produce, or of which the knowledge has been lost, with other treasures of antiquity, in these degenerate days! The fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *ripotanum*, which consisted of three excellent sorts of fish, for which you English have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

Dart. I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

Api. No:—the muræna, so respected by the ancient Roman senators, was a salt-water fish, and kept by our nobles in ponds, into which the sea was admitted.

Dart. Why then I dare say our Severn lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them stewed or potted?

Api. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Dart. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters. *

Api. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time. †

Dart. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of hunger when he is in search of a dainty! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont in a tempest, to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of exquisite oysters?

Api. Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of curiousness in seeking fine fishes. § I sailed to the coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species,

* See St. Evremond's Letters.

† See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on antient Coins, c. 5. Hours. 2.

§ See Athenæus, and Bayle in his Notes to the article Apicius.

which I heard was larger there than it was on our coaſt, and finding that I had received a falſe information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land.

DART. There was ſome ſenſe in that: but why did not you alſo make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once taſted thoſe oyſters in their higheſt perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burſt.

API. I wiſh I had:—It would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, at Rome,* becauſe I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from ſtarving.

DART. A ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds not keep you from ſtarving! Would I had had it! I ſhould have been twenty years in ſpending it, with the beſt table in London.

API. Alas poor man! this ſhews that you Engliſh have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables.‡ Before I died, I had ſpent in my kitchen 807,291 l. 13s. 4d.

DART. I don't believe a word of it: there is certainly an error in the account.

API. Why the eſtabliſhment of Lucullus for his ſuppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every ſupper he ſat down to in the room which he called by that name, § was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614l. 11s. 8d.

DART. Would I had ſupped with him there! But are you ſure there is no blunder in theſe calculations?

API. Aſk your learned men that.—I reckon as they tell me—But you may think that theſe feaſts were made only by great men, by triumphant generals, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Aſia, to help him in his houſekeeping. ‖ What will you ſay, when I tell you that the player Æſopus had one diſh that coſt him ſix thouſand ſeſtertia, that is, four thouſand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten ſhillings Engliſh?

DART. What will I ſay? why, that I pity my worthy friend, Mr. Cibber; and that, if I had known this, when alive, I ſhould have hanged myſelf for vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

API. Well you might, well you might.——You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the wealth of the Roman empire is ſufficient to en-

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* See Senec. de Conſol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. ii. Bayle, Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

‡ See Arbuthnot. p. 116.

§ See Arbuthnot, p. 133.

‖ Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. x. c. 60.

ble a man of taſte to keep a good table. Our players were infinitely richer than your princes.

DART. Oh that I had but lived in the bleſſed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their ſlaves!

APIC. Ay, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their good times.* They carried the glories of their table much farther than the beſt eaters of the age in which I lived. Vitellius ſpent in feaſting, within the compaſs of one year, what would amount in your money to above ſeven millions two hundred thouſand pounds.† He told me ſo himſelf in a converſation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very ſhort of his royal magnificence.

DART. Theſe indeed were great princes. But what moſt affects me is the luxury of that upſtart fellow Æſopus. Pray, of what ingredients might the diſh, he paid ſo much for, conſiſt?

APIC. Chiefly of *ſinging birds*.‡ It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the price.

DART. Of *ſinging birds!* choak him.——I never eat but *one*, which I ſtole out of it's cage from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted an only child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really ſo much cauſe to envy Æſopus. For the *ſinging bird* which I eat was not ſo good as a wheatear or *becafigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity. It was like the fooliſh extravagance of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar and drank them at ſupper. I will ſtake my credit, that a haunch of good buck veniſon, and my favourite *lamb pye*§, were much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf. It does not appear that you ancients ever had any good ſoops, without which a man of taſte cannot poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are deteſtable: but what are better than *the wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* rabbits? I have been told you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is ill-flavoured. And as for your boars *roaſted whole*, they were only fit to be ſerved up at a corporation feaſt or election dinner. A ſmall *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

* See Bayle, Apicius. Athenæus, l. 1. p. 7.
† Arbuthnot, c. 5. ‡ Arbuthnot, p. 133.
§ Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46.

APIC. If you had some meats that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to your's. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats *.

DART. I should never have endured their imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good *connoisseur* in painting the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats, and even to some kinds of fish, a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *essence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the composition of which surpasses all description. Had your's been as good, you could not have lain indolently lolling upon couches, while you were eating. They would have made you sit np and mind your business. Then you had a strange custom of hearing things *read to you* while you were at supper. This demonstrates that you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor saw, nor spoke. I only tasted. But the worst of all is, that, in the utmost perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with claret, burgundy, champagne, old hock, or tokay. You boasted much of your *Falernum:* but I have tasted the *Lachrymæ Christi*, and other wines of that coast, not one of which would I have drunk above a glass or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them; which is sufficient evidence that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

APIC. I am afraid you do really excell us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I have heard great fame from your countrymen; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of an English liquor called punch.

DART. Ay—to have died without tasting *that* is miserable indeed! There is rum punch, and arrack punch! It is difficult to say which is best; but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

APIC. The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirst.

DART. These incomparable liquors are brought to us from the East and West Indies, of the first of which you know little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is sufficient to determi-

* See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

determine the diſpute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of *that*, and deſpair.

APIC. I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not diſcovered, before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never taſted.

DART. The ſingle advantage of having ſugar, to ſweeten every thing with, inſtead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make uſe of, is ineſtimable.

APIC. I confeſs your ſuperiority in that important article. But what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods!

DART. Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo:—but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

APIC. Never eat any turtle! How could'ſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America, to riot on turtles? But know, wretched man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeons. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt-Indies. I have juſt received this information from a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week, of a ſurfeit he got at a turtle feaſt in that city.

DART. What does he ſay? does he affirm to you that turtle is better than veniſon?

APIC. He ſays, there was a haunch of the fatteſt veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle alone.

DART. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when *the noble ſcience of eating* was ſuppoſed to have been carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a *turtle feaſt* is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day to my own table at London, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity of it I would eat before the next morning.

APIC. You have forgot you have no *body*: that which you had has long been rotten: and you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras ſhould ſend you thither to animate a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have eaten dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next age will eat ſome unknown to this. New diſcoveries will be made, and

and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world.—But see; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MER. Gentlemen, I must tell you, that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which, you know, we deities use as often as we please. Attend therefore to what I shall communicate to you, relating to the subject upon which you have been talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more pleasure in eating than either of you, through the whole course of your lives.

APIC. One of these happy epicures, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

MER. No: one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you is truth. Labour and hunger gave a relish to the *black broth* of the former, and the *salt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *tripotanums* or *ham pyes*, that vainly stimulated your forced and languid appetites, which perpetual indolence weakened, and constant luxury overcharged.

DART. This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast.

APIC. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life-time: but it is a sad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

ALEX. YOUR majesty seems in great wrath! Who has offended you?

CHAR. The offence is to you as much as me. Here is a fellow admitted into Elysium, who has affronted us both: an English poet, one Pope.* He has called us *two madmen!*

ALEX. I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded Chœrilus, a pretender to poetry, for writing verses on mine: but my liberality, instead of doing me honour, has since drawn upon me the ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman poet; and Lucan, another

* Pope's Essay on Man, ep. iv. l. 219, 20.

another verſifier of the ſame nation, has loaded my memory with the harſheſt invectives.

CHAR. I know nothing of theſe; but I know that in my time, a pert French ſatiriſt, one Boileau,* made ſo free with your character, that I tore his book for having abuſed my favourite hero. And now this ſaucy Engliſhman has libelled us both.—But I have a propoſal to make to you for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe inſolent ſcribblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of Pluto and all his guards.

ALEX. This is juſt ſuch a ſcheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, againſt the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch follies gave the Engliſh poet too much cauſe to call you a madman.

CHAR. If my heroiſm was madneſs, your's, I preſume, was not wiſdom.

ALEX. There was a vaſt difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers ſay what they will, hiſtory ſhews, that I was not only the braveſt ſoldier, but one of the ableſt commanders the world has ever ſeen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vaſt and barren deſerts, at the approach of the winter, expoſed it to periſh in its march for want of ſubſiſtence, loſt your artillery, loſt a great number of your ſoldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muſcovites under ſuch diſadvantages, as made it almoſt impoſſible for you to conquer.

CHAR. I will not diſpute your ſuperiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *ſon of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEX. I ſuppoſe you think my pretending that *Jupiter* was my father as much entitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly miſtaken. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which ſet up that pretenſion. When I propoſed to undertake the conqueſt of Aſia, it was neceſſary for me to appear to the people ſomething more than man. They had been uſed to the idea of *demigod heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal deſcent with Oſiris and Seſoſtris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the Eaſt. The opinion of my divinity aſſiſted my arms, and ſubdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myſelf *the ſon of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inſpired, by a courage which ſeemed more than human,

* See Porriatowſki's remarks on Voltaire's Hiſtory of Charles XII.

human, and by the sublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the son of Philip*. I used the policy of my father, and the wise lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great designs. It was *the son of Philip* who planted Greek colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extensive than his empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and staple of commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africk; who sent Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian seas, and intended to have gone himself from those seas to the pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the passage round Africk, the discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama. It was *the son of Philip*,* who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such lenity, such justice and such wisdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings; and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could best establish a coalition between the conquerors and the conquered, united them into one people. But what, sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your subjects, to procure any benefit to those you had vanquished, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

CHAR. I might easily have made myself king of Poland, and was advised to do so, by count Piper, my favourite minister; I generously gave that kingdom to Stanislaus, as you had given a great part of your conquest in India to Porus, besides his own dominions, which you restored to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive.

ALEX. I gave him the government of those countries under me, and as my lieutenant; which was the best method of preserving my power in conquests, where I could not leave garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who of all conquerors, except me, were the greatest politicians. But neither was I, nor were they, so extravagant, as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view, but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to ourselves. Nevertheless, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of *the son of Jupiter*, not of *the son of Philip*. I had done better if I had staid to give more consistency to my Persian and Grecian empires, instead of attempting new conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this war was of use to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Asia,

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

Asia, and to keep up that universal awe of my name, which in those countries was the great support of my power.

CHAR. In the unwearied activity which which I proceeded from one enterprize to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to higher glory than you, because you only went on from victory to victory; but the greatest losses were not able to diminish my ardour, or stop the efforts of my daring and invincible spirit.

ALEX. You shewed in adversity much more magnanimity than you did in prosperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquished! The compelling Augustus* to write himself a letter of congratulation to one of his vassals, whom you had placed in his throne, was the very reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous insult upon his ill fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The visit you made him immediately after that insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

CHAR. I feared no danger from it.—I knew he durst not use the power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEX. If his resentment, in that instant, had prevailed over his fear, as it was likely to do, you would have perished deservedly by your insolence and presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers which I thought it was necessary or proper for me to meet, I never put myself one moment in the power of an enemy whom I had offended. But you had the rashness of *folly* as well as of *heroism*. A false opinion conceived of your enemy's weakness proved at last your undoing. When, in answer to some reasonable propositions of peace, sent to you by the czar, you said, 'You would come and treat with him at Moscow;*" he replied very justly, "That you affected to act like Alexander, but should not find in him a Darius." And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Persia been governed by a *Peter Alexowitz* when I made war against it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the superiority of my troops, in valour and discipline, over an army commanded by a king, who was so capable of instructing them in all they wanted.

CHAR. The battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorize my contempt of the nation and their prince.

ALEX.

* See Voltaire's Charles XII.

ALEX. It happened that their prince was not present in that battle. But he had not as yet had the time, which was necessary to instruct his barbarous soldiers. You gave him that time, and he made so good a use of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muscovites become a different nation. If you had followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moscow, you might have destroyed their Hercules in his cradle. But you suffered him to grow, till his strength was mature, and then acted as if he had been still in his childhood.

CHAR. I must confess you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any mortal ever surpassed me in the enthusiasm of courage. I was also free from those vices which sullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feast; I fired no palace at the instigation of a harlot.

ALEX. It may perhaps be admitted as some excuse for my drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a dishonour.* But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when sober, as I was, when drunk. † You were sober when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the will of your host, the *grand signor*. You were sober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the sacred character of an embassador, to be broken alive on the wheel, against the laws of nations, and those of humanity, more inviolable still to a generous mind. You were likewise sober when you wrote to the senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take some care of your kingdom "That you would send them one of your boots, and from "that they should receive their orders, if they pretended to "meddle in government:" an insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was more heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chastity, I was not so perfect as your's, though on some occasions I obtained great praise for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the charms of the fair sex, it would have mitigated and softened the fierceness of the pride, and the obstinacy of your nature.

CHAR. It would have softened me into a woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the slave of a woman. But

* See Plutarch's Morals and Xenophon.
† See Voltaire's Charles XII.

you seem to insinuate that you never were cruel or frantic unless when you were drunk, This I absolutely deny.—You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's physician, for not curing a man who killed himself by his intemperance in his sickness;* nor when you sacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of Cusieans, men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death; because you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other proofs that your passions inflamed you as much as wine: but these are sufficient.

ALEX. I can't deny that my passions were sometimes so violent as to deprive me for a while of the use of my reason; especially when the pride of such amazing successes, the servitude of the Persians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, such fortune as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an excess and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the public, I mean the love of science and of the elegant arts. Under my care and patronage they were carried in Greece to their utmost perfection. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lysippus, were among the glories of my reign: your's was illustrated only by battles.——Upon the whole, though, from some resemblance between us, I should naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I must give the priority in renown to your enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great monarch *raised* his country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *legislator*; you were a *tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES.——Cardinal WOLSEY.

WOLS. YOU seem to look on me, Ximenes, with an air of superiority, as if I was not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and first minister of a great king of England? that I was at once lord high chancellor, bishop of Durham, bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and cardinal legate? On what other subject were ever accumulated so many dignities, such honours, such power?

XIM. In order to prove yourself my equal, you are pleased to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

the having great offices; it is the doing great things, that makes a great miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the mind of king Henry the Eighth, and conſequently his kingdom, with the moſt abſolute ſway. Let me aſk you then, what were *the acts of your reign?*

WOLS. My *acts* were thoſe of a very ſkilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which nature had made the moſt difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever exiſted, with ſuch conſummate addreſs, that all its paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs I turned the arms of my maſter, or diſpoſed of his friendſhip, whichever way my own intereſt happened to direct. It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my miniſtry, that did not contain ſome article in my favour, beſides ſecret aſſurances of aiding my ambition or reſentment, which were the real ſprings of all my negociations. At home I brought the pride of Engliſh nobility, which had reſiſted the greateſt of the *Plantagenets*, to bow ſubmiſſively to the ſon of a *butcher of Ipſwich*. And, as my power was royal, my ſtate and magnificence were ſuitable to it: my buildings, my furniture, my houſhold, my equipage, my liberality, and my charities, were above the rank of a ſubject.

XIM. From all you have ſaid I underſtand that you gained great advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your miniſtry, too great indeed for a good man to deſire, or a wiſe man to accept. But what did you do for your ſovereign, and for the ſtate?—You make me no anſwer.—What I did is well known. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the Spaniſh nobility to ſtoop to my power, but uſed that power to free the people from their oppreſſions. * In you they reſpected the royal authority; I made them reſpect the majeſty of the law. I alſo relieved my countrymen, the commons of Caſtile, from a moſt grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of Iſabella I preſerved the tranquillity of Arragon and Caſtile, by procuring the regency of the latter for Ferdinand, a wiſe and valiant prince, though he had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, after his deceaſe, I was raiſed to the regency by the general eſteem and affection of the Caſtilians, I adminiſtered the government with great courage, firmneſs and prudence; with the moſt perfect diſintereſtedneſs in regard to myſelf, and most zealous concern for the public. I ſuppreſſed all the factions which

* See Marſolier, Vie de Ximeſne,

which threatened to disturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and the absence of the young king; and prevented the discontents of the commons of Castile, too justly incensed against the Flemish ministers, who governed their prince and rapaciously pillaged their country, from breaking out, during my life, into open rebellion, as they did, most unhappily, soon after my death. These were my civil acts: but to complete the renown of my administration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my one charges, and myself commanding the army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territory, to the Spanish dominions.

WOLS. My soul was as elevated and noble as your's; my understanding as strong, and more refined. But the difference of our conduct arose from the difference of our objects. To raise your reputation, and secure your power in Castile, by making that kingdom as happy, and as great as you could, was your object. Mine was to procure *the triple crown* for myself by the assistance of my sovereign, and of the greatest foreign powers. Each of us took the means that were evidently most proper to the accomplishment of his ends.

XIM. Can you confess such a principle of your conduct without a blush? But you will at least be ashamed, that you failed in your purpose, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negociated; after having dishonoured the character of your master, in order to serve your own ambition. I accomplished my desire, with glory to my sovereign, and advantage to my country. Besides this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Isabella's by the opinion she had of my piety and integrity: you gained Henry's by a complaisance and course of life, which were a reproach to your character and sacred orders.

WOLS. I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to court the austerity of a monk; nor, if I had done so, could I possibly have gained any influence there. Isabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be sought in different ways. By making myself agreeable to the latter, I so governed his passions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of those dreadful effects, which after my death were caused by them in his family and kingdom.

XIM. If Henry the Eighth, your master, had been king of Castile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloister. A man of virtue and spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court, where he cannot rise without baseness.

WOLS.

WOLS. The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in ſome of your meaſures: * and the bigotry, which you had derived from your long abode in a cloiſter, and retained when a miniſter, was very near depriving the crown of Caſtile of the new-conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to change their religion. Do you not remember how angry king Ferdinand was with you on that account?

XIM. I do, and muſt acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

WOLS. My worſt complaiſances to king Henry the Eighth were far leſs hurtful to England, than the unjuſt and inhuman court of inquiſition, which you eſtabliſhed in Granada, to watch over the faith of your unwilling converts, has been to Spain.

XIM. I only revived and ſettled in Granada an ancient tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our ſaints againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater powers. The miſchiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any force may be uſed for the maintenance of religion (and the church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the purpoſe.

WOLS. This is an argument rather againſt the opinion of the church, than for the inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy, that my adminiſtration was ſtained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *ſanctified by the name of religion*. My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than your's. To the proud I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors benevolent and humane. Had I ſucceeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I ſhould have governed the church with more moderation, and better ſenſe, than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the ſee of Toledo for that of Rome. My good-nature, my policy, my taſte for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt princes. Whereas in you, the ſour bigot and rigid Monk would too much have prevailed over the prince and the ſtateſman.

XIM. What either of us would have been in that ſituation does not appear. But, if you are compared to me *as a miniſter*, you are vaſtly inferior. The only circumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any equality is the encouragement

* See Marſolier, Vie de Ximeſne.

ragement you gave to learning, and your munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my univerſity at Alcala de Henara. But in our generoſity there was this difference: all my revenues were ſpent in well-placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety, and virtue: whereas a great part of your enormous wealth was ſquandered away in luxury and vain oſtentation. With regard to all other points my ſuperiority is apparent. You were only a favourite: I was the friend and the father of the people. You ſerved yourſelf: I ſerved the ſtate. The concluſion of our lives was alſo much more honourable to me than you.

WOLS. Did not you die, as I did, in diſgrace with your maſter?

XIM. That diſgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whoſe power, as a good Spaniard, I would not ſubmit. A miniſter, who falls a victim to ſuch an oppoſition, riſes by his fall. Your's was not graced by any public cauſe, any merit to the nation. Your ſpirit therefore ſunk under it; you bore it with meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my enemies, ſuperior to fortune; and I died, as I had lived, with undiminiſhed dignity and greatneſs of mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN——RABELAIS.

LUC. FRIEND Rabelais, well met.—Our ſouls are very good company for one another. We both were great wits, and moſt audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and ſometimes at Wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my ſtyle: but then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior, in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenneſs of ſatire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel.*

RAB. You do me great honour: but I may ſay, without vanity, that both thoſe compoſitions entitle the authors of them to a very diſtinguiſhed place, among memoir-writers, travellers, and even hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUC. Doubtleſs they do. But will you pardon me if I aſk you one queſtion? Why did you chuſe to write ſuch abſolute *nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome places of your illuſtrious work?

RAB. I was forced to compound my phyſic for the mind with a large doſe of nonſenſe, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not ſo frequently put on

the

the fool's cap, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itself*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myself, should, in all probability, have been condemned to the flames: and martyrdom was an honour to which I never aspired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wisest of all principles, that of self-preservation. You, Lucian, had no need to use so much caution. Your heathen priests desired only a sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleased, in conversation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddesses, from the thundering Jupiter and the scolding Juno, down to *the dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

Luc. Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! for I assure you our priests were by no means pleased with it; at least they were not in my time.

Rab. The wiser men they! for, in spite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magistrate, that ridicule brought the system of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philosophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

Luc. It did so; and the ablest defenders of paganism were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

Rab. An excellent way of drawing sense out of absurdity, and grave instructions from lewdness! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, lord Verulam, who, in his treatise entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own priests!

Luc. He has indeed shewn himself an admirable chemist, and made a fine transmutation of folly into wisdom. But all the latter Platonists took the same method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Christians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables say, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themselves into *beasts*, in order to escape from the conquerors. Just the reverse happened here:—for, by this happy art, our *beastly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

Rab. Give me a good commentator, with a subtle, refining, philosophical head; and you shall have the edification of seeing him draw *the most sublime allegories*, and the most venerable *mystic truths*, from my history of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!* I don't despair of being proved, to the entire satisfaction of some future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundest *divine* and *metaphysician* that ever yet held a pen.

Luc

Luc. I shall rejoice to see you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to consider you as one of our class. There you sit very high.

Rab. I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to sit above me, and but just below yourself: I mean Dr. Swift.

Luc. It was not necessary for him to throw so much nonsense into his history of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illustrious heroes; and his style is far more correct than your's. His wit never descended (as your's frequently did) into the lowest of taverns, nor ever wore the meanest garb of the vulgar.

Rab. If the garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was sometimes as *dirty* as mine.

Luc. It was not always nicely clean. Yet in comparison with you he was decent and elegant. But whether there was not in your compositions more *fire*, and a more *comic spirit*, I will not determine.

Rab. If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in dispute, as I have left the great question, *Whether Panurge should marry or not?* I would as soon undertake to measure the difference between the height and bulk of the giant Gargantua and his Brobdignanian majesty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any man takes a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another likes Gulliver, let him toast Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *supposing the wine to be good.* If a third likes neither of us, let him silently pass the bottle, and be quiet.

Luc. But what if he will not be quiet? A critic is an unquiet creature.

Rab. Why then he will disturb himself, not me.

Luc. You are a greater philosopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no respect to popes, or kings; but to pay none to critics, is, in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

Rab. My life was a farce: my death was a farce: and would you have me make my book a serious affair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet sometimes you must be ranked among grave authors. You have written sage and learned dissertations on history, and other weighty matters. The critics have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Garagan-

tua to swallow them up, as he did the six pilgrims, in the next sallad he eats.*

Luc. Have I not heard that you wrote a very good serious book on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates?

Rab. Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am so used to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myself in my solemn *doctor's gown*. But your information was right: that book was indeed a very respectable work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had writ nothing else, I should have been reckoned, at best, *a laquey to Hippocrates*: whereas the historian of *Panurge* is *an eminent writer*. Plain good sense, like a dish of solid beef or mutton, is proper only for peasants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dressed with *a sharp sauce of wit*, is fit to be served up at an emperor's table.

Luc. You are an admirable pleasant fellow! let me embrace you.—How Apollo and the Muses may rank you on Parnassus, I am not very certain: but, if I were master of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you should be placed, with a full bowl of nectar before you, at the right hand of Momus.

Rab. I wish you were—but I fear the inhabitants of those sublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himself could get a seat at that table, I can't well comprehend! It has been usual, I confess, in some of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jester, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of Heaven one should not have supposed such an officer, as *Jupiter's fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abstruse.

Luc. I think our priests admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him.—For, we may talk of the *giants* as much as we please; but to *our gods* there is no enemy so formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *false religion*. Nothing but *truth* can stand its lash.

Rab. Truth, advantageously set in a good and fair light, can stand any attacks: but those of ridicule are so teasing and so fallacious, that I have seen them put her ladyship very much out of humour.

Luc. Ay, friend Rabelais: and sometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will strike Momus dumb. United they are invincible: and such a union is necessary upon certain occasions. *False reasoning* is most effectually exposed by *plain sense*; but *wit* is the best opponent to *false ridicule*, as *just ridicule* is to all the *absurdities*, which dare to assume the

* See Rabelais. l. i. c. 38.

the venerable names of *Philoſophy*, or *Religion*. Had we made ſuch a proper uſe of our agreeable talents, had we employed our ridicule to ſtrip the fooliſh faces of ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, and dogmatical pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting all the ſharpneſs of our wit, to combat the flippancy and pertneſs of thoſe, who argue only by jeſts againſt reaſon and evidence, in points of the higheſt and moſt ſerious concern; we ſhould have much better merited the eſteem of mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.—COSMO DE MEDICIS, the firſt of that name.

PER. IN what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illuſtrious Coſmo, I find a moſt remarkable reſemblance with mine.* We both lived in republics where the ſovereign power was in the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more eſpecially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to ſuch a degree of authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy democracies with an abſolute ſway, turned the tempeſts which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt affairs, in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens.

COS. We have indeed an equal right to value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.—*Force* or *caprice* may give *power*, but nothing can give *a laſting authority*, except *wiſdom and virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our reſpective countries, a dominion unſtained by uſurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the public eſteem and the public affection. We were in reality ſovereigns, while we lived with the ſimplicity of private men: and Athens and Florence believed themſelves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæſar. It is the perfection of policy to tame the fierce ſpirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by ſoothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to kick the hand that reſtrains it.

PER. The taſk can never be eaſy; but the difficulty was ſtill greater to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from

* See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii. See alſo Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, from the fourth book to the eighth.

whose intractable fury the greatest men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wisdom and virtue, could not save themselves. Themistocles and Aristides were examples of terror, that might well have deterred me from the administration of public affairs at Athens. Another impediment in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodness, his liberality, and the lustre of his victories over the Persians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the same time, by being thought to favour aristocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It seemed impossible to shake so well established a greatness. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whose power I encreased, that I might render it the basis and support of my own, I gained such an ascendant over all my opponents, that having first procured the banishment of Cimon by ostracism, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagonist, set up by the nobles against my authority, I became the unrivaled chief or rather the monarch of the Athenian republic, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my administration continued, one of my fellow-citizens: a circumstance, which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be, in my own judgement, more honourable to me, than all my prosperity in the government of the state, or the nine trophies, erected for so many victories obtained by my conduct.

Cos. I had also the same happiness to boast of at my death: and some additions were made to the territories of Florence under my government: but I myself was no soldier, and the commonwealth I directed was never either so warlike or so powerful as Athens. I must, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the lustre of military glory: and I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a people, whose spirit and pride were exalted by the wonderful victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Platæa, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuscans. The liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more insolent than the despotism of the king of Persia. How great then must have been your ability and address, that could so absolutely reduce it under your power! yet the temper of my countrymen was not easy to govern: for it was exceedingly factious. The history of Florence is little else, for several ages, than an account of conspiracies against the state. In my youth I myself suffered much by the dissentions which then embroiled

embroiled the republic. I was impriſoned, and baniſhed; but, after the courſe of ſome years, my enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile. I was brought back in triumph; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority; which I exerciſed ſo diſcreetly, as to gain the eſteem of all the neighbouring potentates, and ſuch a conſtant affection of all my fellow-citizens, that an inſcription, which gave me the title of 'Father of my Country,' was engraved on my monument, by an unanimous decree of the whole commonwealth.

PER. Your end was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of age than any violent illneſs, and left the Florentines in a ſtate of peace and proſperity procured for them by your counſels. But I died of the plague, after having ſeen it almoſt depopulate Athens; and left my country engaged in a moſt dangerous war, to which my advice, and the power of my eloquence, had excited the people. The misfortune of the peſtilence, with the inconveniencies they ſuffered on account of the war ſo irritated their minds, that, not long before my death, they condemned me to a fine.

COS. It is wonderful, that, when once their anger was raiſed, it went no further againſt you! A favourite of the people when diſgraced, is in ſtill greater danger than a favourite of a king.

PER. Your ſurpriſe will encreaſe at hearing, that very ſoon afterwards they choſe me their general, and conferred on me again the principal direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I ſhould have ſo conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to my country. For, having ſecured to her the ſovereignty of the ſea, by the defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to ſue for a peace: becauſe the city, from the ſtrength of its fortifications, and the great army within it, being on the landſide impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continual ſupplies from the ſea, ſuffered not much by the ravages of the country about it, from whence I had before removed all the inhabitants: whereas their allies were undone by the deſcents we made on their coaſts.

COS. You ſeem to have underſtood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the ſureſt foundation of *empire*.

PER. I followed

PER. I followed the plan traced out by Themiſtocles, the ableſt politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponneſian war (as ſome have ſuppoſed) only to make my myſelf neceſſary, and ſtop an enquiry into my public accounts.* I really thought, that the republic of Athens could no longer defer a conteſt with Sparta, without giving up to that ſtate the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence. To keep off for ſome time even a neceſſary war, with a probable hope of making it more advantageouſly, at a favourable opportunity, is an act of true wiſdom: but not to make it, when you ſee that your enemy will be ſtrengthened, and your own advantages loſt, or conſiderably leſſened, by the delay, is a moſt pernicious imprudence. With relation to my accounts I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of public money, nor added one to my own paternal eſtate; and the people had placed ſo entire a confidence in me, that they had allowed me, againſt the uſual forms of their government, to diſpoſe of large ſums for *ſecret ſervice*, without account.† When therefore I adviſed the Peloponneſian war, I neither acted from private views, nor with the inconſiderate temerity of a reſtleſs ambition; but as became a wiſe ſtateſman, who, having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterpriſe, and ſeeing a reaſonable hope of good ſucceſs, makes it his option to fight for dominion and glory, rather than ſacrifice both to the uncertain poſſeſſion of an inſecure peace.

COS. How were you ſure of inducing ſo volatile a people to perſevere in ſo ſteady a ſyſtem of conduct as that which you had laid down; a ſyſtem attended with much inconvenience and loſs to particulars, while it preſented but little to ſtrike or inflame the imagination of the public? Bold and arduous enterprizes, great battles, much bloodſhed, and a ſpeedy deciſion, are what the multitude deſire in every war: but your plan of operation was the reverſe of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

PER. I found indeed many ſymptoms of their impatience; but I was able to reſtrain it by the authority I had gained. For, during my whole miniſtry, I never had ſtooped to court their favour by any unworthy means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their paſſions againſt their true intereſts and my own better judgement; but uſed the power of my

* Thucydides, l. ii.

† See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Diodorus Siculus.

my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wise moderation, to raise their spirits when too low, and shew them their danger when they grew too presumptuous; the good effects of which conduct they had happily experienced in all their affairs. Whereas those who succeeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their servile complaisance to the humour of the people, presently lost all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. Xerxes himself, I am convinced, did not suffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians, after my decease, by that of their orators and ministers of state.

Cos. Those orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble: they were the arts of a statesman and of a prince. Your magnificient buildings, which in beauty of architecture surpassed any the world had ever seen, the statues of Phidias, the paintings of Xeuxis, the protection you gave to knowledge, genius, and abilities of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens as to your popularity. * And in this I may boast of an equal merit to Florence. For I embellished that city and the whole country about it, with excellent buildings; I protected all arts; and, though I was not myself so eloquent, or so learned as you, I no less encouraged those who were eminent, in my time, for their eloquence or their learning. Marcilius Ficinus, 'the second father of the Platonic philosophy,' lived in my house, and conversed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras with you.‖ Nor did I ever forget and suffer him so to want the necessaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had like to have perished by that unfriendly neglect; but, to secure him, at all times, from any distress in his circumstances, and enable him to pursue his sublime speculations unmolested by low cares, I gave him an estate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I also drew to Florence, Argiropolo, the most learned Greek of those times; that under my patronage, he might teach the Florentine youth the language and sciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings, there is this remarkable difference: your's were all raised at the expence of the public, mine at my own.

Per. My estate would bear no profuseness, nor allow me to exert the generosity of my nature. Your wealth exceeded that of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vast commerce, which, after the example of your ancestors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you presided at the helm of the state, enabled

* See Machiavel's History of Florence, l. vii.

‖ See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

enabled you to do those splendid acts, which rendered your name so illustrious.* But I was constrained to make the public treasure the fund of my bounties; and I thought I could not possibly dispose of it better, in time of peace, than in finding employment for that part of the people which must else have been idle, and useless to the community, introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For while I attended the most to these civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, against war; nor suffer the nation to sink into luxury and effeminate softness. I kept our fleets in continual exercise, maintained a great number of seamen in constant pay, and disciplined well our land-forces. Nor did I ever cease to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could most effectually contribute to strengthen their bodies and minds.

Cos. Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the people less sober and modest, by giving them a share of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their necessary attendance in the public assemblies and other civil functions; but more especially for the vast and superfluous expence, you entailed on the state in the theatrical spectacles, with which you entertained them at the cost of the public.

Per. Perhaps I may have been too lavish in some of those bounties.—Yet, in a popular state, it is necessary, that the people should be amused, and should so far partake of the opulence of the public, as not to suffer any want, which would render their minds too low and sordid for their political duties. In my time the revenues of Athens were sufficient to bear this charge: but afterwards, when we had lost the greatest part of our empire, it became, I must confess too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cause of our ruin.

Cos. It is a most dangerous thing to load the state with largesses of that nature, or indeed with any unnecessary, but popular charges; because to reduce them is almost impossible, though the circumstances of the public should necessarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewise, in order to advance your own greatness, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power, than the institutions of Solon had entrusted them with, and more than was consistent with the good of the state?

Per.

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii.

PER. We are now in the regions where truth preſides, and I dare not offend her by playing the orator in defence of my conduct. I muſt therefore acknowledge, that, by weakening the power of the court of Areopagus,* I tore up that anchor, which Solon had wiſely fixed to keep his republic firm againſt the ſtorms and fluctuations of popular factions. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole ſtate, I made, with a view to ſerve my own ambition, the only paſſion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For, I knew that my eloquence would ſubject the people to me, and make them the willing inſtruments of all my deſires: whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminiſhing the counterpoiſe our conſtitution had ſettled to moderate the exceſs of popular power, I augmented my own. But ſince my death I have been often reproached by the ſhades of ſome of the moſt virtuous and wiſeſt Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the firſt cauſe of the injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the miſchiefs perpetually brought on my country, by raſh undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They ſay, I delivered up the ſtate to the government of indiſcreet or venal orators, and to the paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom conſiſted in encouraging calumnies againſt the beſt ſervants of the commonwealth, and conferring power upon thoſe who had no other merit than falling in with and ſoothing a popular folly. It is uſeleſs for me to plead, that during my life† none of theſe miſchiefs were felt; that I employed my rhetoric to promote none but good and wiſe meaſures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Ariſtides himſelf. They reply, that I am anſwerable for all the great evils, occaſioned afterwards by the want of that ſalutary reſtraint on the natural levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. Socrates calls me the patron of Anytus: and Solon himſelf frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

COS. Solon has reaſon to do ſo;—for tell me Pericles, what opinion would you have of the architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to laſt no longer than during the term of your life?‡

PER. The anſwer to your queſtion will turn to your own condemnation. Your exceſſive liberalities to the indigent citizens,

* See Plutarch in the lives of Solon and of Pericles.
† See Thucydides, l. ii.
‡ See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. vii.

tizens, and the great sums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the republic of Florence; and gave your family such a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular state into an absolute monarchy.

Cos. The Florentines were so infested with discord and faction,* and their commonwealth was so void of military virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious subjection to some *foreign power*, if those internal dissentions, with the confusion and anarchy they produced, had continued. But the Athenians had performed very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire; and were become one of the noblest states in the world, before you altered the balance of their government. And after that alteration they declined very fast, till they lost all their greatness.

Per. Their constitution had originally a foul blemish in it, I mean *the ban of ostracism*, which alone would have been sufficient to undo any state. For there is nothing of such important use to a nation, as that men who most excel in wisdom and virtue should be encouraged to undertake the business of government. But this detestable custom deterred such men from serving the public, or, if they ventured to do so, turned even their own wisdom and virtue against them; so that in Athens it was safer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the advocates for this strange institution, that it was not *a punishment*, but meant as "a guard to the equality and liberty of the state:" for which reason they deem it *an honour* done to the persons, against whom it was used: as if words could change the real nature of things, and make a banishment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the suffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence against justice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he shall not be expelled from any society, of which he is a member, without having first been proved guilty of some criminal action.

Cos. The ostracism was indeed a most unpardonable fault in the Athenian constitution. It placed envy in the seat of justice and gave to private malice and public ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

Per. The friends to the ostracism say, that too eminent virtue destroys that equality, which is the safeguard of freedom.

* See Machiavel's History of Florence.

Cos. No ſtate is well modeled, if it cannot preſerve itſelf from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural juſtice; nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed, not by men, but by laws, deſire to live in a country, where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Ariſtides was not ſuffered to remain. But, inſtead of remedying this evil, you made it worſe. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverſe to virtue, leſs ſubject to the laws, and more to impreſſions from miſchievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

Per. In truth, I did ſo;—and therefore my place in Elyſium, notwithſtanding the integrity of my whole public conduct, and the great virtues I exerted is much below the rank of thoſe who have governed commonwealths, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their preſent advantage, but alſo with a prudent regard to that *balance of power*, on which their permanent happineſs muſt neceſſarily depend.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Locke——Bayle.

Bayle. YES; we both were philoſophers; but my philoſophy was the deepeſt. You *dogmatized*: I *doubted*.

Locke. Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philoſophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it, but it is a bad *end*.

Bayle. No:—the more profound our ſearches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtle minds ſee objections and difficulties in every ſyſtem, which are overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary underſtandings.

Locke. It would be better than to be no philoſopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, "that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething." I find that the eyes which nature has given me ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of their reach, or diſcerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a phyſician, who would offer me an eye-water, the uſe of which would at firſt ſharpen my ſight, as to carry it farther than ordinary viſion; but would in the end put them out? Your philoſophy, Monſieur Bayle, is to the eyes of the mind what I have ſuppoſed the doctor's *noſtrum* to be to thoſe of the body. It actually brought your own excellent underſtanding, which was by nature quick-ſighted, and rendered more ſo by art and ſubtilty of logic peculiar to yourſelf—it brought, I ſay, your very

acute

acute understanding to see nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

BAYLE. I own it did;—but your comparison is not just. I did not see well, before I used my philosophic eye-water: I only supposed I saw well; but I was in an error with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the preceptions were imaginary. I cured myself first of those false imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

LOCKE. A great cure indeed! and don't you think, that, in return for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

BAYLE. Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves or at least of deserving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

LOCKE. I agree with you, that human nature should know its own weakness; but it should also feel its strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment as a philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do; and what it could not; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in sounding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

BAYLE. Their ignorance makes them think so. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and shew those truths to be falsehoods. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exists by the destruction of another.

LOCKE. Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature built on suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds

grounds of assent, that they are as immovable as the pillars of heaven, or (to speak philosophically) as the great laws of nature, by which, under GOD, the universe is sustained. Can you seriously think, that, because the hypothesis of your countryman, Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the system of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail: or that, because the whims of fanaticks and the divinity of the school-men cannot now be supported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

BAYLE. If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the heighth of his vogue, whether his system would be ever confuted by any other philosopher's, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

LOCKE. Come, come, monsieur Bayle, you yourself know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of those systems and that of Newton is placed. Your scepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation, (the only wish of your heart) to object, than to defend, to pull down, than to set up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together, in a Critical Dictionary, a pleasant tale, or obscene jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an artful sophism to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free-thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of social happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflexion, answer for this to your conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a system, which gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice, its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator so evidently require?

BAYLE.

BAYLE. The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any reſtraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE. The mind, though free, has a governor within itſelf, which may and ought to limit the exerciſe of its freedom. That governor is Reaſon.

BAYLE. Yes:—but Reaſon, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reaſon which rules my mind, or your's, has happened to ſet up a favourite notion, it not only ſubmits implicitly to it, but deſires that the ſame reſpect ſhould be paid to it by all the reſt of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppoſe this deſire in another, and that, if he is wiſe, he will do his utmoſt endeavours to check it in himſelf.

LOCKE. Is there not alſo a weakneſs, of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? do we not often take a pleaſure to ſhew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions ſet up by other men, and generally reſpected?

BAYLE. I believe we do; and by this means it often happens, that if one man builds and conſecrates *a temple to folly*, another pulls it down.

LOCKE. Do you think it beneficial to human ſociety, to have *all temples* pulled down?

BAYLE. I cannot ſay that I do.

LOCKE. Yet I find not in your writings any mark of diſtinction, to ſhew us which you mean to ſave.

BAYLE. A true philoſopher, like an impartial hiſtorian, muſt be of no ſect.

LOCKE. Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a ſectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

BAYLE. With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

LOCKE. How could you then be indifferent with regard to the ſanctions religion gives to morality? how could you publiſh what tends ſo directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of thoſe ſanctions? was not this ſacrificing the great intereſts of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

BAYLE. A man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full diſcuſſion of the queſtion, he ſincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE. An enthuſiaſt, who advances doctrines prejudicial to ſociety, or oppoſes any that are uſeful to it, has the ſtrength of opinion and the heat of a diſturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and

and ſound judgment, can have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are paſſages in all your works, and thoſe not a few, where you talk like a rigid moraliſt. I have alſo heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the moſt laboured parts of your writings, you ſap the ſureſt foundations of all moral duties, what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you have appeared to reſpect them? how many, who have ſtronger paſſions than you had, and are deſirous to get rid of the curb that reſtrains them, will lay hold hold of your ſcepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made ſuch a uſe of ſuch talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dulleſt of Dutch theologians, or the moſt credulous monk in a Portugueſe convent. The riches of the mind, like thoſe of fortune, may be employed ſo perverſely, as to become a nuiſance and peſt, inſtead of an ornament and ſupport to ſociety.

BAYLE. You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no ſervice to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of prieſtcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticiſm, and from the terrors and follies of ſuperſtition? Conſider how much miſchief theſe have done to the world! Even in the laſt age what maſſacres, what civil wars, what convulſions of government, what confuſion in ſociety, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not ſee them occaſion a violent perſecution in my own country? and can you blame me for ſtriking at the root of theſe evils?

LOCKE. The root of theſe evils, you well know, was *falſe religion*; but you ſtruck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the ſyſtem of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you ſpeak. Why would you ſo fallaciouſly confound them together in ſome of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to ſeparate them again, and to make the proper diſtinctions? This indeed is the great art of the moſt celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenuous minds by lively ſtrokes of wit, and by arguments really ſtrong againſt ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm, and prieſtcraft. But, at the ſame time, they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true religion, and dreſs her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or deſpicable to thoſe, who have not penetration enough to diſcern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus de-

ceived

ceived *themſelves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the moſt acute of theſe gentlemen, is ſo repugnant to prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual tyranny, to all abſurd ſuperſtitions, to all that can tend to diſturb or injure ſociety, as *that Goſpel* they ſo much affect to deſpiſe.

BAYLE. Mankind is ſo made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. My ſcepticiſm might be neceſſary, to abate the *fever* and *phrenzy* of falſe religion.

LOCKE. A wiſe preſcription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* ſtate of the mind, (for ſuch a ſcepticiſm as your's is a *palſy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure?

BAYLE. I acknowledge that thoſe medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of ſome harſher drugs, or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE. What you now ſay is too true:—GOD has given us a moſt excellent phyſic for the ſoul, in all its diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily loſt.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, earl of DOUGLAS, duke of Touraine.
JOHN duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH, field marſhal of his Britannic majeſty's forces.

ARG. YES, noble Douglas,* it grieves me that you and your ſon, together with the brave earl of Buchan, ſhould have employed ſo much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that ſtate which, from its ſituation and intereſts, is the perpetual and moſt dangerous enemy to Great-Britain. A Britiſh nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and a much out of his proper ſphere, as a Grecian commander, engaged in the ſervice of Perſia, would have appeared to Ariſtides or Ageſilaus.

DOUG. In ſerving France, I ſerved Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch; and, by ſupporting the

* See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. x. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence againſt the Engliſh.

ARG. The French indeed, from the unhappy ſtate of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies*, I deny. Their alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an *unnatural* ſtate, diſunited from England. While that diſunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for aſſiſtance and ſupport. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge, independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on them; and this dependence expoſed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the Engliſh, whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The ſuccours they afforded us were diſtant, and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, ſuperior to us in ſtrength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were ſlain, or led captive; we loſt all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great iſland; we had no commerce, no peace, no ſecurity, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: if they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but, if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors ſeverely wrecked their reſentment.

DOUG. The Engliſh ſuffered as much in thoſe wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waſte and depopulated by our ſharp incurſions; how often have the ſwords of my anceſtors been ſtained with the beſt blood of that nation! were not our victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any, that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

ARG. They were: but yet they did us no laſting good. They left us ſtill dependent on the protection of France: they left us a poor, a feeble, a diſtreſſed, though a moſt valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not ſubdue it, nor hinder our feeling ſuch effects of its enmity, as gave us no reaſon to rejoice in our triumphs.—How much more happily, in the auſpicious reign of that queen who formed the Union, was my ſword employed in humbling the foes of Great Britain! with how ſuperior a dignity did I appear in the combined Britiſh ſenate, maintaining the intereſts of the whole united people of England and Scotland, againſt all foreign powers, who attempted to diſturb our general happineſs, or to invade our common rights!

DOUG. Your eloquence and your valour had unquestionably a much nobler and more ſpacious field, to exerciſe themſelves in, than any of thoſe who defended the intereſts of only a part of the iſland.

ARG. Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the Engliſh, I think I am reading a melancholy hiſtory of civil diſſenſions. Which-ever ſide is defeated, their loſs appears to me a loſs to the whole, and an advantage to ſome foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the ſtrength of that iſland is made compleat by the Union; and what a great Engliſh poet has juſtly ſaid in one inſtance, is now true in all:

"The Hotſpur and the Douglas both together
"Are confident againſt the world in arms." *

Who can reſiſt the Engliſh and Scotch valour combined? When ſeparated, and oppoſed, they balanced each other: united, they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood, that has been ſhed for the French in unnatural wars againſt England, had been poured out, to oppoſe the ambition of France, in conjunction with the Engliſh: if all the Engliſh blood, that has been ſpilt as unfortunately in uſeleſs wars againſt Scotland, had been preſerved, France would long ago have been rendered incapable of diſturbing our peace, and Great-Britain would have been the moſt powerful of nations.

DOUG. There is truth in all you have ſaid.——But yet, when I reflect on the inſidious ambition of king Edward the Firſt, on the ungenerous arts he ſo treacherouſly employed to gain, or rather to ſteal, the ſovereignty of our kingdom, and the deteſtable cruelty he ſhewed to Wallace, our brave champion and martyr; my ſoul is up in arms againſt the inſolence of the Engliſh, and I adore the memory of thoſe patriots, who died in aſſerting the independence of our crown and the liberty of our nation.

ARG. Had I lived in thoſe days, I ſhould have joined with thoſe patriots, and been the foremoſt to maintain ſo noble a cauſe. The Scotch were not made to be ſubject to the Engliſh. Their ſouls are too great for ſuch a timid ſubmiſſion. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their ſcorn of a foreign yoke, their ſtrong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the ſpirit of the Scotch been ſervile or baſe, it could never have coaleſced with that of the Engliſh.

DOU-

* See Shakeſpear's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

DOUG. It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the same noble virtues, the same impatience of servitude, the same magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the same genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for sciences and arts. Yet, notwithstanding this happy conformity, when I consider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealousy had subsisted, for many ages, between them; what private passions, what prejudices, what contrary interests, must have necessarily obstructed every step of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong opposition of national pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with such equal regard and amicable fairness to both!

ARG. It was indeed a most arduous, and difficult undertaking! The success of it must, I think, be thankfully ascribed, not only to the great firmness and prudence of those who had the management of it, but to the gracious assistance of Providence, for the preservation of the Reformed religion amongst us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who by her emissaries laboured to destroy it, as soon as formed;* because she justly foresaw that the continuance of it would be destructive to all her vast designs against the liberty of Europe. I myself had the honour to have a principal share in subduing one rebellion designed to subvert it; and, since my death, it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a dangerous war with France, but by measures prudently taken in order to prevent such disturbances for the future. The ministers of the crown have proposed, and the British legislature has enacted, a wise system of laws, the object of which is to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppression of their chieftains; to carry the royal justice and royal protection into the wildest parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abused and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of social and polished life.

* See Hooke's Letters, and Lockart's Memoirs.

DOUG. By what you now tell me you give me the higheſt idea of the great prince, your maſter; who, after having been provoked by ſuch a wicked rebellion, inſtead of enſlaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them (which is the uſual conſequence of unſucceſsful revolts), has conferred on them the ineſtimable bleſſings of liberty, juſtice, and good order. To act thus is indeed *to perfect the Union*, and make all the inhabitants of Great-Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are ſubjects of the ſame well-regulated kingdom, and governed with the ſame impartial affection, by the ſovereign and father of the whole commonwealth.

ARG. The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majeſty's government, have already produced very ſalutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if ſteadily purſued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits, which have attended the Union, in the northern counties of England and the ſouthern of Scotland.

DOUG. The fruits of it muſt be, doubtleſs, moſt ſenſible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occaſioned the greateſt diſorder and deſolation.

ARG. Oh Douglas — could you revive and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you ſee in that country! All thoſe great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering Engliſh, or the feuds and diſcords that raged, with perpetual violence, within our own diſtracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and ſmiling with plenty. Inſtead of the caſtles, which every baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbariſm of Gothic pride, among miſerable vaſſals oppreſſed by the abuſe of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country-houſes, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are riſing about them, and enlivening the proſpect with every image of rural wealth! On our coaſts trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually encreaſing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours innumerable merchant ſhips richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the match leſs fleet of Great-Britain! But of all improvements the greateſt is in the minds of the Scotch. Theſe have profitted, even more than their lands, by the culture, which the ſettled peace and tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them; and they have diſcovered ſuch talents in all branches of literature, as might render the Engliſh jealous of being excelled

excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no distinction between the two nations.

DOUG. There may be emulation without jealousy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our island superior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a superiority, which I have learnt in the Elysian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms. —But one doubt still remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than sixteen of our peers, except those who have English peerages (which some of the noblest have not), now sit in the house of lords, as representatives of the rest. Does not this in a great measure diminish those peers who are not elected? and have you not found the election of the sixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

ARG. It was impossible that the English could ever consent, in the treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the upper house of parliament: but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by representation.* And those who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of sitting in the house of lords, and some others depending thereon.

DOUG. They have so:——but when parliaments enjoy such a share in the government of a country, as our's do at this time, to be *personally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the highest importance.

ARG. I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your reason will tell you it was not. And consider, my lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight the power vested by our government in *the lords of the Articles* had made our parliaments much more subject to the influence of the crown than our elections are now.† As, by the manner in which they were constituted, those lords were no less devoted to the king than his own privy council; and as no proposition could then be presented in parliament, if rejected by them, they gave him a negative before debate. This indeed was abolished upon the accession of king William the Third, with many other oppressive and despotical powers which had rendered our nobles abject slaves to the crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if king James, or his son, had been restored, the government he had exercised would have been re-established: and nothing but the Union of the two kingdoms could have effectually

* See the act of Union, art. 23.

† See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. i. p. 69—72.

effectually prevented that restoration.* We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which had been the most grievous engine of tyranny; and that salutary law, which declared that no crimes should be high treason or misprision of treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England; and gave us the English methods of trial in cases of that nature: whereas, before, there were so many species of treasons, the construction of them was so uncertain, and the trials were so arbitrary, that no man could be safe from suffering as a traitor.† By the same act of parliament we also received a communication of that noble privilege of the English, exemption from torture; a privilege, which, though essential both to humanity and to justice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freest republicks, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from slavery, and all the worst evils that a state can suffer?‡ It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the highest was under that constitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulsion of king James the Second. The greatest enemies to the Union are the friends of that king, in whose reign, and in his brother's, the kingdom of Scotland was subjected to a despotism as arbitrary as that of France, and more tyrannically administered.

DOUG. All I have heard of those reigns makes me blush with indignation at the servility of our nobles, who could endure them so long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch spirit, which had dared to resist the Plantagenets in the height of their power and pride? could the descendants of those, who had disdained to be subjects of Edward the First, submit to be slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

ARG. They seemed in general to have lost every characteristic of their natural temper, except a desire to abuse the royal authority, for the gratification of their private resentments in family quarrels.

DOUG

* See act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and complete, anno regnæ Annæ sexto.

† See act for improving the Union of the two kingdoms, anno septimo Annæ regnæ.

‡ See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. viii. and Hume's History of Charles II, c, 7. and James II. c. 1.

DOUG. Your grandfather, my lord, has the glory of not deſerving this cenſure.

ARG. I am proud that his ſpirit, and the principles he profeſſed, drew upon him the injuſtice and fury of thoſe times.* But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation, to ſhew what a wretched ſtate our nobility then were in, and what an ineſtimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Great Britain, and have the benefit of thoſe laws which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the Engliſh conſtitution.†

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppreſſion, and national ſtrength to national weakneſs, ſo much has Scotland inconteſtably gained by the Union. England too has ſecured by it every public bleſſing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her ſtrength. The martial ſpirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their induſtry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole iſland. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Engliſhman, and he is a bad Engliſhman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourſe, mutual intereſts, mutual benefits, muſt naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is eſtabliſhed, when our hearts are ſincerely united, many great things, which ſome remains of jealouſy and diſtruſt, or narrow, local partialities, may hitherto have obſtructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great-Britain be encreaſed by the further encreaſe of population, of induſtry, and of commerce in Scotland! what a mighty addition to the ſtock of national wealth will ariſe from the improvement of our moſt northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great meaſure grubbed up: the flowers and fruits may be ſoon planted. And what more pleaſing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of ſuch a plantation?

DOUG. The proſpect you open to me of happineſs to my country appears ſo fair, that it makes me amends for the pain, with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole hiſtory for ſeveral ages.

ARG. That hiſtory does, in truth, preſent to the mind a long ſeries of the moſt direful objects, aſſaſſinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny, and religion itſelf, either cruel, or gloomy and unſocial. An hiſtorian, who would paint it in its

* See Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the act of Union, art. 23.

its true colours, must take the pencil of Guercino or Salvator Rosa. But the most agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itself a more pleasing scene of private and public felicity, than will naturally result from the Union, if all the prejudices against it, and all distinctions that may tend, on either side, to keep up an idea of separate interests, or to revive a sharp remembrance of national animosities, can be removed.

DOUG. If they can be removed! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against nature.—She has joined the two countries, has fenced them both with the sea, against the invasion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accursed be he who endeavours to divide them.—— "What "God has joined, let no man put asunder."

The three following DIALOGUES are by another hand.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS —— HERCULES.

HERC. DO you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

CAD. It is not on account of the serpent I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility rather than their eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents, and, what is more, to bind in laws and wholesome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression. But wisdom is the associate of justice; it assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common

mon intereſt and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants; but it is wiſdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppreſſion. The operations of policy far ſurpaſs the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redreſs. You heroes conſider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conqueſts which raiſe your fame are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour, not by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

HERC. I do not expect to find an admirer of my ſtrenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen to ſit ſtill and read, and to loſe the hours of youth and action in idle ſpeculation and the ſport of words.

CAD. An ambition to have a place in the regiſters of fame is the Euryſtheus which impoſes heroic labours on mankind. The Muſes incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repoſe; and I think you ſhould honour them for preſenting to heroes ſuch a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the diſtaff*, when they lay down the club.

HERC. Wits as well as heroes can take up *the diſtaff*. What think you of their thin-ſpun ſyſtems of philoſophy, or laſcivious poems, or Mileſian fables? Nay, what is ſtill worſe, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaſpheme the gods, and perplex the natural ſenſe of right and wrong? I believe, if Euriſtheus was to ſet me to work again, he would find me a worſe taſk than any he impoſed; he would make me read through a great library; and I would ſerve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not riſe from another, to plague mankind. I ſhould have valued myſelf more on clearing the library, than on cleanſing the Augean ſtables.

CAD. It is in thoſe libraries only that the memory of your labours exiſts. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their immortality to me. All the wiſe inſtitutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of ſages, had periſhed in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preſerved them. Oh Hercules! it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleaſure to be an enemy to the Muſes. Let Sardanapalus, and the ſilken ſons of luxury, who have waſted life in inglorious eaſe, deſpiſe the records of action, which bear no honourable teſtimony to their lives. But true merit, heroic virtue, each genuine offſpring of immortal Jove, ſhould honour the ſacred ſource of laſting fame.

HERC.

HER. Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CAD. Yes it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of navigation. The invention of the compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of arts, has received its ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent uſe, to enable the memory to retain with more eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few letters, ſcience has ſpread it's branches over all nature, and raiſed its head to the heavens. Some philoſophers have entered ſo far into the counſels of Divine Wiſdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimenſions and diſtances of the planets, the cauſes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more, than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connexion and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What a volume of wiſdom, what a noble theology, do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite Artificer: the ſame care, the ſame providence, is exerted thro' the whole, and we ſhould learn from it that to true wiſdom, utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HER. I approve of ſcience as far as it is aſſiſtant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the globe, becauſe it opens a wider field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CAD. There ſpoke the ſoul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their ſchemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours

endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The ſtudy of hiſtory will teach the warrior and the legiſlator by what means armies have been victorious, and ſtates have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of ſages point out a private path of virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelf-government, and ſubduing our paſſions the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HER. The true ſpirit of heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of hiſtory, nor the doctrines of philoſophers, to direct it. But do not arts and ſciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that wit and learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CAD. I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed, they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But theſe heaven-inſpired genuiſes are few. As learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty, and mild government ſubſiſt, in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of art; but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is ſometimes abuſed; but wit and fine talents by a natural law gravitate towards virtue: accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but ſuch accidents are a ſort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance thoſe men, who in their hearts confeſs her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whoſe fidelity and obedience can ſhe depend? May ſuch genuiſes never deſcend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the ſervice of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of thoſe, who, like you, preferred her to pleaſure!

DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY.—And a modern fine LADY.

MRS. M. INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

MER.

MER. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affection, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

MRS. M. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters when you have a full season.

MER. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

MRS. M. Diversion was indeed the business of my life, but as to pleasure I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural chearfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MER. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious.

MRS. M. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton*.*

MER. *Bon ton!* what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

MRS. M

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

MRS. M. Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton*, never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit; in manners, it is not politeness; in behaviour, it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MER. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

MRS. M. What would you have had me do?

MER. I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties, to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

MRS. M. As to the education of my daughters, I spared no expence; they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess, to teach them behaviour and the French language.

MER. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a sour old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH.—CHARON.—And a modern BOOKSELLER.

CHA. HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He ſays he is rich, has a great deal of buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it: he is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will eaſily awe him into order and decency by the ſuperiority an author has over a bookſeller.

BOOKS. Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *bookſellers?* Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtiled *claſſical authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animoſity againſt you, for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an edition of your *lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money, I could never get off above twenty ſets of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and undergraduates; but, unleſs a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he ſhall not ſell a ſet of them in twenty years.

PLUT. From the merit of the ſubjects, I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the actions of my heroes as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himſelf to one or two characters. A zeal to preſerve the memory of great men, and to extend the influence of ſuch noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accompliſh in the firſt degree of perfection: but ſurely the characters of my illuſtrious

illuſtrious men are not ſo imperfectly ſketched, that they will not ſtand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and ſagacious; and what can be more uſeful to a reader than a wiſe man's judgement on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no raſh cenſures, no undeſerved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain oſtentation of critical ſkill, nor any affected *fineſſe*. In my parallels, which uſed to be admired as pieces of excellent judgement, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of juſtice. If indeed latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unaſſiſted reaſon of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that thoſe vices, which appeared to us as mere blemiſhes in great characters, ſhould ſeem moſt horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the preſent age: a delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I muſt cenſure you for endeavouring, if you could publiſh better examples, to obtrude on your countrymen ſuch as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they give to perfect and unallayed virtue; and as I ſhall ever retain an high veneration for the illuſtrious men of every age, I ſhould be glad you would give me ſome account of thoſe perſons, who, in wiſdom, juſtice, valour, patriotiſm, have eclipſed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, and other boaſts of Greece or Rome.

BOOKS. Why maſter Plutarch, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loſs I ſuſtained by the coſtly edition of your books, was, "The Lives of the Highwaymen:" but I ſhould never have grown rich, if it had not been by publiſhing "the lives of men that never lived." You muſt know, that though in all times it was poſſible to have a great deal of learning and very little wiſdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greateſt importance. There is as natural a war between your men of ſcience and fools, as between the cranes and the pigmies of old. Moſt of our young men having deſerted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and faſtneſſes at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them ſtay and ſtudy old muſty moraliſts, till one falls in love with the Greek,

Greek, another with the Roman virtue: but our men of the world ſhould read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading, which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or converſation. I look upon hiſtory (I mean real hiſtory) to be one of the worſt kinds of ſtudy. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel inſtance he had met with in hiſtory, and be betrayed into the aukwardneſs of introducing into his diſcourſe a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothic name. But when a gentleman has ſpent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were atchieved, and events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impoſſible that in life or in diſcourſe he ſhould ever apply them. *A ſecret hiſtory*, in which there is *no ſecret* and *no hiſtory*, cannot tempt indiſcretion to blab, or vanity to quote; and by this means modern converſation flows gentle and eaſy, unincumbered with matter, and unburthened of inſtruction. As the preſent ſtudies throw no weight or gravity into diſcourſe and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only diſpoſe to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæſar's Commentaries, and the account of Xenophon's expedition, are not more ſtudied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair: to a different purpoſe indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; thoſe inflame the vain and idle love of glory, theſe inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers, than the men. By the commerce of the world, men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and reſtrained if it were not for the friendly aſſiſtance of books, would remain long in an inſipid purity of mind, with a diſcouraging reſerve of behaviour.

PLUT. As to your men who have quitted the ſtudy of virtue for the ſtudy of vice, uſeful truth for abſurd fancy, and real hiſtory for monſtrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compaſſion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into theſe dangerous ſtudies; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and ſome other heroines.

BOOK

Book. I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the arms of a slave, and that she killed herself, not to suffer the shame of a discovery, such anecdotes would sell very well. Or if even by tradition, but better still, if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portio died of *dram-drinking*, you would oblige the world very much; for you must know, that next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean such lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this case the evidence must be authentic, and amount to a demonstration; in the other a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

Plut. I am the more surprised at what you say of the taste of your cotemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much admired life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heroes of history had been treated in the same manner; that empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a single man, imagination bestowing what nature has denied, and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

Book. I assure you these books were very useful to the authors and their booksellers: and for whose benefit besides should a man write? These romances were very fashionable, and had a great sale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

Plut. Monsieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of vigour and spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroism; and they were to be called to books, as to battle, by the sound of the trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for gentlemen. Histories of chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to

invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise human nature above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict justice, patriotic motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great characters of true history. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and steady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these visionary characters will be in the condition of superstitious people, who chuse rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the sober counsels of morning meditation. Yet I confess it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of your's to incite them to *vice* by the history of *fabulous scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back Astrea: you go thither in search of Pandora; Oh disgrace to letters! O shame to the Muses!

Bookf. You express great indignation at our present race of writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the side of the readers. As Monsieur Scuderi observed to you, authors must comply with the manners and disposition of those who are to read them. There must be a certain sympathy between the book and the reader, to create a good liking. Would you present a modern fine gentleman, who is negligently lolling in an easy chair, with the *labours of Hercules* for his recreation? or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal, when he is expiring with the fatigue of last night's ball? Our readers must be amused, flattered, soothed; such adventures must be offered to them as they would like to have a share in.

Plut. It should be the first object of writers, to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpose, if those presented to the public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It must be confessed, that history, being employed only about illustrious persons, public events, and celebrated actions, does not supply us with such instances of domestic merit as one could wish: our heroes are great in the field and the senate, and act well in great scenes on the theatre of the world: but the idea of a man, who in the silent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who considers no spectator but *the omniscient Being*, and solicits

folicits no applauſe but *his* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of domeſtic virtue would be more particularly uſeful to women than thoſe of great heroines. The virtues of women are blaſted by the breath of public fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the ſun and wind, which expand them. But true female praiſe, like the muſic of the ſpheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal progreſs in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

Bookſ. We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt. In the ſuppoſed character of Clariſſa, (ſaid a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of heroiſm tempered by the meekneſs and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind and ſanctity of manners: in that of Sir Charles Grandiſon, a noble pattern of ever private virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.

Plut. Are both theſe characters by the ſame author?

Bookſ. Ay, maſter Plutarch; and what will ſurprize you more, this author has *printed* for me.

Plut. By what you ſay, it is pity he ſhould *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

Bookſ. Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary hiſtories; one who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions: his name is Fielding; and his works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of comedy, and an exact repreſentation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate virtue, but he has expoſed vice and meanneſs with all the powers of ridicule; and we have ſome other good wits who have exerted their talents to the purpoſes you approve. Monſieur de Marivaux, and ſome other French writers, have alſo proceeded much upon the ſame plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *belles lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it ſell, it is not the worſe for good morals.

Charon. I think, Plutarch, you have made this gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the reſt of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to preſent to wiſe

Minos. I wiſh Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to eternal emptineſs. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide by Prometheus, not for having attempted to ſteal celeſtial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguiſh that which Jupiter had imparted? or ſhall we conſtitute him *friſeur* to Tiſiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his ſatires and libels?

Plut. Minos does not eſteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; he puniſhes authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have ſuffered in conſequence of their writings.

The Four following DIALOGUES, not printed in the three firſt Editions, are by the Author of the firſt Twenty-five.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.
CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scipio. ALAS Cæſar! how unhappily did you end a life made illuſtrious by the greateſt exploits in war and moſt various civil talents!

Cæſar. Can Scipio wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? did not he reproach her with it in the epitaph he ordered to be inſcribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which ſhe had driven the conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I alſo, after ſubduing her moſt dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raiſing her name to the higheſt pitch of glory, ſhould have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatneſs; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgement of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome, and by their aſſiſtance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitouſly rejected, made myſelf maſter of a ſtate, which knew ſo ill how to recompence ſuperior merit. Reſentment of this, together with the

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cret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conſpiracy of ſenators, and even of ſome whom I had moſt obliged and loved, againſt my life, which they baſely took away by aſſaſſination.

Scipio. You ſay you led your victorious troops to Rome—How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republic, not to their generals.

Cæſar. They did ſo in your time. But before I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the ſenate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to its leader, could give him all the treaſures and honours of the ſtate without aſking their leave.

Scipio. Juſt gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginian; did I exalt it by victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to its own rebel ſoldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

Cæſar. How could it be otherwiſe? was it poſſible that the conquerors of Europe, Aſia, and Africk, could tamely ſubmit to deſcend from their triumphal chariots, and become ſubject to the authority of prætors and conſuls, elected by a populace corrupted by bribes, or enſlaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, conſidered all the offices and dignities of the ſtate as hereditary poſſeſſions belonging to their families?

Scipio. If I thought it no diſhonour, after triumphing over Hannibal, to lay down my faſces, and obey, as all my anceſtors had done before me, the magiſtrates of the republic; ſuch a conduct would not have diſhonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæſar. But you all diſhonoured yourſelves, when, inſtead of virtuous Romans, ſuperior to your fellow-citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due ſubjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders, and the tyrants of your country.

Cæſar. Was I the *enemy* of my country, in giving it a ruler fit to ſupport all the majeſty and weight of its empire? did I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the people from the uſurped dominion and inſolence of a few ſenators? was I a *tyrant*, becauſe I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *ſuperior*, when I felt he was not my *equal?*

Scipio. Pompey had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice diſmiſſing the armies, at the head of which he had performed ſuch illuſtrious actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the boſom of his country.

Cæsar. His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually master of the commonwealth, without the help of those armies. But finding it difficult to subdue the united opposition of Crassus and me, he leagued himself with us; and, in consequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of Crassus, my glorious atchievements in subduing the Gauls raised such a jealousy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I submit to degrade myself into his subject.

Scipio. Am I then to understand, that the civil war you engaged in was really a mere contest, whether you or Pompey should remain *sole lord of Rome?*

Cæsar. Not so—for I offered, in my letters to the senate to lay down my arms, if Pompey at the same time would lay down his, and leave the republic in freedom (*a*). Nor did I resolve to draw the sword, till not only the senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his troops, had rejected these offers, but two tribunes of the people, for legally and justly interposing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of slaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the safety of their persons. My camp was therefore the asylum of persecuted liberty; and my army fought to avenge the violation of the rights and majesty of the people, as much as to defend the dignity of their general unjustly oppressed.

Scipio. You would therefore have me think, that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans, against the tyranny of Pompey and his lawless adherents. In such a war I myself, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the issue of this honourable enterprize, when you had subdued all your foes, and had no opposition remaining to obstruct your intentions, did you establish that liberty for which you fought? did you restore the republic to what it was in my time?

Cæsar. I took the necessary measures to secure to myself the fruits of my victories; and gave a head to the empire, which could neither subsist with one, nor find another so well suited to the greatness of the body.

Scipio. There the true character of Cæsar was seen unmasked.—You had managed so skilfully in the measures which preceded the civil war, your offers were so specious, and the

(*a*) See Plutarch & Suetonius in Vit. Cæsaris. Cæsar Comment. de Bello Civili, l. i.

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appeared so much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that, if you had fallen in that war, posterity might have doubted, whether you were not a victim to the interests of your country. But your success, and the despotism you afterwards exercised, took off those disguises, and shewed clearly, that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

Cæsar. Let us not deceive ourselves with *sounds* and *names*. — That great minds should aspire to sovereign power, is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the highest abilities are not placed in the highest stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the republican jealousy of Cato the censor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been treacherously murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Cassius, my sword would have avenged the defeat of Crassus, and added the empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The world would have been happy under it, and wished its continuance: but my death broke the pillars of the public tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful scene of calamity and confusion.

Scipio. You say that great minds will naturally aspire to sovereign power. But, if they are *good*, as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aspire to the conduct of the war against Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms against herself, and subject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loss of a province; and, in my opinion, the conquest of the whole world would not be enough to compensate for the total loss of their freedom.

Cæsar. You talk finely, Africanus — but ask yourself, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always stoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? is there a law of liberty more essential, more sacred, than that which obliges every member of a free community to submit himself to a trial, upon a legal charge brought against him for public misdemeanour? in what manner did you answer a regular accusation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the state? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquished Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the temples to give thanks to the gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to stand a legal trial, or justify those accounts, which you had torn in

the ſenate, when they were queſtioned there by two magiſtrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the ſubject of a free ſtate? Had your victory procured you an exemption from juſtice? had it given into your hands the money of the republic without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome.* Pharſalia, Thapſus, and Munda could do no more for me.

Scipio. I did not queſtion the right of bringing me to a trial, but I diſdained to plead in vindication of a character ſo unſpotted as mine. My whole life had been an anſwer to that infamous charge.

Cæſar. It may be ſo: and, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I ſhould condemn it as repugnant and deſtructive to liberty, if I did not pay more reſpect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

Scipio. You are endeavouring to confound my cauſe with your's; but they are exceedingly different. You apprehended a ſentence of condemnation againſt you for ſome part of your conduct, and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to ſervitude (*a*). I truſted the juſtification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, ſcorning to plead for myſelf againſt a charge unſupported by any other proof than bare ſuſpicions and ſurmiſes. But I made no reſiſtance: I kindled no civil war: I left Rome undiſturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accuſers been ever ſo violent, had it threatened my deſtruction, I ſhould have choſen much rather to turn my ſword againſt my own boſom, than againſt that of my country.

Cæſar. You beg the queſtion in ſuppoſing that I really hurt my country by giving her a maſter. When Cato adviſed the ſenate to make Pompey *ſole conſul* (*b*), he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy.* The truth of this, I preſume, no man of ſenſe will conteſt; and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty ſo much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent neceſſity of the ſtate conferred upon me, had not removed it.

Scipio. Pompey and you had brought that anarchy on the ſtate, in order to ſerve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions, and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the ſenate would be forced to ſubmit to an abſolute power in your hands, as a remedy

(*a*) Suetonius in Cæſare. (*b*) See Plutarch's Life of Cæſar.

againſt

againſt thoſe intolerable evils. But Cato judged well in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *ſole conſul* rather than you *dictator*; becauſe experience had ſhewn that Pompey reſpected the forms of the Roman conſtitution, and, though he ſought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the higheſt magiſtracies, and the moſt honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himſelf with remaining ſuperior in credit to any other citizen.

Cæſar. If all the difference between my ambition and Pompey's was only, as you repreſent it, in a greater or leſs reſpect for *the forms of the conſtitution*, I think it was hardly becoming ſuch a patriot as Cato to take part in our quarrel, much leſs to kill himſelf rather than yield to my power.

Scipio. It is eaſier to revive *the ſpirit of liberty* in a government where the *forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally diſregarded and aboliſhed. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman conſtitution had been deſtroyed by the exceſſive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary honours or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your beſt excuſe.

Cæſar. Yes ſurely.—The favourers of the *Manilian law* had an ill grace in deſiring to limit the commiſſions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain obſolete republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sybilline oracles, or the pious inſtitutions of Numa.

Scipio. It was the misfortune of your time that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people ſuch favour as they ought not beſtow. I have a right to ſay this, becauſe I chid the Roman people, when, over-heated by gratitude for the ſervices I had done them, they deſired to make me *perpetual conſul* and *dictator* (*a*). Hear this, and bluſh.—What I refuſed to accept, you ſnatched by force.

Cæſar. Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the inconſiſtency of your conduct, when, after refuſing theſe offers, you ſo little reſpected the Tribunitian authority. But thus it muſt happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty, till we come to ſuffer by it, or find it an impediment to ſome predominant paſſion; and then we wiſh to controul it, as you did moſt deſpotically, by refuſing to ſubmit to the juſtice of the ſtate.

Scipio. I have anſwered before to that charge. Tiberius Gracchus himſelf, though my perſonal enemy, thought it be-

(*a*) Liv. l. lxxxviii. Sect. 56.

came

came him to ſtop the proceedings againſt me; not for my ſake, but for the honour of my country, whoſe dignity ſuffered with mine. Nevertheleſs I acknowledge, my conduct in that buſineſs was not abſolutely blameleſs. The generous pride of virtue was too ſtrong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent, in declining to plead a legal accuſation, brought againſt me by a magiſtrate inveſted with the majeſty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjuſtly accuſe my country of ingratitude, when ſhe had ſhewn herſelf grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and juſtice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for ſo irregular a proceeding. But, at the ſame time, what a proof did I give of moderation, and reſpect for her liberty, when my utmoſt reſentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet baniſhment of myſelf from the city of Rome! Scipio Africanus offended, and living a private man, in a country-houſe at Liternum, was an example of more uſe to ſecure the equality of the Roman commonwealth, than all the power of its tribunes.

Cæſar. I had rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obſcurity of a village, after acting the firſt part on the greateſt theatre of the world.

Scipio. An uſurper exalted on the higheſt throne of the univerſe is not ſo glorious as I was in that obſcure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, Cæſar, have been *deified* by the flattery of ſome of your ſucceſſors. But the impartial judgement of hiſtory has conſecrated my name, and ranks me in the firſt claſs of heroes and patriots: whereas the higheſt praiſe her records, even under the dominion uſurped by your family, have given to you, is, that your courage and talents were equal to the object your ambition aſpired to, the empire of the world; and that you exerciſed a ſovereignty unjuſtly acquired with a magnanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never exiſted.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO——DIOGENES.

Diog. PLATO, ſtand off.—A true philoſopher, as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuſe. I would avoid you, as one infected with the moſt noiſome of plagues, the plague of ſlavery.

Plato. He, who can miſtake a brutal pride and ſavage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free

free one's language there) is ſlavery. But I was taught by my great maſter, the incomparable Socrates, that the buſineſs of true philoſophy is to conſult and promote the true happineſs of ſociety. She muſt not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her ſphere is in the ſenates, or the cabinets of kings. While your ſect is employed in ſnarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar, ſhe is counſeling thoſe who govern nations, infuſing into their minds humanity, juſtice, temperance, and the love of true glory, reſiſting their paſſions, when they tranſport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reaſon by the antidotes ſhe adminiſters againſt the poiſon of flattery.

Diog. You mean to have me underſtand, that you went to the court of the Younger Dionyſius, to give him antidotes againſt the poiſon of flattery. But I ſay he ſent for you only to ſweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauſeous common draught; but your ſeaſoning gave it a reliſh, which made it go down moſt delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half ſo dangerous to a prince as a fawning philoſopher!

Plato. If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him with ſuch unmannerly rudeneſs as you did Alexander the Great, when he viſited you at Athens, I have nothing to ſay. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any mean ends which regarded only myſelf, but that I might be uſeful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will ſerve mankind, but more eſpecially princes, muſt compound with their weakneſſes, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue, by an honeſt and prudent complaiſance, as others do to ſeduce them from it, by a criminal adulation.

Diog. A little of my ſagacity would have ſhewn you, that, if this was your purpoſe, your labour was loſt in that court. Why did you not go and preach chaſtity to Lais? A philoſopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a philoſopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, deſcanting on liberty and public ſpirit! What effect had the leſſons of your famous diſciple Ariſtotle upon Alexander the Great, a prince far more capable of receiving inſtruction than the Younger Dionyſius? did they hinder him from killing his beſt friend, Clitus, for ſpeaking to him with freedom; or from fancying himſelf a god, becauſe he was adored by the wretched ſlaves he had vanquiſhed? When I deſired him *not*

to

to ſtand between me and the ſun, I humbled his pride more, and conſequently did him more good, than Ariſtole had done by all his formal precepts.

Plato. Yet he owed to thoſe precepts, that, notwithſtanding his exceſſes, he appeared not unworthy of the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Aſia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wiſe and virtuous man might have been able to ſtop him, even in the riot of conqueſt, from giving way to thoſe paſſions which diſhonoured his character.

Diog. If he had gone into Aſia, and had not flattered the king as obſequiouſly as Hæpheſtion, he would, like Calliſthenes, whom he ſent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treaſon. The man who will not flatter, muſt live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

Plato. Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, becauſe you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by ſoothing their ruling paſſion, the deſire of hearing their ſuperiors abuſed? Your cynic railing was to them the moſt acceptable flattery. This you well underſtood, and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: you made your court, I ſay, as ſervilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the baſeſt flatterer ever did to the moſt corrupted prince. But true philoſophy will diſdain to act either of theſe parts. Neither in the the aſſemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will ſhe obtain favour by fomenting any bad diſpoſitions. If her endeavours to do good prove unſucceſsful, ſhe will retire with honour, as an honeſt phyſician departs from the houſe of a patient, whoſe diſtemper he finds incurable, or who refuſes to take the remedies he preſcribes. But if ſhe ſucceeds; if, like the muſic of Orpheus, her ſweet perſuaſions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience of laws and reverence of magiſtrates; or if ſhe can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the government of a ſtate, how meritorious is the work! One king, nay one miniſter, or counſellor of ſtate, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the ſpeculative, retired philoſophers, or cynical revilers of princes and magiſtrates, that ever lived upon earth.

Diog. Don't tell me of the muſic of Orpheus, and of his taming wild beaſts. A wild beaſt brought to *crouch* and *lick the hand of a maſter*, is a much viler animal than he was in his natural ſtate of ferocity. You ſeem to think, that the buſineſs of philoſophy is *to poliſh men into ſlaves*; but I ſay

it is to teach them to assert, with an untamed and generous spirit, their independence and freedom. You profess to instruct those who want to *ride* their fellow creatures, how to do it with an easy and gentle rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or insulted equals, on whose backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the truest friend to mankind?

Plato. According to your notions, all government is destructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can subsist without government. A state of society is the *natural* state of mankind. They are impelled to it by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of society are rules of life and action necessary to secure their happiness in that state. Government is the due enforcing of those laws. That government is the best, which does this most effectually, and most equally; and that people is the freest, which is most submissively obedient to such a government.

Diog. Shew me the government which makes no other use of its power than duly to enforce the laws of society, and I will own it intitled to the most absolute submission from all its subjects.

Plato. I cannot shew you perfection in human institutions. It is far more easy to blame them than it is to amend them: much may be wrong in the best: but a good man respects the laws and the magistrates of his country.

Diog. As for the laws of my country, I did so far respect them, as not to philosophise to the prejudice of the first and greatest principle of nature and of wisdom, self-preservation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuse to drink hemlock after his example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, because she was dressed up in the gown of Lais, as *respect* a fool or a knave, because he was attired in the robe of a magistrate.

Plato. All I desired of you was, not to amuse yourself and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magistrate, merely because he wore that robe, and you did not.

Diog. A philosopher cannot better display his wisdom, than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a senseless veneration.

Plato. He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing*, is more senseless than they. Wise men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to secure their obedience to religion and government, of which these are the symbols. Can *a philosopher* desire to defeat that good purpose?

Diog.

Diog. Yes, if he ſees it abuſed to ſupport the evil purpoſes of ſuperſtition and tyranny.

Plato. May not the abuſe be corrected without loſing the benefit? is there no difference between *reformation* and *deſtruction?*

Diog. Half-meaſures do nothing. He who deſires to *reform* muſt not be afraid *to pull down.*

Plato. I know that you and your ſect *are for pulling down every thing that is above your own level.* Pride and envy are the motives that ſet you all to work. Nor can one wonder that paſſions, the influence of which is ſo general, ſhould give you many diſciples and many admirers.

Diog. When you have eſtabliſhed *your republic*, if you will admit me into it, I promiſe you to be *there* a moſt *reſpectful* ſubject.

Plato. I am conſcious, Diogenes, that *my republic* was imaginary, and could never be eſtabliſhed. But they ſhew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politicks, as I did in that book, who ſuppoſe that the liberty of any civil ſociety can be maintained by the deſtruction of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbridled defamation.

Diog. I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on thoſe who diſliked or obſtructed its meaſures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called oppoſition to them *the deſtruction of order and decency.*

Plato. Things are not altered by names.

Diog. No—but names have a ſtrange power to impoſe on weak underſtandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worſhip of an onion, the prieſts would have called you an atheiſt, and the people would have ſtoned you. But I preſume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the myſteries of that reverend hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout diſciples. Unfortunately my neck was not ſo pliant, and therefore I was never initiated into the myſteries either of religion or government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their intereſt to make them be reſpected.

Plato. Your vanity found its account in that fear and that hatred. The high prieſt of a deity, or the ruler of a ſtate, is much leſs diſtinguiſhed from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the ſcoffer at all religion, and the deſpiſer of all dominion.—But let us end our diſpute. I feel my folly in continuing to argue with one, who, in reaſoning, does not ſeek to come at truth, but merely to ſhew his wit. Adieu, Diogenes; I am

I am going to converſe with the ſhades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias.—You may jeſt with Ariſtophanes, or rail with Therſites.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES.—PHOCION.—DEMOSTHENES.

Ariſt. HOW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, ſhould be forced to ſubmit to the dominion of Macedon, when ſhe had two ſuch great men as Phocion and Demoſthenes at the head of her ſtate?

Phoc. It happened becauſe our opinions of her intereſts in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a conſtant and pernicious oppoſition, the one to the other.

Ariſt. I wiſh to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curioſity) on what principles you could form ſuch contrary judgements concerning points of ſuch moment to the ſafety of your country, which you equally loved.

Demoſt. My principles were the ſame with your's, Ariſtides. I laboured to maintain the independence of Athens againſt the incroaching ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it againſt that of Perſia. I ſaw that our ſtrength was unequal to the enterpriſe: but what we could not do alone, I thought might be done by a union of the principal ſtates of Greece; ſuch a union as had been formed by you and Themiſtocles, in oppoſition to the Perſians. To effect this was the great, the conſtant aim of my policy; and, though traverſed in it by many whom the gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by Phocion, whom alone, of all the enemies to my ſyſtem, I muſt acquit of corruption, I ſo far ſucceeded, that I brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's. The event was unfortunate; but Ariſtides will not judge of the merits of a ſtateſman by the accidents of war.

Phoc. Do not imagine, Ariſtides, that I was leſs deſirous than Demoſthenes to preſerve the independence and liberty of my country. But, before I engaged the Athenians in a war *not abſolutely neceſſary*, I thought it proper to conſider what the event of a battle would probably be. That which I feared, came to paſs: the Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

Demoſt. Would Athens not have been ruined if no battle had been fought? Could you, Phocion, think it ſafety, to have our freedom depend on the moderation of Philip? and

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what had we elſe to protect us, if no confederacy had been formed to reſiſt his ambition?

Phoc. I ſaw no wiſdom in accelerating the downfall of my country, by a raſh activity in provoking the reſentment of an enemy, whoſe arms, I foretold, would in the iſſue prove ſuperior, not only to ours, but to thoſe of any confederacy we were able to form. My maxim was, that a ſtate, which cannot make itſelf ſtronger than any of its neighbours, ſhould live in friendſhip with that power which is the ſtrongeſt. But, the more apparent it was, that our ſtrength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the vehemence of your oratory, to take ſuch meaſures as tended to render Philip our enemy, and exaſperate him more againſt us than any other nation. This I thought a raſh conduct. It was not by orations that the dangerous war you had kindled could finally be determined: nor did your triumphs over me in an aſſembly of the people intimidate any Macedonian in the field of Chæronea, or ſtop you yourſelf from flying out of that field.

Demoſt. My flight from thence, I muſt own, was ignominious to me; but it affects not the queſtion we are agitating now, whether the counſels I gave to the people of Athens, as a ſtateſman and a public miniſter, were right or wrong. When firſt I excited them to make war againſt Philip, the victories gained by Chabrias, in which you, Phocion, had a ſhare, particularly that of Naxos, which completely reſtored to us the empire of the ſea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own liberty, but that of all Greece, in the defence of which we had formerly acquired ſo much glory, and which our anceſtors thought ſo important to the ſafety and independence of Athens. Philip's power was but beginning, and ſupported itſelf more by craft than force. I ſaw, and warned my countrymen, in due time, how impolitic it would be to ſuffer his machinations to be carried on with ſucceſs and his ſtrength to increaſe by continual acquiſitions, without reſiſtance. I expoſed the weakneſs of that narrow, thort-ſighted policy, which looked no further than to our own immediate borders, and imagined, that whatſoever lay out of thoſe bounds was foreign to our intereſts, and unworthy of our care. The force of my remonſtrances rouzed the Athenians to a more vigilant conduct. Then it was, that the orators whom Philip had corrupted loudly inveighed againſt me, as alarming the people with imaginary dangers, and drawing them into quarrels, in which they had really no concern. This language, and the fair profeſſions of Philip, who was per-

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fectly ſkilled in *the royal art of diſſembling*, were often ſo prevalent, that many favourable opportunities of defeating his deſigns were unhappily loſt. Yet ſometimes, by the ſpirit, with which I animated the Athenians and other neighbouring ſtates, I ſtopt the progreſs of his arms, and oppoſed to him ſuch obſtacles, as coſt him much time and much labour to remove. You yourſelf, Phocion, at the head of fleets and armies ſent againſt him by decrees which I had propoſed, vanquiſhed his troops in Eubœa, and ſaved from him Byſantium, with other cities of our allies on the coaſts of the Helleſpont, from which you drove him with ſhame.

Pho. The proper uſe of thoſe advantages was to ſecure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked; but his forces were not ſo much diminiſhed, as to render it ſafe to provoke him to further hoſtilities.

Demoſ. His courage and policy were indeed ſo ſuperior to our's, that, notwithſtanding his defeats, he was ſoon in a condition to purſue the great plan of conqueſt and dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never deſiſted. Thus, through indolence on our ſide, and activity on his, things were brought to ſuch a criſis, that I ſaw no hopes of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating againſt him the Athenians and the Thebans; which league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone? Would a battle loſt in Bœotia be ſo fatal to Athens, as one loſt in our own territory, and under our own walls?

Pho. You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I deſired you to conſider, not where we ſhould fight, but how we ſhould be conquerors: for, if we were vanquiſhed, all ſorts of evils and dangers would be inſtantly at our gates.

Ariſt. Did not you tell me, Demoſthenes, when you began to ſpeak upon this ſubject, that you brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's?

Demoſ. I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

Ariſt. But though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military diſcipline.

Demoſ. The courage ſhewn by our army excited the admiration of Philip himſelf, and their diſcipline was inferior to none in Greece.

Ariſt. What then occaſioned their defeat?

Demoſ. The bad conduct of their generals.

Arist. Why was the command not given to Phocion, whose abilities had been proved on so many other occasions? was it offered to him, and did he refuse to accept it? You are silent, Demosthenes. I understand your silence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleased, you were induced, by the spirit of party, to lay aside a great general, who had been always successful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your measures, and full of military ardor, but of little capacity or experience in the conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your troops against Philip, there was any danger of his basely betraying his trust. Phocion could not be a traitor. You had seen him serve the republic, and conquer for it in wars, the undertaking of which he had strenuously opposed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be so negligent of the safety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the most dangerous of all she ever had waged? If Chares and Lysicles, the two generals who chose to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Platæa, we should have lost those battles. All the men whom you sent to fight the Macedonians under such leaders, were victims to the animosity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the necessary benefit of his wise direction. This I think the worst blemish of your administration. In other parts of your conduct I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the sagacity of a most consummate statesman, you penetrated the deepest designs of Philip; you saw all the dangers which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a distance; you exhorted your countrymen to make a timely provision for their future security; you spread the alarm through all the neighbouring states; you combined the most powerful in a confederacy with Athens; you carried the war *out of Attica*, which (let Phocion say what he will) was safer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had been done by the enemy to strengthen himself and weaken us, after the loss of Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Potidæa, the outguard of Athens; you brought it, I say, to the decision of a battle with equal forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing so desperate in our circumstances, as to justify an inaction, which might probably make them worse, but could not make them better. Phocion thinks that a state which cannot itself be the strongest, should live in friendship with that power which is the strongest. But in my opinion

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ſuch friendſhip is no better than *ſervitude*. It is more adviſeable to endeavour to ſupply what is wanting in our own ſtrength by a conjunction with others who are equally in danger. This method of preventing the ruin of our country was tried by Demoſthenes. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable means, to augment, at the ſame time, our internal reſources. I have heard, that when he found the public treaſure exhauſted, he repleniſhed it, with very great peril to himſelf, by bringing into it money appropriated before to the entertainment of the people, againſt the expreſs prohibition of a popular law, which made it death to propoſe the application thereof to any other uſe. This was virtue, this was *true and genuine patriotiſm*. He owed all his importance and power in the ſtate to the favour of the people: yet, in order to ſerve the ſtate, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his life, to offend their darling paſſion, and appeal againſt it to their reaſon.

Phoc. For this action I praiſe him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a miniſter at Athens to violate that abſurd and extravagant law than any of thoſe of Solon. But, though he reſtored our finances, he could not reſtore our loſt virtue; he could not give that firm health, that vigour to the ſtate, which is the reſult of pure morals, of ſtrict order and civil diſcipline, of integrity in the old, and obedience in the young. I therefore dreaded a conflict with the ſolid ſtrength of Macedon, where corruption had yet made but a very ſmall progreſs, and was happy that Demoſthenes did not oblige me, againſt my own inclination, to be the general of ſuch a people in ſuch war.

Ariſt. I fear that your juſt contempt of the greater number of thoſe who compoſed the democracy, ſo diſguſted you with his mode and form of government, that you were as averſe to ſerve under it, as others, with leſs ability and virtue than you, were deſirous of obtruding themſelves into its ſervice. But, though ſuch a reluctance proceeds from a very noble cauſe, and ſeems agreeable to the dignity of a great mind in bad times, yet it is a fault againſt the higheſt of moral obligations, the love of our country. For, how unworthy ſoever individuals may be, the public is always reſpectable, always dear to the virtuous.

Phoc. True: but no obligation can lie upon a citizen to ſeek a public charge, when he foreſees that his obtaining of it will be uſeleſs to his country. Would you have had me ſolicit the command of an army which I believed would be beaten?

Ariſt. It is not permitted to a ſtate to deſpair of its ſafety, till its utmoſt efforts have been made without ſucceſs. If you

had commanded the army at Chæronea, you might possibly have changed the event of the day: but, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a prison at Athens, betrayed by a vain confidence in the insecure friendship of a perfidious Macedonian.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS.—SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Servius. YES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the first of mankind in virtue and goodness, though, while you governed, philosophy sat on the throne and diffused the benign influences of her administration over the whole Roman empire, yet, *as a king*, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even superior to your's.

Marcus. That philosophy you ascribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate the virtues of other men. Tell me, therefore, in what consisted the superiority of your merit *as a king*.

Servius. It consisted in this, *that I gave my people freedom.* I diminished, I limited the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government instituted by me was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out Tarquin, the destroyer of their liberty, and gave its form to that republic, composed of a due mixture of the regal, aristocratical, and democratical powers, the strength and wisdom of which subdued the world. Thus all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the rest of mankind in the arts of war and of policy, belongs originally to me.

Marcus. There is much truth in what you say. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the expulsion of Tarquin, they had vested the regal power in *a limited monarch*, instead of placing it in two annual elective magistrates, with the title of consuls? This was a great deviation from your plan of government, and, I think, an unwise one. For a *divided royalty* is a solecism, an absurdity in politics. Nor was the regal power, committed to the administration of consuls, continued in their hands long enough to enable them to finish any difficult war, or other act of great moment. From hence arose a necessity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of shortening the interval prescribed by the laws between

between the elections to those offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers, by all which the republic was in the end destroyed.

Servius. The Revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous; though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniencies you have justly observed. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modeled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it a *limited monarchy*, leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide-extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction and guarded against anarchy.

Marcus. I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But the gods themselves cannot force their blessings on men, who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it, when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved; and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain that *the spirit of liberty* is absolutely incompatible with *the spirit of conquest*, To keep *great conquered nations* in subjection and obedience, *great standing armies* are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the sword, must rule by the sword. If he does not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

Servius. Do you then justify Augustus for the change he made in the Roman government?

Marcus. I do not—for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *established* rule of succession.

Servius. Can any length of *establishment* make despotism *lawful?* is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

Marcus. They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and muſt, be occaſionally changed, with the conſent of the people. When I reigned over them the Romans were governed by laws.

Servius. Yes, becauſe your moderation, and the precepts of that philoſophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government and the bounds of your power. But, if you had deſired to govern otherwiſe, had they power to reſtrain you?

Marcus. They had not.—The imperial authority in my time had no limitations.

Servius. Rome, therefore, was in reality as much enſlaved under you as under your ſon; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

Marcus. I did—and the concluſion of that tyrant was his murder.

Servius. Unhappy father! unhappy king! what a deteſtable thing is abſolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being deſtructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life. But how happy is that kingdom, in which a *limited monarch* preſides over a ſtate *ſo juſtly poiſed*, that it guards itſelf from ſuch evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power againſt the dangers of anarchy, which is almoſt as bad a reſource, as it would be for a ſhip to run itſelf on a rock, in order to eſcape from the agitation of a tempeſt!

FOUR

SPEECHES

IN

PARLIAMENT.

Printed from Manuſcripts of the late Lord LYTTELTON, communicated by WILLIAM HENRY LYTTELTON, Eſq.

Mr. LYTTELTON's Speech upon the Scotch Bill, Anno 1747.

Mr. SPEAKER,

IF it could ever be probable that any bill of great national conſequence, eſpecially one, in which not only the national intereſt, but many particular intereſts are alſo concerned, ſhould paſs through the houſe without a debate, I ſhould have thought this would have done ſo; becauſe none was ever more univerſally called for by the voice of the nation, none has ever undergone a longer and deeper conſideration, before it came into the houſe, or been conſidered by abler men, or with a more attentive and candid regard to any material objections. However, Sir, notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances, I did expect that in the committee ſome difference of opinion would happen about particular parts of it, and indeed I rather wiſhed that there might, becauſe an affair of ſo ſerious a nature cannot be too carefully and ſtrictly examined; and becauſe, if there are any faults in the bill, I ſincerely deſire they may be mended; but, Sir, I did not expect, I am extreamly ſurprized, that it ſhould be oppoſed upon the *Principle*; that it ſhould be oppoſed as a breach of the Union; and my concern is equal to my ſurprize. Next to the breaking the Union, I hardly know a greater misfortune that can befall the united kingdom, than to have it ſuggeſted that it is broke, and to have that ſuggeſtion prevail in the minds of the people of Scotland. It is a ſuggeſtion in which the enemies of Scotland and England will find their account, the friends cannot; and, as I think it intirely groundleſs, I do moſt heartily grieve and lament, that it has ever received any countenance here. God be thanked, they who are at the head of the law in Scotland have other notions upon this matter.

In the return made by the court of ſeſſion to the houſe of lords concerning the heretable juriſdictions, this is the manner in which they expreſs their ſenſe upon that point: "Theſe juriſdictions, by the treaty of Union, are ſecured to the proprietors as rights of property, and therefore cannot, *without due ſatisfaction made to the owners*, be taken from them." If therefore due ſatisfaction be made to the owners, it is the opinion of the lords of the ſeſſion, that theſe juriſdictions may be taken away, without any infringement of the treaty of Union; and that is the principle upon which this bill intirely proceeds: no juriſdictions are taken away by it, without due

satisfaction made to the owners; where then is the wrong? where is the violation of the *pacta conventa* between the two nations? Sir, I have considered the treaty of Union with all the attention and care that I possibly could, startled by the objections made by some persons, for whose judgment and love to their country, I have the highest regard and respect: but I protest, that, after the strictest examination, there does not remain in my mind the least apprehension, or shadow of doubt, that it can be infringed by our passing this bill. The eighteenth and twentieth articles are all that relate to the matter before you; by the eighteenth a distinction is made between the laws that concern public right, policy, and civil government, and those that concern private rights: the first are declared to be alterable by parliament, the latter not, except it be for the evident utility of the people of Scotland. Now, Sir, not to insist on any difference between the laws that concern private rights and public rights, but allowing this article extends alike to the securing of both from being altered by parliament; yet still the exception contained in the same article, "that it may be done for the evident utility of the subjects in Scotland," is fully sufficient, according to my understanding, to vindicate this alteration from being an infringement of the treaty of union. Nor can any distinction be made between this sort of property, and any other existing in Scotland, but that the public is more affected by this, than by any other. As to the twentieth article, the intention and purport of it appears to me to be plainly this, "that whereas these jurisdictions and superiorities are of a mixed nature, and might well be supposed to *concern policy and civil government*, and so to be alterable by parliament, even without compensation made to the owners, they were declared by this article to be *rights of property*, in order to put them upon the same foot with other *private rights*; and to secure an equivalent to the proprietors, in case they should be afterwards taken away by the wisdom of parliament; a case that was easy to be foreseen, because the inconvenience and evil arising from these jurisdictions, had been pointed out more than once, even by parliament, before the Union; and because till this is done, I will venture to say, the scheme of the Union, in all the beneficial purposes of it, will not be intirely and fully compleated. In the very words of this article a power of making this alteration is clearly implied. *The heretable jurisdictions and superiorities are there reserved to the owners thereof, as rights of property*; but, in what manner? Why, *in the same*

ſame manner as they were then enjoyed by the laws of Scotland. Now, Sir, by the laws of Scotland, could not the Scotch parliament, before the Union, have altered this property, as well as all other property, upon due compenſation made to the owners, for the good of the public? They certainly could; and therefore ſubject to the ſame power of alteration, by parliament, they are declared to be now held and enjoyed. If the treaty of Union had eſtabliſhed a property that could not be ſubject to ſuch alteration upon ſuch grounds, it muſt at the ſame time have eſtabliſhed a maxim fundamentally contrary to the firſt principle of all civil ſociety, and intirely deſtructive to it; this moſt prepoſterous maxim, *that the good of the public ought to give way to private advantage.* But ſuch an abſurdity cannot be charged upon the legiſlators of two ſuch wiſe nations as England and Scotland. Indeed, Sir, in no ſtate upon the face of the earth, ever was there a property, or ever can there be any, which may not be altered or taken away, upon proper amends made to the proprietors, for the good of the whole. Even the property of our kings themſelves has not been exempt from this general rule. The wardſhip of thoſe who held of the crown, that is, of all the nobility and gentry of England, was a property fixed in our kings, even from the time of William the Conqueror; it was an hereditary, lucrative right of the crown; and yet for the good of the people, becauſe it was thought to be hurtful to them, the parliament took it away upon an equivalent paid to the crown. Did any man ever ſuppoſe that this act of parliament was an injuſtice, or any breach of the original compact between the king and the people, a compact as binding and inviolable as the *pacta conventa*, of the Union itſelf? Was it ever conſidered, I ſay, as a violation of that, or as any affront to the royal dignity? No, it was never ſo thought of by the moſt zealous aſſertor of the rights of the crown. What! then, is the property of the barons of Scotland of a more ſacred nature, or is their honour more tender, than that of the king? Give me leave to obſerve to you, that this right of wardſhip was taken away in the very firſt year of king Charles the Second's government, before he had made any ill uſe of thoſe powers: but, as the powers themſelves were judged to be hurtful, it was not conſidered in whoſe hands they were lodged, nor what uſe was made of them at that particular time. The wiſdom of parliament looked to futurity, and thought it expedient to buy off, and to abrogate this ancient, undoubted, hereditary right of the crown, not from any complaint of a preſent abuſe of it, but becauſe it had been abuſed

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in former times, and might be again. Sir, it is said these jurisdictions were not any cause of the late rebellion in Scotland, for that the proprietors of them were all firm and loyal on the side of the government: that is a fact which I believe may be controverted; but I will not dispute it, because, if it be not universally true, it is certainly so with regard to the far greater part; the far greater part were, without question, firmly and zealously attached to the government, and I think they deserve the highest returns of honour and gratitude from their king and their country. No man can detest more than I do the false, seditious, and scandalous libels, breathed from the malignant spirit of Jacobitism, under the mask of zeal for the government, which have imputed to them, or to the Scotch nation in general, any disloyalty or disaffection. Certain I am, that nothing can be further from the true intent and meaning of this bill, than to throw any colour of blame on their conduct. It is a bill of prevention, and not of punishment; a bill of general policy, that does not aim at particular persons, but considers the whole, considers past times, and future, as well as the present. Sir, if I am rightly informed, in the year 1715, all these jurisdictions were not on the side of the government, the weight of many of them was felt very dangerously on the side of rebellion; I admit that, in general, it was otherwise now: but to argue from thence against this bill, would be to reason upon very short views. If there be in the nature of these jurisdictions, as I am strongly convinced that there are, any such powers as are inconsistent with the good order of government, inconsistent with that sound policy which carries the majesty and justice of the crown into every part of the state, and presents to the eye of the subject no other object for his obedience, no other executive power, no other fountain of justice, except the king; if there be any thing in these regalities, superiorities, and jurisdictions, or in the authority usurped and exercised in imitation of these by the chiefs of the clans, which contradicts this great principle of that constitution under which we are so happy to live, which in any degree interposes itself between the crown and the people, between the head of the commonwealth and the members, however the influence of such irregular powers may have been used on the present occasion, there is in the powers themselves a root of danger, which it becomes the prudence and foresight of a wise legislature not to allow to remain: Sir, it should be plucked up, not with a violent hand, but with a firm and a determined one. Of this I am sure, that it is

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more for the honour of government, more for the welfare and safety of the people, to see effects in their causes, and to destroy the seeds of future commotions, than to wait till they come to that fatal maturity, which at the same time that it renders the evil more plain and apparent, may wholly disable you from effecting the cure. I remember a fine panegyric made by my lord Bacon, upon the laws of Henry the Seventh. "His laws (says he) were deep and not vulgar, not made upon the spur of a present expediency, but with providence for the future." All these admirable words may with great justice and truth be applied to the bill, now under your consideration. It is a law that is *deep* and not *vulgar:* it is not made upon the meer *spur of a present expediency*, on account of the late rebellion alone, or for the purposes of this present year, but *with providence for the future.* I may also add, as my lord Bacon does, *after the example of ancient times.* It was the policy of king Henry the Seventh, one of the ablest princes that ever sat on the English throne, to break the power of the barons, and free the people from the yoke of it as much as he possibly could: to the consequential effects of that policy rightly pursued by his successors, upon the foundations which he had laid, is owing the trade, the wealth, and the liberty that the English nation enjoys at this day. Sir, I have heard with no little wonder an imagination thrown out by some honourable gentleman zealous for liberty, as if the purchasing these jurisdictions and superiorities out of the hands of the present possessors, and the restoring them back again to the crown, would be detrimental to public freedom. Sir, I have thought, and read, a good deal upon the nature of government; and, from the result of that application, I think I may venture to lay it down as a maxim, that in every kingdom, where any great powers, especially of judicature, are lodged in particular subjects, independently of the crown, it is for the good of the people that they should be taken out of those hands and lodged in the crown. The contest in that case is not, as these honourable persons seem to apprehend, between the crown on the one side, and the people on the other, but between the crown and the people united together in one common cause against the interest of those, in whom such powers are vested, which is an interest distinct from both, and hurtful to both: in other words, it is not a dispute between liberty and prerogative, but between oppression and government. This is so true, that in no one of the many Gothic constitutions established in Europe, did ever the people attain

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to any conſiderable ſhare, either of wealth, or power, or freedom, till they were emancipated from ſuch juriſdictions, and till all the powers of the great feudal lords, thoſe petty tyrants, too potent for ſubjects, too weak for ſovereigns; who were ſtrong enough to oppreſs, but not ſtrong enough to protect; till all their powers were entirely abſorbed in the more beneficial and ſalutary power of the crown. Indeed, Sir, in every limited monarchy, that is, in a free government which has a king at the head of it, the power of the crown, when acting properly within its due bounds, reſtrained and confined by law and by parliament, is the power of the whole commonwealth.—It is not an intereſt ſet up in the king in contradiſtinction to that of his people; no, the power of the crown is only a name for the executive part of the government; it is the *vigour and energy* of the whole ſtate that acts in theſe caſes, though, in the ſtyle and language of the law, it be called the act of the crown. This is particularly true in matters of judicature, and the adminiſtration of juſtice: *That* is a power, which it is ſo much the intereſt of the whole commonwealth to place in the crown, that when a king diveſts himſelf of it, or gives up any part of it, he ſo far withdraws the protection he owes to his ſubjects, and looſens the bond of their allegiance. *Will you not hear my cauſe?* (ſaid a ſuitor for juſtice to Philip of Macedon) *why then you are not my king.* Philip allowed the force of his reaſoning, and confirmed him his ſubject by hearing his cauſe. If he had referred him to a great lord, to an hereditary judge, the man would have taken that lord for his king.—It is in the diſpenſing of juſtice, in the protecting of right, and redreſſing of wrongs, that the royal authority beſt appears to the ſubject. It is in that view of it, that it excites his veneration and love; and when any part of the people do not ſee their ſovereign in that awful character, they are apt to forget him and turn their eyes another way. Therefore the wiſdom of our conſtitution has made all juriſdiction immediately flow from the crown: Sir, extend that wiſdom to Scotland; let none be exerciſed in the moſt diſtant corner of theſe regal dominions, at leaſt in matters of any important regard and concernment, and where unſurmountable difficulties do not prevent an alteration; let no juriſdiction, I ſay, be exerciſed, otherwiſe than in the name of the king, and by virtue of his commiſſion alone. This is an eternal maxim of policy: it is not taken up from any ſudden heat or reſentment, but upon cool and mature deliberation.—I hope it will not be laid down, becauſe of any ſudden heat

heat or reſentment ariſing againſt it, without a juſt or reaſonable cauſe. Such reſentment cannot be laſting: time and experience will overcome it; but the great benefits, that will ariſe from this bill, if it ſhall paſs into a law, the good influence that it will have over the whole Britiſh ſtate, will laſt, I hope, to the lateſt poſterity. Can there be any thing more advantageous to the ſubject in Scotland, can there be a better or happier fruit of the Union, than an entire communication of the generous, free, and noble plan of the law of England, in the room of thoſe ſervile tenures and cuſtoms, which deform the ſyſtem of government there; and, by the effects that they have over that part of the people which is leaſt civilized and moſt prone to diſorder, diſturb the peace, and endanger the ſafety of the whole conſtitution? When this is done, when theſe thorns are once rooted up, the way will be open to many other improvements, to the introduction of arts, of manufactures, of induſtry, of all the virtues and ſweets of civil life, even in the wildeſt parts of that country. But all theſe bleſſings muſt be the gifts of good government: before you can hope to make thoſe people good ſubjects or uſeful to you in any reſpect, you muſt firſt ſhew them whoſe ſubjects they are; before they can be mended by the inſtructions of government, they muſt be protected by the power and care of it; authority and juſtice muſt take the lead in this great work of reformation; diſcipline, peace, and civility, will follow after.

Sir, the matter before you is of ſo very extenſive a nature, it might be ſhewn to you in ſo many lights of general policy, ſo many authorities might be alledged in ſupport of it, out of all hiſtories, ancient and modern, and from the beſt and moſt famous writers upon the laws of nature and nations, that I ſhould weary your patience, which has already indulged me too long, if I were to ſay half that occurs to me upon this ſubject. I have purpoſely avoided the conſidering any objections made to particular parts of the bill; that will be better done in the committee; it is not proper to do it here. I hope that it will not be neceſſary to ſay any thing more, in order to ſhew what this bill is not; that it is not a breach of the Union, that it is not an act of injuſtice, that it is not an infliction of penalties on the innocent and well-deſerving. Allow me juſt to ſum up, in a very few words, what I think that it is. It is a bill to ſecure and perfect the Union; to carry the juſtice of the king into every part of the united kingdom, and, together with that royal juſtice, a more ſettled peace, a more regular order, a ſurer protection, a cloſer and

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ſtronger bond of allegiance; to put an end to all thoſe dependencies that combine men together, not as the ſubjects of the ſame king, or fellow-citizens of the ſame ſtate, but as the followers of particular lords, and which create an awe, and an influence, alike incompatible either with liberty or government: this, I apprehend, will be done by this bill; and when you do this, you do at the ſame time by a neceſſary conſequence ſtrengthen the whole conſtitution, ſtrengthen the crown on his majeſty's head, ſtrengthen the eſtabliſhment in his royal family, and make the cauſe of the pretender more deſperate. For this is moſt certain, that all irregularities and diſorders in government, all deviations from the rule of true policy, and from the true genius of the conſtitution, naturally tend to diſturbances, naturally tend to a change of the government, and will ſooner or later produce or aſſiſt one, if they are not prevented by timely precaution.

This is the object, this is the ſole intent of a bill, againſt which ſuch unfortunate, and let me ſay ſuch unreaſonable, prejudices have been conceived. I cannot better commend the policy of it, than in the words of a great lawyer, and a great ſtateſman, Sir John Davies, in his excellent book upon the State of the Kingdom of Ireland, a book that has been lately reprinted, and well deſerves to be read and conſidered by every gentleman here upon this occaſion; his words are theſe: "There can never be concord or unity in any one kingdom, but where there is but one king, one allegiance, and one law."

Speech on the MUTINY Bill, and more particularly on the Clauſe concerning Half-Pay Officers, Anno Domini 1751.

Mr. SPEAKER,

THIS bill has been conſidered, and I am glad that it has with all the attention, that a houſe of parliament ought to give to ſo important a ſubject. Some material alteration have been made in it, material at leaſt to prevent miſconſtructions; and I ſee with concern how neceſſary that caution is now become. Miſconſtructions, Mr. Speaker, and miſrepreſentations, are epidemical in this country. What the conſequence of them might be to our future tranquillity I ſhould tremble to think, if I did not rely on a maxim, which I hold equally certain in public or private life, that *truth is great, and will prevail.*

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But, Sir, after ſo much has been done in the committee to mend this bill, I ſhould not have expected a debate on the report two days together, eſpecially upon a point ſo thoroughly canvaſſed as the half-pay has been, and which apparently lies in a very narrow compaſs! But there is ſo fruitful a genius in the honourable gentlemen on the other ſide of the houſe, that nothing can exhauſt it; not to mention another quality in ſome of thoſe gentlemen, which is of no leſs uſe to the purpoſe of prolonging debates, a certain happy forgetfulneſs of what has been ſaid in anſwer to arguments maintained by them, and a delightful inward conviction, which I very much envy, that whatever they ſay is (to uſe the expreſſion of a noble lord on the floor) *undeniable irreſiſtible truth*, and that all who differ from them *are ſunk in a ſtupid inſenſibility*, out of which it is neceſſary to draw them, if poſſible, by frequent repetitions.

One obſervation has ſtruck me through the whole courſe of theſe debates, that the more candour has been ſhewn in amending the bill, the more unexceptionable it has been made—the higher the ſpirit of oppoſition againſt it has ſeemed to riſe. What one ſhould naturally infer from thence; how far ſuch a conduct can be ſuppoſed to proceed from the genuine ſpirit of liberty, clear of all other motives leſs reſpectable and leſs pure, the houſe will judge: I ſhall only ſay, that, I believe, an oppoſition ſo carried on cannot have any great weight, either within the walls, or without.

The great point, which has been the ſubject of ſo much eager altercation, this terrible clauſe, about which ſuch alarms have been given; alarms that have ſpread from the army to the navy, as if it threatened no leſs than the enſlaving of both; is in truth no more than ſaying, that an officer is an officer, and not a meer civil man; that he who receives the king's pay cannot be ſuppoſed to be out of his ſervice; and that he who is in the king's ſervice may be commanded to ſerve him when occaſion requires, and cannot be wholly exempt from that military diſcipline, which the neceſſity of the ſervice demands. Theſe are all the propoſitions contained in this clauſe; and which of theſe can be denied? It is ſuppoſing a government to be out of its ſenſes, to ſuppoſe it could give half-pay to officers in the manner we give it, if you do not conſider it as a retainer, and as an obligation to ſerve: for had it been given purely and ſimply as a reward for paſt ſervices, it would then have been given only to veterans, or ſuch officers as had eminent merit to plead. Is this the caſe? We know the contrary: we know it is given to many, who,

in the meritorious ſenſe of the word, have not *ſerved* at all. It muſt be therefore conſidered as an *obligation to ſerve*, not an *exemption from ſervice*, in the general purpoſe and view with which it was given. But, if it be not *a total exemption from ſervice*; then allow me to ſay, there can be nothing more abſurd, than to ſuppoſe there is *a total exemption from diſcipline*, where there is not *a total exemption from ſervice*.

Indeed, Sir, there are ſome parts of military diſcipline, from which an officer, when in half-pay, will be exempt, not by any diſcharge from the ſervice, but by his ſituation. They cannot have the ſame operation upon one living retired at his own houſe in the country, as upon one doing duty in a camp or a garriſon; nor would they have it any more, though he were in full pay, ſo long as he remained in that retreat: but ſo far as diſcipline can operate upon him in ſuch a ſituation it certainly does; becauſe he is an officer, becauſe he ſtill retains his commiſſion, by which he was firſt ſubjected to diſcipline, and not only receives the wages of the government not only retains the rank he had, but may be promoted from the degree of a colonel to that of a field-marſhal. While he has all theſe emoluments derived from the ſervice, is it not reaſonable, is it not fitting, that he ſhould be bound by its laws? where is the hardſhip of this, where is the injuſtice, where is the ſervitude? It is to me unaccountable, that an officer ſhould complain of the loſs of freedom, of being reduced to the condition of a ſlave and a janiſſary; becauſe, while he receives but half-pay, he ſtill continues ſubject to the ſame laws acting upon him in a much leſs degree; to the ſame law, I ſay, which he is willing to live under, in its utmoſt extent when he is in full-pay. Is not this in effect to declare, that the difference between freedom and ſlavery may be made up and compenſated to him by the difference between full-pay and half-pay? But the officers of our army have more generous ſentiments. Though this induction be fairly and necceſſarily drawn from this way of talking, it is a conſequence they do not attend to when they ſo talk. If the military law in this country be ſuch a tyranny, as ſome honourable gentlemen, in the hyperboles of their eloquence, and flame of their zeal, againſt this bill, have repreſented it here, no man who values his liberty would ever ſubmit to it for the ſake of full pay, any more than of half-pay; no, not for a day, or an hour. But, if it be really as conſiſtent with freedom, as the nature of things can admit; as conſiſtent with freedom, as the military law of the freeſt commonwealths has ever been, if it be ſuch, that men of the higheſt ſpirit and nobleſt mind

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such as the officers of our army now are, need not be afraid, or ashamed, to live under it when in full pay; how the same law should make them slaves, merely because they are reduced to half-pay, I do not comprehend. We may therefore conclude, that half-pay or full-pay can create no distinction in relation to discipline, and to the obedience that an officer indispensably owes to *lawful* commands. As to any vexatious injuries, or grievous commands, I do not understand that an officer in half-pay is not as well guarded against the danger of those, as one in full-pay. It is the constant inspection and superintendency of parliament over every branch of the administration, that is the great guard and security to every man in this kingdom against any grievous abuse of the execution of power, either in civil or military affairs. If this security fails, if we no longer trust to it, we are undone.

All power may be abused: but does it follow from thence, that any *necessary* power must be taken away? If that reasoning holds, it is not the perfection, but the dissolution, of government; it is not freedom, but anarchy, which must be the end of our debates.

Sir, permit me to say, it is wisdom in a government not to tie itself down from the occasional exercise of certain powers, which yet it will not desire, or think proper to use, except in very extraordinary cases, such as, probably, may never happen so long as the apprehension of those powers remains, but might become frequent, and dangerous to the state, if that apprehension were removed.

Many imaginary cases of a hard and unwarrantable use of such powers, very affecting indeed, but very improbable, have been suggested as arguments against this bill; and they may do very well to fill up a pamphlet, and inflame a coffee-house: but, in a house of parliament, among wise and considerate men, they can make no great impression; because, in reality, they prove nothing, or prove too much: for either the army itself will not be in a temper to do and suffer such things, or, unquestionably, any legal restraints to prevent them will be ineffectual and vain.

Sir, I entirely agree with the honourable gentlemen over the way in a maxim they have laid down, and insisted upon much, through the whole course of these debates, that, if our army should be under bad government, our civil constitution would be in a very precarious and dangerous state. I think it would, and for that very reason I am a friend to this bill. But I can by no means allow, either that officers in half-pay

are no part of the army, or that the army is under bad government; becauſe the law by which it is governed, and muſt be governed, or ceaſe to be an army, is not, contrary to the nature and reaſon of things, ſo *mild* a law, or quite ſo well guarded, in every reſpect, againſt the danger of abuſe, as our civil conſtitution. It is ſufficient if you bring it as near as you can to the model of *that*, and take care (as you have done) to prevent it from acting in oppoſition to *that*, by declaring the obedience, which it requires from thoſe who are under its authority, not to be due to any other than *lawful* commands. Nor do I in the leaſt apprehend, that the ſyſtem of diſcipline eſtabliſhed in this bill ſhould frighten any one gentleman of virtue and ſpirit out of the ſervice, when I conſider *who* and *what* the officers are, that have given their opinions in ſupport of it, during the time it has been ſo deliberately and carefully diſcuſt in this houſe. I cannot deſire a more ſufficient ſecurity againſt any fears of that kind, on which ſo much ſtreſs has been laid by the honourable gentleman who began this debate, and by the noble lord who ſpoke laſt.

As to any miniſterial influence over the officers of our army to be derived from this bill, though we have heard ſo much talk of it upon this occaſion, I proteſt to you, Sir, I cannot ſee the leaſt reaſon, or colour of reaſon, to ſuſpect any ſuch thing. Miniſterial influence over the army can only ariſe from powers lodged in the crown, with which it is evident this bill has nothing to do, the power of promoting officers, and the power of caſheering them at the pleaſure of the king, without any form of trial. The interpoſition of a court martial, as regulated by this bill, is an impediment thrown in the way of a miniſter, who ſhould deſire to make an ill uſe of the latter of theſe powers; and muſt therefore be regarded as a further ſecurity given to the officers againſt any ſuch influence, ſo far as the operation of this bill can extend.

Sir, theſe are the lights in which the queſtion now before you appears to me, ſtript of all thoſe diſguiſes in which falſe apprehenſions have dreſt it up; falſe apprehenſions that have unaccountably been carried ſo far, as to ſuppoſe this moſt neceſſary bill, without which a ſtanding army could not be reſtrained from deſtroying itſelf, or every thing elſe, calculated to ſerve bad deſigns (I know not what, nor of whom) againſt the liberty of this country. Sir, permit me to ſay, it is by relaxing diſcipline, not by enforcing it, that thoſe who have bad deſigns to carry on by an army muſt always proceed. When they deſire to leap over the fences of law, they muſt throw

throw the reins loose upon the horse's neck, instead of checking or curbing him with a stricter hand. Liberty and discipline, liberty and government, are much nearer allied, and much more compatible the one with the other (whatever some may think) than liberty and licentiousness. Look in history, and you will find it universally true, that the freest states have been strictest in their military discipline; and the best men in those states have always exacted it with the greatest severity.

Good laws, says Machiavel, must be maintained by good arms, and good arms by good discipline. It is a very just maxim, which no government should forget. Late experience has shewn us, that, if we had not had good arms and good discipline, our good laws would have been lost. A very different system of laws, both civil and military, would have been dictated to us by *Highland legislators*, and renegado Englishmen, *dress in their liveries* (*a*). It is to this army, it is to this discipline, of which such terrors are conceived, that we owe our deliverance from slavery in its most abject and loathsome form. Therefore, the maintaining this discipline, the not suffering it to be relaxed and corrupted in time of peace, is essentially necessary to the safety of the whole constitution; and they who are friends to the one, will be friends to the other.

The noble lord who spoke last has made mention of *the peace*, and supposed the goodness of it to be an argument against the necessity of many parts of this bill. Sir, no man rejoices more than I do in the peace—I think it has snatched us from the brink of a precipice, which was just ready to sink under our feet. But, that it has freed us from all danger I cannot flatter myself, I will not flatter any body else, so much as to say. It has removed danger to some distance: but there is still in our whole political state, with respect to foreign powers, great cause for apprehension. We must not fall asleep under the shade of this peace: if we do, that sleep may end in death.

In pace, ut sapiens, aptabit idonea bello is a very excellent rule, to which our government has not always enough attended. I hope we shall not be negligent of it now, more especially with regard to the discipline of our army, which must be preserved in its vigour, if we desire that the army should be able to serve us against our foreign enemies, or

(*a*) This alludes to the fashion, taken up at this time by all the Jacobites in England, of wearing Scotch plaids for their waistcoats, as a party distinction.

would not have it become itself the most dangerous enemy to our domestic peace and tranquillity.

Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I See no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we past the last session for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion, is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should be ever indifferent about *that!* but, I thought *this* had no more to do with religion than any turnpike act we past in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and, there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom on some occasions must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government a prudent and honest ministry will indulge *a small folly*, and will resist *a great one*. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance of human nature: not to resist the latter at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing;) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from any angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moving to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called *holy wars*. He, who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself *not a Christian*. Christianity, Sir, breathes *love*, and *good will to man*. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing of Jews, has very unexpectedly administred fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Something that fell from my honourable friend who spoke last, makes it proper for me to add one argument more in order to shew the expediency of passing this bill.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the

civil power a part of its ſtrength, and ſhakes the whole conſtitution.

Sir, I truſt and believe, that, by ſpeedily paſſing this bill, we ſhall ſilence that obloquy, which has ſo unjuſtly been caſt upon our reverend prelates (ſome of the moſt reſpectable that ever adorned our church), for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly, imports the whole community, that they ſhould not loſe that reſpect, which is ſo juſtly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in oppoſition to a meaſure of no importance in itſelf. But if the departing from that meaſure ſhould not remove the prejudice ſo maliciouſly raiſed, I am certain that no further ſtep you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope you will ſtop here. This appears to be a reaſonable and ſafe condeſcenſion, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakneſs in government. It might open a door to the wildeſt enthuſiaſm, and to the moſt miſchievous attacks of political diſaffection working upon that enthuſiaſm. If you encourage and authoriſe it to fall on the ſynagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-houſe, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check it in further progreſs. The more zealous we are to ſupport Chriſtianity, the more vigilant ſhould we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back perſecution, we bring back the anti-chriſtian ſpirit of popery; and when the ſpirit is here, the whole ſyſtem will ſoon follow. Toleration is the baſis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which ſecures our perſons and eſtates. Indeed, they are inſeparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conſcience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We ſee it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both ſeen and felt it in England. By the bleſſings of God, we are now delivered from all kind of oppreſſion. Let us take care, that they may never return.

The bill before us, I am ſure, is not perſecution. It only puts every body in that ſituation where every body was eaſy. It is a gentle, a prudent, and a moderate meaſure; tending to quiet and ſettle the minds of men, which have been unhappily diſturbed, without any neceſſity; and therefore, I give it my moſt hearty concurrence.

N. B. The act for naturalizing Jews gave no greater privilege to any Jew ſettling here, than are at preſent enjoyed by the ſon of a Jew, *born in England*; and much leſs than have been given to them, *ſince the diſperſion*, by many other nations.

Speech

Speech in the Houſe of Lords, concerning Privilege of Parliament, in the year 1763.

" Reſolved by the commons in parliament, that privilege " of parliament does not extend to the caſe of writing " and publiſhing ſeditious libels, nor ought to be allow- " ed to obſtruct the ordinary courſe of the laws in the " ſpeedy and effectual proſecution of ſo heinous and " dangerous an offence."

My Lords,

AFTER what has been ſaid, with ſo much weight and authority, by a noble and learned lord, who preſides in the higheſt court of judicature in this kingdom, with ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities, it would be impertinent and vain for me, in ſpeaking upon this queſtion, to argue from precedents or conſtructions of law, and to tell your lordſhips that *public and ſeditious libels* are *breaches of the peace*, and *much higher breaches of it*, in the eye of the law, than *forcible entries* or *forcible detainers*; in which caſes the houſe of commons has declared, by a reſolution in the year 1697, *that no member of that houſe hath any privilege*. Nor need I obſerve to your Lordſhips, that the ſtanding order of this houſe, made in the year 1624, has not been and cannot poſſibly be underſtood by your lordſhips, *as a compleat definition of all exceptions to privilege*; becauſe, ſince the making of that order, and before the ſtatute by which forgery was declared to be felony, this houſe ordered Mr. John Ward to be proſecuted for forgery, without any regard to his privilege, though they knew him to be a member of the lower houſe of parliament; and becauſe a ſubſequent ſtanding order, of the 8th of June, 1757, ſpecifies another exception, not expreſſed in the former. Both theſe inſtances are deciſive of the opinion of this houſe on the queſtion now before you, with regard to the law and uſage of parliament: but I ſhall only beg leave to trouble your lordſhips with a few obſervations on the conſequences of ſuch an extenſive conſtruction of privilege, as is contended for by ſome lords, from whom I am extremely ſorry to differ, but from whom I muſt differ on this occaſion, or from all the notions I have formed of that conſtitution, which I am bound to maintain.

My

My lords, all privileges are ſubordinate to the great laws of ſociety, to the good order, the peace, and the ſafety of the ſtate. The noble duke who ſpoke laſt has told your lordſhips very truly, that this, which is now under your conſideration, was not given as a favour to the members of parliament, for their own ſakes; but as a guard, which the conſtitution has ſet over their perſons and neceſſary attendance, for the ſecurity of that duty they owe to the public. From the intention and end of this privilege, the nature and limitations of it may be reaſonably inferred. It muſt not be exerciſed to the grievous inconvenience and detriment of the public: it muſt not obſtruct the public juſtice: it muſt not endanger the public ſafety. Anarchy, my lords, is not liberty, no more than deſpotiſm is government: but true liberty and legal government are inſeparably connected: what is adverſe to the one, is adverſe to the other. The legal power of government in a well-conſtituted ſtate, is the guardian of all privileges, charters, and rights: but this guardian muſt be unable to execute its great truſt, if it is not itſelf ſupported by that reſpect and that reverence which is due to it from thoſe to whom it gives protection. What reſpect, my lords, or what reverence, can be preſerved to any government, where ſedition may plead privilege to ſtop the hands of public juſtice; and where crimes of the moſt malignant and dangerous nature, crimes which ſhake the very foundations of the public tranquillity, may claim the protection of a houſe of parliament, to let them go on unreſtrained? can it be poſſible that a parliamentary ſanction and authority ſhould ever be given to a notion ſo repugnant to the purpoſe for which parliaments were eſtabliſhed, to the *ſalus populi*, the ſupreme object and end of all government?

The many evils that muſt attend ſuch a conſtruction of privilege are apparent and dreadful! What is the remedy for thoſe evils? The remedy, we are told, may be properly and ſafely obtained from either houſe of parliament, the privilege of which is a bar to all other relief: the juſtice of the kingdom will be only ſtopped till the next meeting of parliament (perhaps for ſix or ſeven months). As ſoon as ever it meets complaint may be made to your lordſhips, or to the houſe of commons; and then right will be done. How, my lords, will right be done? It is the doctrine of the commons, *that a member can be compelled to wave his privilege*:—what, if he would not wave it? what if; conſcious of guilt and apprehenſive of puniſhment, he ſkulks behind his privilege, and holds it up as a ſhield between him and juſtice? Why then I

may be expelled; and after such expulsion he may be prosecuted by the king, without offence to the liberty and independence of parliament.

Is not this, my lords, to declare, that every member of parliament, *while he continues a member*, though he be guilty of perjury, of misprision of felony, of misprision of treason, though he spreads sedition from one end of the kingdom to the other, is absolutely exempt from the justice of the crown? Such an exemption is most abhorrent from the whole spirit and genius of our constitution. It is the worst solecism in politicks: it is setting up a kingdom within a kingdom. Something like it I remember to have been claimed by the clergy in the darkest ages of ignorance and Popish superstition. They said, their persons were privileged: no process from the king's courts ought to go out against them: but, if any clergyman was accused of any heinous misdemeanour, application might be made to the spiritual court; *there* the cause might be tried; and, if that court found him guilty, he would be deprived of his orders; after which, being no member of their sacred body, the justice of the kingdom might take hold of him; but not before.

This proposition appeared so monstrous, that even those times would not bear it; and yet, my lords, it may perhaps be thought more excusable to suffer a number of criminals to be out of the reach of public justice, from false notions of piety and a respect for religion in the persons of its ministers, than where it might be imagined that a partiality for ourselves occasioned the exemption.

I will not repeat to your lordships the black catalogue of crimes, and the great multitude of criminals, that you have been told by a noble and learned lord would be comprehended within this construction of privilege, if it should be established. With regard to all these the king would in effect be dethroned: he would *bear the sword in vain*; he would be *no terror to evil doers*; his hands would be tied, till your lordships, or the lower house of parliament, or the convocation, if the offender should belong to their body, would be pleased to unbind them. Is this, my lords, the law and constitution of England, the first maxim of which is, *that all justice flows from the crown?* The king is sworn to do justice, impartial and equal justice. He is the vicegerent of that God, *to whom vengeance belongs*. What power upon earth can intercept or delay that righteous vengeance? what power upon earth can have any right, any privilege, to interpose itself between him and the performance of his oath, which is an essential part of the

the duty he owes to his people? By the constitution of England, *allegiance is tied to protection:* if you deprive the subjects of the benefit of the *royal protection*, you *dissolve their allegiance.*

With respect to that particular species of crimes which is immediately under your consideration, I will venture to say, that felony itself is in no degree so alarming, so pernicious to the publick, as some *seditious libels.* They respect nothing; they spare nothing: the crown, the legislature, public order, morality, the Divine Majesty itself, is not exempt from their insults. Permit me, my lords, to paint to you in a very few words the present condition of this country, with relation to what is called *the liberty of the press.* If a foreigner were to take his ideas of England from the printed libels on both sides, he would think we had no government, no law, no God. I will spare your lordships the contemplation of so frightful a picture in its full length and dimensions, and confine myself to two points, which I think more especially demand your attention.

There are two advantages upon which our publick welfare and strength particularly depend; both of which these wicked libellers have most diligently and maliciously endeavoured to destroy: I mean the Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; and that extinction of party spirit, the bane of all publick spirit, I say, my lords, that extinction of party spirit, which crowned with happiness and with glory the latter years of our late most gracious sovereign, and the beginning of his present majesty's most auspicious, most benignant, and most prosperous reign. Of these inestimable blessings these execrable writings have attempted to deprive us: they have breathed a spirit of discord, which, if great care be not taken to stop the further progress of it, will avenge the enemies of this country of all the evils they have suffered from that invincible force and energy, which a very different spirit, a spirit of union and concord, enabled us to exert. What can be imagined more injurious, more fatal to our happiness, than weekly and daily libels, sent all over the kingdom, which have a strong and manifest tendency to break those ties of mutual interest and mutual affection, which bind and knit us together; and to raise animosities, jealousies, deadly feuds, civil wars, between the two nations? If the detected authors of such writings, by being members of parliament, (a circumstance which in reality much enhances their guilt), may go on with full security, in open defiance of all law and legal authority, to inflame the wounds they have made, to inflame

into them new venom, till they are rendered incurable; if this indeed be *Engliſh liberty*, then, I am ſure, our conſtitution will be *felo de ſe*, and wants no enemy but itſelf to bring it to deſtruction.

But we ought to be very careful of the privileges of parliament.—Alas, my lords, in that total anarchy, in that diſſolution of all government, which this unbounded licentiouſneſs muſt neceſſarily produce, will parliament be ſecure? When a city is ſet on fire, if nothing is done to extinguiſh, or ſtop the conflagration, will the flames reſpect the ſenate-houſe any more than the palace? Great apprehenſions are conceived, if your lordſhips ſhould agree to this reſolution, of a terrible abuſe of their power in the miniſters of the crown, by wantonly and maliciouſly impriſoning members of either houſe of parliament, for innocent writings. Many anſwers may be given to thoſe apprehenſions: I ſhall only inſiſt upon one.—The adminiſtration of juſtice, and the execution of laws, are, by the conſtitution of our government, entruſted to the crown and its officers; but, entruſted under checks beneficial to liberty, beneficial to juſtice. Of all thoſe checks, the moſt effectual is the ſuperintendence of parliament, which is as formidable to the higheſt magiſtrate, as it is to the loweſt; to the ſecretary of ſtate, as to the juſtice of peace. And the terror of this muſt operate in a particular manner, where the privileges of the parliament itſelf are concerned. In a bailable caſe, as this is, the confinement muſt be preſently ended; at the firſt ſitting of the parliament, the houſe muſt know and judge of the reaſons of the commitment: if they are not ſufficient, immediate vengeance will fall on the head of the miniſter, who has injured the houſe in the perſon of its member. Thus, my lords, both the government and our liberty are as ſafe as the imperfection of human policy will allow them to be. But if you change this wiſe ſyſtem; if you take the executive power from the crown, and place it in either houſe of parliament; what check, what controul, will then remain?—An arbitrary power will be *there*, which is no where elſe in our government; an arbitrary power without appeal.

I therefore hope, that your lordſhips will not differ from the commons in this reſolution: but, at the ſame time, I reſpect and venerate the principle upon which the oppoſition to it is founded; a principle of jealous caution not to do any thing that may hurt the independence of parliament, which is ſo important to the ſecurity of the whole commonwealth. Such a caution is very commendable, and the zeal excited by it meritorious, even where it is miſtaken. I congratulate

gratulate your lordſhips, I congratulate the whole nation, on that zeal being ſo warm in the breaſts of young noblemen, who have ſpoken ſo ably and ſo eloquently in this debate. But, in order to preſerve the independence of parliament againſt any future violations on the part of the crown, it will be neceſſary to preſerve the reputation of parliament in the minds of the people, and the love of it in their hearts. How, my lords, can this be done, if they find it an obſtacle to that equal juſtice, which is their birth-right and their ſafety?

Upon the whole, I am confident, your lordſhips will on no account depart from that maxim, which is the corner-ſtone of all government; *that juſtice ſhould have its courſe without ſtop, or impediment. Jus, fas, lex potentiſſima ſint:* This, my lords, is the very ſoul and eſſence of freedom. Obſtruct this, and you immediately open a door to all violence and confuſion, to all the iniquity and all the cruelties of private revenge, to the deſtruction of private peace, the diſſolution of publick order, and in the end to an unlimited and deſpotic authority, which we muſt be forced to ſubmit to, as a remedy againſt ſuch intolerable evils. *The dominion of law is the dominion of liberty.* Privilege againſt law, in matters of high concernment to the public, is oppreſſion, is tyranny, whereſoever it exiſts.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.
II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON, Esq.
III. JEALOUSY. To Ed. WALPOLE, Esq.
IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Honourable the Lord. Visc. COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. Eclogue I.

To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me re-visit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flow'ry plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of int'rest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
But though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;

At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
Ye nymphs, he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
For whom retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild ambition, and destructive rage,
No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor calumny your innocence invades:
Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
Ah, luckless day! when first with fond surprize
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes;
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace:
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her pow'r, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire.
By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire,
In words as soft as passion could inspire,

Coldly

Coldly she hear'd, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repay'd?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind:
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learnt the art of Courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.
Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. Eclogue II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
From love alone their melody proceeds.
From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine,
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join (*a*).

(*a*) N. B. Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses, which have never been published.

Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
No more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
But call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
Bleſt be the hour, he ſaid, that happy hour,
When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r;
Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care:
Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a ſhade,
Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid;
There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace ſhe mov'd!
Who could have ſeen her then, and not have lov'd?
I ſtrove not to reſiſt ſo ſweet a flame,
But glory'd in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.
And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
Can no reverſe thy flatt'ring bliſs deſtroy?
Has treacherous love no torment yet in ſtore?
Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r?
Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break?
Why were the deſart rocks invok'd to hear
The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
Begin, my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
Giv'n with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content:
No laureat wreaths I aſk to bind my brows,
Such as the Muſe on lofty bards beſtows;
Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
I from her lips my recompence require.
Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bow'r?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending ſhow'r;
Th' emerging ſun more bright his beams extends:
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!

Glad

Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown:
All nature ſmiles.—Will only Delia frown?
Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flow'r of every ſweet they drain:
See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
The ſhelter'd herds on flow'ry couches ſleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
If with my fond deſires my love comply;
From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this; and could I add beſide,
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in Eaſtern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride ſhould ſhine.
But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their fav'rite ſwain.
For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His muſic calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her ſhepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her enquiring ſight,
And ſhew my merits in the faireſt light;
My pipe your kind aſſiſtance ſhall repay,
And every friend ſhall claim a diff'rent lay.
But ſee! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—

O may I find her as we parted laſt,
And may each future hour be like the paſt!
So ſhall the whiteſt lamb theſe paſtures feed,
Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliſs ſincere;
Wealth is diſturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear:
Of all the paſſions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the ſweeteſt joys we find;
Yet ev'n thoſe joys dire Jealouſy moleſts,
And blackens each fair image in our breaſts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the ſharpneſs of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy miſtreſs juſt,
And wiſely take thy happineſs on truſt.
Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger lab'ring in his breaſt—
The vale beneath, a pleaſing proſpect yields,
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands,
Beyond, a town with glitt'ring ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, a while the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But ſoon the ſtings infix'd within his heart,
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cry'd; "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,
That triumphs now in that deluding face!
Thoſe alter'd looks may every ſhepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!

Say

Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
Againſt whoſe pow'r no ties have ſtrength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
Has he with tranſport every ſmile ador'd,
And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
And had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
O pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
Thoſe balmy lips which I was wont to preſs:
Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!—
I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed,
I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
Would my clos'd eyes had ſunk in endleſs night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
Where'er they paſs'd, be blaſted every flow'r,
And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!—
Ah wretched ſwain, could no examples move
Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
Haſt thou not heard how poor (*a*) Menalcas dy'd
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid,
And all things mourn'd but the relentleſs maid.
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find,
And reſt as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
No, let me live, her falſehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my juſt revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, would'ſt thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
Protect her, heav'n! and let her never know
The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe:
I aſk no vengeance from the pow'rs above;
All I implore is, never more to love.—

(*a*) See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
Wearied, at length I ſeek thy downy reſt:
No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
My future eaſe with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye ſylvans, hear,
What by your guardian deities I ſwear;
No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the trait'reſs to my arms;
Not all her arts my ſteddy ſoul ſhall move,
And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love——
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. Eclogue IV.

To Lord COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whoſe guiding judgement gives me ſkill to ſing;
Though far unequal to thoſe poliſh'd ſtrains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the liſt'ning plains:
Yet ſhall its muſic pleaſe thy partial ear,
And ſooth thy breaſt with thoughts that once were dear;
Recall thoſe years which time has thrown behind,
When ſmiling Love with Honour ſhar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of proſp'rous fight
Delighted leſs than one ſucceſsful night.
The ſweet remembrance ſhall thy youth reſtore,
Fancy again ſhall run paſt pleaſures o'er;
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you ſtray,
This theme may help to cheat the ſummer's day.
Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a ruſtic altar ſtood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy ſhade,
The gentle Virtues, and mild Wiſdom play'd.
Nor there, in ſprightly Pleaſure's genial train,
Lurk'd ſick Diſguſt, or late-repenting Pain,

Nor Force, nor Int'reſt, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love conſenting ty'd the bliſsful bands.
Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
To thank the pow'rs who bleſs'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
Hail, bounteous god, before whoſe hallow'd ſhrine
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modeſty reluctant ſtrove!
And hail to thee, fair queen of young deſires!
Long ſhall my heart preſerve thy pleaſing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languiſh, and as fiercely burn.
O the dear gloom of laſt propitious night!
O ſhade more charming than the faireſt light!
Then in my arms I claſp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then firſt the ſweet exceſs of bliſs I prov'd,
Which none can taſte but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddeſs, once in Ida's grove,
Didſt not diſdain to meet a ſhepherd's love;
With him, while friſking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd you ſported in the ſecret ſhade;
Scarce could Anchiſes' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
What are you now, my once moſt valued joys?
Inſipid trifles all, and childiſh toys———
Friendſhip itſelf ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could pleaſe like Delia's kiſs.
Ye Muſes, ſkill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs, to her your freſheſt roſes bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the ſpring:
On all her days let health and peace attend;
May ſhe ne'er want, nor ever loſe a friend!
May ſome new pleaſure every hour employ!
But let her Damon be her higheſt joy.
With thee, my love, for ever will I ſtay,
All night careſs thee, and admire all day;
In the ſame field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead,
Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils,
Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.

Delightful

Delightful ſtate, where peace and love combine,
To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flow'ry meads,
Here riſing foreſts lift their verdant heads;
Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties ſpare,
And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade!
Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender verſe,
Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

SOLILOQUY of a BEAUTY in the COUNTRY.

Written at Eaton School.

'TWAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and ſober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, penſive, and alone,
She meditates on the forſaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She ſigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents ſaid:
"Ah, what avails it to be young and fair:
"To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
"What worth have all the charms our pride can boaſt,
"If all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
"Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excell;
"Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
"Beauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhewn;
"Both moſt are valu'd, where they beſt are known.
"With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,
"We cannot break one ſtubborn country heart:
"The brutes, inſenſible, our pow'r defy:
"To love, exceeds a 'ſquire's capacity.
"The town, the court, is Beauty's proper ſphere;
"That is our heav'n, and we are angels there:

"I

" In that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
" The court of Britain is the court of Love.
" How has my conſcious heart with triumph glow'd,
" How have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport ſhew'd,
" At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-night ball, to ſee
" The homage due to Empire, paid to me!
" When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
" When rival ſtateſmen for my favour ſtrove,
" Leſs jealous in their pow'r, than in their love.
" Chang'd is the ſcene; and all my glories die,
" Like flow'rs tranſplanted to a colder ſky:
" Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to pray'r;
" For dullneſs ever muſt be regular.
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there:
" From books to work, from work to books I rove,
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!—
" Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch e'en age would glow,
" Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!
" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r:
" Let me re-viſit the dear town again:
" Let me be ſeen!—could I that wiſh obtain,
" All other wiſhes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the Univerſity of Oxford in the year 172

PARENT of arts, whoſe ſkilful hand firſt taught
The tow'ring pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my advent'rous lyre
Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing
Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty tow'rs
Didſt to his virtue raiſe, whom oft thy ſhield
In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
Thro' all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, ſylvan Muſe, who lov'ſt to rove
Along the ſhady paths and verdant bow'rs
Of Woodſtock's happy grove: there tuning ſweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive liſten; let thy warbling ſong
Paint with melodious praiſe the pleaſing ſcene,
And equal theſe to Pindus' honour'd ſhades.
When Europe freed, confeſs'd the ſaving pow'r
Of Marlb'rough's hand; Britain, who ſent him forth
Chief of confederate hoſts, to fight the cauſe
Of Liberty and Juſtice, grateful rais'd
This palace, ſacred to her leader's fame:
A trophy of ſucceſs, with ſpoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auſpicious field, where Churchill's ſword
Vanquiſh'd the might of Gallia, and chaſtis'd
Rebel Bavar—Majeſtic in its ſtrength
Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.
Hail, happy chief, whoſe valour could deſerve
Reward ſo glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paidſt his ſervice with ſo rich a meed!
Which moſt ſhall I admire, which worthieſt praiſe,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal ſcale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Bluſh, Cæſar, bluſh,
When thou behold'ſt theſe tow'rs; ingrate, to thee
A monument of ſhame! Canſt thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an Engliſh arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we diſdain

Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart againſt the ſenſe
Of obligation infinite, and know,
Britain, like heav'n, protects a thankleſs world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme, her taſk the Muſe
Purſues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tap'ſtry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd ſilks, diſpos'd with ſkill,
Attracts her curious eye: Here Iſter rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
With paſſing ſquadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the ſword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Perſia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlb'rough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praiſe
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *ſubdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
Now, through the ſtately portals iſſuing forth,
The Muſe to ſofter glories turns and ſeeks
The woodland ſhade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in ſong, or Ida's grove
Such beauty boaſts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderneſs once ſtood
The bow'r of Roſamonda, hapleſs fair!
Sacred to grief and love; the cryſtal fount
In which ſhe us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd ſhe ſits
Beſide its flow'ry brink, and views thoſe charms
Which only Roſamond could once excell.
But ſee where, flowing with a nobler ſtream,
A limpid lake of pureſt waters rolls
Beneath the wide-ſtretch'd arch, ſtupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His ſpacious urn! Silent awhile, and ſmooth
The current glides, till, with an headlong force
Broke and diſorder'd, down the ſteep it falls
In loud caſcades; the ſilver-ſparkling foam
Glitters reluctent in the dancing ray.
In theſe retreats repos'd the mighty ſoul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and ſtate,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy

Of

Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and ſooth'd his thoughts
With pleaſing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd ſucceſsful war
Againſt the Pride of Aſia, and the pow'r
Of Mithridates, whoſe aſpiring mind
No loſſes could ſubdue, enrich'd with ſpoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement paſt
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm ſhades of honourable eaſe,
Great Marlb'rough peaceful dwelt: indulgent heav'n
Gave a companion to his ſofter hours,
With whom converſing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of ſtate, and in her mind
Found greatneſs equal to his own, and lov'd
Himſelf in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondneſs join'd:
Like two fair ſtars with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together ſhone,
Aiding each other's brightneſs, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, firſt, the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſooths her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height
Of yon aërial pillar proudly ſtands
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings, his hand
Graſps victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube ſought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by th' imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill

A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! this with better auſpices
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth, to tell the world
How Marlb'rough fought, for whom, and how repay'd
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves
Firſt tun'd the Britiſh harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling ſhould the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, houſe ſuperb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching, ſhall not paſs
His roof unnotic'd, but reſpectful hail
With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muſe
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O ſhade ador'd,
Marlb'rough! who now above the ſtarry ſphere
Dwell'ſt in the palaces of heav'n, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while preſent here below,
And ſacred ſtill to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preſerve it ſafe
From Time's deſtroying hand, and cruel ſtroke
Of factious Envy's more relentleſs rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the Britiſh youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy ſucceſsful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame:
That, fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So ſhall thy name,
Dear to thy country, ſtill inſpire her ſons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations ſav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims ſhall adorn the land.

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at Oxford.

Written from Paris, in the year 1728.

SAY, deareſt friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleaſing ſtudy cheats the tedious day?
Doſt thou the ſacred volumes oft explore
Of wiſe Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and poliſhes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
Which pleaſes only to corrupt the heart;
Whoſe curſt refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn!
Doſt thou in ſage hiſtorians joy to ſee
How Roman greatneſs roſe with liberty;
How the ſame hands that tyrants durſt controul,
Their empire ſtretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conqueſt into ſlaves refin'd
The proud luxurious maſters of mankind?
Doſt thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inſpire;
Yet in her troubled ſtates ſee all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption ſold,
Or weakly careleſs, or too raſhly bold;
She ſunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The ſlave and tut'reſs of protecting Rome?
Does calm Philoſophy her aid impart,
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doze,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd repoſe;
But reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear:
Diſpell the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;

Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age,
Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her mildeſt guide.
O generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
Nor baſely ſervile court the guilty great,
Nor raiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
To error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the law of love by fear.
The prieſt, who plagues the world, can never mend.
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend:
Let reaſon and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
By foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants ſhew.
A nation here I pity, and admire,
Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by cuſtom's force, and bigot fear,
To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:
Whoſe nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
From each low tool of pow'r, content receive
Thoſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whoſe people vain in want, in bondage bleſt,
Though plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, though oppreſt;
With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate,

* Dr. Hough.

Yet here the Muſes deign'd a while to ſport
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a fav'ring court:
Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe, and ſharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flatt'ring incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſe,
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thoughts with Shakeſpear's force and fire;
Now ſweet Racine with milder influence move
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleaſure I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects ſtore,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtyle Ambition GREAT *.
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †:
Where, ſick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd),
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury ‡;
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recalls my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind!

O native iſle, fair freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No pow'r can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Verſailles. † Chantilly. ‡ St. Cloud.

Whe

When kiſs with pious love the ſacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruſſel birth?
When in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate ev'ry ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were Free!

To Mr. POYNTZ,

Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of SOISSONS, in the Year 1728.

Written at Paris.

O Thou, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and pride,
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatneſs, rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toils of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?
Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philoſophy reſign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Juſt is the wiſh. For ſure the happieſt meed,
To favour'd man by ſmiling heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praiſe, who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous paſſion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active pow'rs decay;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crown propitious his declining head;

In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.
So when the country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtor'd ſhall on her downy wing
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then to the ſhades of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Tho' wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul;
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.——
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move,
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt;
Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
And ev'ry tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And nature in her rural works admire;
Tho' grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of every gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!

Thy

Thy ſoul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd;
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For heav'n ſhall ratify what they reveal:
A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;
Whoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs:
Thy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat ſhall ſhare,
Sweeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
Her ſmiles the taſte of ev'ry joy ſhall raiſe,
And add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verſe would prove,
That happineſs is near allied to love.

VERSES to be written under a Picture of Mr. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who ſhall find
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune ſu'd, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fixt on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

An Epiſtle to Mr. POPE, from Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!

To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty:
Nor Baïæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where chear'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
Illuſtrious name! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe;
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:

Grea

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting colum to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

To my LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat

Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's ſtile;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forc'd by toilſome art and wild deſire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire,
But in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may ſhare.
Yet half mankind this eaſy good diſdain,
Nor reliſh happineſs unbought by pain:
Falſe is their taſte of bliſs, and thence their ſearch is vain.
So idle, yet ſo reſtleſs, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
Through various toils to ſeek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.
For not the ceaſeleſs change of ſhifted place
Can from the heart a ſettled grief eraſe,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the diſtemper'd mind of aking care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whoſe rooted point his bleeding boſom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himſelf that torment which he flies.
For how ſhould ills, that from our paſſions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Ruſſia's ſnow?
Or how can aught but pow'rful Reaſon cure,
What from unthinking Folly we endure?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneaſy diſcord to compoſe;
In gen'rous love of others' good to find
The ſweeteſt pleaſures of the ſocial mind;
To bound his wiſhes in their proper ſphere;
To nouriſh pleaſing hope, and conquer anxious fear:
This was the wiſdom ancient ſages taught,
This was the ſov'reign good they juſtly ſought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

N

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The uſeful practice of Philoſophy:
Horace, the wiſeſt of the tuneful choir,
Not always choſe from greatneſs to retire,
But in the palace of Auguſtus knew
The ſame unerring maxims to purſue,
Which in the Sabine or the Velian ſhade
His ſtudy and his happineſs he made.
May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy ſcene with ſober thought;
Undazzled every glitt'ring folly ſee,
And in the midſt of ſlaviſh forms be free;
In its own centre keep your ſteady mind;
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind;
In ſhow, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart!

ADVICE to a LADY. 1731.

THE counſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere,
But greater your's, ſincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue:
Lovers and miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When moſt you tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? to be fair:
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of heav'n!

How

How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that were made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt Senſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain;
Of thoſe who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of thoſe who have it, are undone.
Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts;
For you, the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knaviſh fool.*
Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene,
Without, all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis ugline's in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat;
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk, corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.
Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd:
With caution chuſe; but then be fondly kind.
The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here ſweet extreams alone can truly bleſs:
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.

A m

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;
Short is the period of insulting pow'r,
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but encrease the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife*;
A maid so wedded, is *a whore for life*.
Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heav'n
Has equal love, and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost:

The

The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the *virtues meeting* muſt *ſecure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs.*
From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow;
The *houſhold ſceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder to ſecure my own
Againſt the pow'r of thoſe already known;
For well you twiſt the ſacred chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SONG. Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,

The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for ev'ry ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

SONG. Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me,
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON

DAMON and DELIA.

In imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

Written in the year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt looks you fly:
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? tell me how?——
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has ſtol'n a part;
Reaſon theſe fears may diſapprove:
But yet I fear, becauſe I love.

DELIA.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flatt'ry is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falſehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try by this deceit
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confeſs,
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the diſguiſe.

DAMON.

Ah, ceaſe thus idly to moleſt,
With groundleſs fears thy virgin breaſt.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth diſtruſt,
My fooliſh heart believes you juſt;
Reaſon this faith may diſapprove;
But I believe, becauſe I love.

O D E.

In imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

(O primavera gioventu del anno.)

Written Abroad, in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay deſires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful ſpring,
At whoſe approach, inſpir'd with equal fires,
The am'rous Nightingale and Poet ſing.

II.

Again doſt thou return, but not with thee
Return the ſmiling hours I once poſſeſt:
Bleſſings thou bring'ſt to others, but to me
The ſad remembrance, that I once was bleſt.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter ſnatcht away,
Renew'd in all their former luſtre ſhine;
But ah! no more ſhall hapleſs I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets ſing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
Tho' on their wings ſoft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harſh is the muſick, joyleſs is the ſcene,
The odour faint; for Delia is not there.

V.

Chearleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to love.

Parts

Parts of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS Tranſlated.

(Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat auro.)

1729-30.

LET others heap of wealth a ſhining ſtore,
And much poſſeſſing labour ſtill for more;
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dang'rous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I'll waſte the wintry hours in ſocial mirth;
In ſummer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpoils,
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladſome day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay,
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.
At night, how ſoothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling near,
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhow'r!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
In tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore,
But idly lolling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
Near cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
For what reward ſo rich could fortune give
That I by abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
Let great Meſſalla ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Me Beauty holds in ſtrong, tho' gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
How would I ſlight Ambition's painful praiſe!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
On thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
How downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!

TH

The wretch who ſleeps not by his fair one's ſide,
Deteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſp'rous war can give;
Tho' through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
Tho' bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.
No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my fault'ring hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; leſt on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death, nor parting, ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
All care, all buſ'neſs, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the reſt.

SONG. Written in the year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move;
Which can be juſt and kind?

II.

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that Love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We ev'ry bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

Written at Mr. POPE's Houſe at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. G———lle. In Auguſt 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flow'ry ſide:

II.

Thy flow'ry ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The Muſes' green retreat,
With ev'ry ſmile of nature grac'd
With ev'ry art compleat.

III.

But now, ſweet bard, thy heav'nly ſong
Enchants us here no more;
There darling glory loſt too long
Thy once-lov'd ſhades deplore.

IV.

Yet ſtill for beauteous G———lle's ſake,
The Muſes here remain;
G———lle, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of ev'ry ſwain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair,
But love can hope where reaſon would deſpair.

To Mr. WEST, at Wickham. Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR nature's ſweet ſimplicity
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.
To both from courts and all their ſtate
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

T

To Miſs LUCY F——.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd,
I ſung my am'rous ſtrains:
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid deceiv'd
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancy'd pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me,
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

To the Same, with HAMMOND's Elegies.

ALL that of love can be expreſs'd
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

To the Same.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than ſlow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

To the Same.

I.

TO eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd;
Where all the letters of my abſent fair,
(His richeſt treaſure) careful Love had ſtor'd:

II.

In every word a magic ſpell I found
Of pow'r to charm each buſy thought to reſt,
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
And loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
Yet wiſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or ſecure delight.

IV.

Ah! ſhould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldſt thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters ſhould the change upbraid:
My hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

V.

Not one kind word ſhall in my pow'r remain
A painful witneſs of reproach to thee;
And leſt my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
My heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected in the ſilver lake,
Theſe humble off'rings, which thy ſervant pays,
Freſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II.

If leſs my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
And there let ſad deſpair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my ſoul is fill'd with her alone,
No other wiſh, nor other object knows,
Oh! make her, Goddeſs, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe.

IV.

No watchful ſpies I aſk to guard her charms,
No walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door;
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's ſureſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lyme;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconſtant maid,
"You acted once (the ſhepherd ſaid)
"When love was in it's prime:
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

How can you act ſo cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.——
We ſoon muſt part for months, for years——
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

To the Same.

YOUR ſhape, your lips, your eyes, are ſtill the ſame,
Still the bright object of my conſtant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that ſtole,
With gentle ſweetneſs, my enchanted ſoul?
Kind fears, impatient wiſhes, ſoft deſires,
Each melting charm that love alone inſpires.
Theſe, theſe are loſt; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet ſtill unchang'd, ſtill doating to exceſs,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you leſs;

Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;
But not unpuniſh'd ſhall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bleſt, when you like me could love.

To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
I ſay to my heart, "Be at reſt, and believe
"That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will leave."

II.

But ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame.

To the Same, with a New Watch.

WITH me, while preſent, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies,
And meaſure time, by joy ſucceeding joy.
But when the cares that interrupt our bliſs
To me not always will thy ſight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

An Irregular ODE, written at Wickham in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE ſilvan ſcenes with artleſs beauty gay,
Ye gentle ſhades of Wickham, ſay,
What is the charm that each ſucceſſive year,
Which ſees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my tranſported heart,
A ſenſe of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad ſummer's balmy breath that blows
From the fair jaſmine, and the bluſhing roſe?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming ſtore
Of rural bliſs was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant ſide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flow'ry pride.
No ſweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love theſe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving ſun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r
On favour'd mortals can beſtow,
Was giv'n to me in this auſpicious bow'r.

IV.

Here firſt my Lucy, ſweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the bliſsful fires
Of innocent deſires,
While Venus ſcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ſtrange encreaſe of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If ſuch another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience try'd
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

To the MEMORY of the ſame LADY.

A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

Ipſe cavâ ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

I.

AT length eſcap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry,

Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief,
Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gentle-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight
And taſte refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice,
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell,
For Death has ſtopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide

Along

Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flow'r-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
From these fond arms that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,

Could

Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
For whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Campden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on (*a*) Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where (*b*) Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep (*c*) Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where (*d*) Meles, or (*e*) Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome?
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright-ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The pow'rs of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd?

(*a*) The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.
(*b*) The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of PROPERTIUS.
(*c*) The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.
(*d*) The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called Meliſigenes.
(*e*) The Illiſſus is a river at Athens.

X.

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flow'rs her hallow'd tomb.
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou, plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet, peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!
Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charms of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To Guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile, or frown;
That could without regret or pain

To

To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or Int'reſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone, nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful Modeſty before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's cowards fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempeſts all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flow'rets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But in the midſt of all its blooming pride
A ſudden blaſt from Appenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows:
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate

Thei

Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and deſart rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd, and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend,
Your kind aſſiſtance lend
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:

Each

Each fav'rite author we together read
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind!
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay,
Nor dare th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade,
Was his moſt righteous will, and be that will obey'd!

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure, exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy grov'ling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Ev'n Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſov'reign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall miſs.
There Death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

VERSE

VERSES, making part of an EPITAPH.

On the ſame LADY.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her Eloquence was ſweeter than her Song,
Soft as her heart, and as her Reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſs'd.

HORACE.

Book IV. Ode iv.

(Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

Written at Oxford 1725 (*a*).

I.

AS the wing'd miniſter of thund'ring Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful (*b*) aſſiſtant of his maſter's love,
King of the wand'ring nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fan'd the vernal ſky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
In ſlight eſſays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breaſt;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he ſlaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The ſcaly ſnake and creſted dragon know:

(*a*) Firſt printed in Mr. WEST's PINDAR.

(*b*) In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical Hiſtory.

Or,

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight;
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the fight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame!

VII.

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raiſe,
And wiſe inſtructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is diſgrace,
And honour is by vice to ſhame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Aſdrubal ſubdu'd confeſs
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witneſs that auſpicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,
Firſt ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with waſteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this proſp'rous field,
The Roman glory dates her riſing pow'r;
From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring ſword to wield,
Raiſe her fall'n gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

XIII. Tis

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
" Like ſtags to rav'nous wolves an eaſy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
" Her gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
" Thro' angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore.

XV.

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs feel,
" Improves by loſs, and thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding ſteel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules,
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform,
" Which Pow'r Divine guards with propitious care,
" Which Wiſdom ſteers through all the dang'rous ſtorm,
" Thro' all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful war?"

VIRTUE AND FAME.

To the COUNTESS of EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way;
Said Virtue! Hark ye, madam Fame,
Your ladyſhip is much to blame;

Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car.
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
I never find myself so blest
As when I humbly wait behind you;
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
To seek you is an endless work."
"Well, answer'd Virtue, I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know (without offence to others)
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
Is lively chearful innocence;
Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parent's joy, her husband's passion."
Fame smil'd, and answer'd, "On my life,
This is some country parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown;
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon"—
"No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright;
Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
'Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it, Fame!"

Addition extempore, by Earl HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait reply'd,
"First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound
Her modest praise the world around;

But notes were wanting—Can'ſt thou find
A Muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of your's—'tis LYTTELTON."

Letter to Earl HARDWICKE, occaſioned by the foregoing Verſes.

MY LORD,

A Thouſand thanks to your lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before.

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The Muſe, who in my youthful days
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, "Once more I ſee
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I loſt you from my bower,
You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius ſported,
The grave Hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes,
Purſu'd Urania through the ſkies;
But now, to my forſaken track,
Fair EGREMONT has brought you back;
Nor bluſh, by her and Virtue led,
That ſoft, that pleaſing path to tread;
For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
Ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign to play.
Lo! to my flow'ry groves and ſprings
Her fav'rite ſon the goddeſs brings,
The council's and the ſenate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In ſinging WYNDHAM's charms divine.
To thine he adds his nobler lays,
E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praiſe,
Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy PITT
His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
For ſure one line from ſuch a bard,
Virtue would think her beſt reward."

On reading Miſs CARTER's Poems in MS.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wond'ring ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and ev'ry Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More pow'rful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poetreſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
"That place is mine, great Neptune cries:
Behold! how proud o'er all the main
Thoſe ſtately turrets ſeem to reign!
No views ſo grand on earth you ſee!
The maſter too belongs to me;
I grant him my domain to ſhare,
I bid his hand my trident bear."
"The ſea is your's, but mine the land,
Pallas replies; by me were plann'd
Thoſe tow'rs, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
That fort, which crowns thoſe iſland rocks:
The lady too is of my choir,
I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,
I gave her prudence, knowledge, taſte."——
"Hold, madam, interrupted Venus,
The lady muſt be ſhar'd between us:

And ſurely mine is yonder grove,
So fine, ſo dark, ſo fit for love;
Trees, ſuch as in th' Idalian glade,
Or Cyprian lawn, my palace ſhade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads came,
Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim;
But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
" Nor god, nor goddeſs, great or ſmall
That dwelling his or hers may call,
I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION

To the DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her H—v—y's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRumgold, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conq'ring ſtandards to Hibernia bore,
Tho' now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,
Think not that France ſhall borrow all thy fame—
From Britiſh ſires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to theſe it ow'd,
But the fair poliſh Gallia's clime beſtow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And livelieſt wit with ſoundeſt ſenſe combin'd.
They taught in ſportive Fancy's gay attire
To dreſs the graveſt of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to ſober Wiſdom's wrinkled cheek
The ſmile that dwells in Hebe's dimple ſleek.

Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

On GOOD HUMOUR. Written at Eaton School, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please,
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him, whom all must love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

Son

Some additional Stanzas to ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON, in ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Aſtolfo, ſtor'd within a vaſe,
Orlando's wits had ſafely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, cloſely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

Of fineſt cryſtal were thoſe bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not ſee:
Wherefore in humble wiſe the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treaſure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wond'rous thing it is, the Saint reply'd,
Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
An airy eſſence, not to be deſcry'd,
Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,
And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
For they are never eaſy while at home,
Nor ever owner thought them gone too ſoon.

V.

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
For fear they ſhould evaporate again;
And hard it is, a priſon to invent,
So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

VI.

Thoſe that to young and wanton girls belong
Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burſt the glaſs;
But thoſe that have below been kept too long
Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So ſpake the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
As of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
For various ſecrets there were brought to light,
Of which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

VIII.

Virginities, that cloſe confin'd he thought
In t'other world, he found above the ſky;
His ſiſter's and his couſin's there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, tho' good St John was by.

IX.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he eſpy'd
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear:
" Ah falſe and treach'rous fugitive! he cry'd,
Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here!

X.

Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
And thou already from thy poſt art flown!"

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, reply'd th' Apoſtle kind—
Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
Carry it *thither*, whence it took its flight."

XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father! quoth the joyous Knight,
The Moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
Let me but have the uſe on't for a night,
And I'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

To a young LADY, with the Tragedy of Venice Preſerv'd.

IN tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What pow'r the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain it's pow'r;
But, fav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the ſubject main her tow'rs ſhe rears,
And ſtands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worſt, or nobleſt ends, to ſerve,
And ſtrong alike, to ruin, or preſerve.
In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
A mind to Honour falſe, to Virtue true,
In the wild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
Yet ſaving innocence, tho' fame was loſt;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
But ſhe who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
Whoſe conq'ring love her country's ſafety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herſelf undone.

" Hen

* " Hence we may learn what Paſſion fain would hide,
" That Hymen's bands by Prudence ſhould be ty'd.
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry Fortune on their union frown:
" Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,
" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
" Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
" With mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain,
" And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguiſh of their grief:
" While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
" Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may Plenty ſhow'r delight,
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome night!
May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay,
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care decay;
Whoſe wealth may place you in the faireſt light,
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight!
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſtroy,
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reaſon ever diſagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond ſlave of hopeleſs love,
And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,
Canſt thou endure thus calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face,
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine?
O taſk, for feeble Reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but Deſpair!
Muſt I forbid my eyes that heav'nly ſight,
They've view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
Muſt my ears ſhun that voice whoſe charming ſound
Seem'd to relieve while it encreas'd my wound?

* The twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall variations, have been already printed in " Advice to a Lady," p. 613; but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat theſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.

O Waller!

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains leſs exquiſite than mine—
'Tis eaſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

Inſcription for a Buſt of Lady SUFFOLK; deſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made,
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS, in her Sickneſs. From TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
Feel the ſame fev'riſh heats that mine moleſt?
Alas! I only wiſh for health again,
Becauſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could unconcern'd my illneſs ſee?

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture while the world I cheat:
Tho' Prudence bids me ſtrive to guard my fame,
Love ſees the low hypocriſy with ſhame;
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride.

CATO's Speech to LABIENUS, in the Ninth Book of LUCAN.

(Quid quæri, Labieni, jubes, &c.)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond deſire
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine enquire?
Whether to ſeek in arms a glorious doom
Or baſely live, and ſee a king in Rome?

If life be nothing more than death's delay?
If impious force can honeſt minds diſmay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown diſdain?
If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
And right, dependant on itſelf alone,
Gains no addition from ſucceſs?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart theſe conſtant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our ſouls, allied to God, within them feel
The ſecret dictates of th' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When firſt his breath the ſeeds of life inſtill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipreſent mind
Has truth to Libya's deſart ſands confin'd,
There, known to few, obſcur'd and loſt to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, ſea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holieſt ſhrine, the virtuous ſoul?
Where e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundleſs univerſe, is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt becauſe they fear,
With pious awe to juggling prieſts repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle:
Cowards and brave muſt die one deſtin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

To Mr. GLOVER, on his Poem of LEONIDAS.

Written in the year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble taſk purſue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due:
To vulgar wits inferiour themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy ſong.
Yet ceaſe to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verſe will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou ſtriv'ſt our languid hearts to raiſe
By great examples, drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aſpire,
What Sparta ſcorn'd, inſtructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:

No

No gen'rous purpoſe can enlarge the mind,
No ſocial care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean ſelf-intereſt every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets preſides;
Where luxury conſumes the guilty ſtore,
And bids the villain be a ſlave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes ariſe
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and ſenates that obey!
O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty diſgrace,
That ſuffers public wrongs, and public ſhame,
In council inſolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raiſe their country's ſinking ſtate;
Her load of debt to eaſe by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harraſs'd poor to ſpare?
Is it, like honeſt Sommers, to inſpire
The love of laws, and freedom's ſacred fire?
Is it, like wiſe Godolphin, to ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and boundleſs pow'r reſtrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and ſhare the ſpoil,
On each relation, friend, dependant pour
With partial wantonneſs the golden ſhow'r,
And, fenc'd by ſtrong corruption, to deſpiſe
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouſe, Britons, rouſe; if ſenſe of ſhame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger ſpeak.
Lo! France, as Perſia once, o'er every land
Prepares to ſtretch her all-oppreſſing hand;
Shall England ſit regardleſs and ſedate,
A calm ſpectatreſs of the gen'ral fate,
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppoſe
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us ſeize the moment in our pow'r,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This criſis loſt, we ſhall be wiſe in vain.
And thou, great poet, in whoſe nervous lines
The native majeſty of freedom ſhines,
Accept this friendly praiſe; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;

Thou

Though not like thee I ſtrike the ſounding ſtring
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to ſing,
But idly ſporting in the ſecret ſhade
With tender trifles ſooth ſome artleſs maid.

To WILLIAM PITT, Eſq; on his loſing his Commiſſion, in the year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues markt thee out for fame,
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's name;
This gen'rous Walpole ſaw, and griev'd to find
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mind;
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bad thee lead the patriot band.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON,

From the Year 1728, to the Year 1747.

LETTERS

TO

IRTONIANUS TELETON,

From the Year 1728, to the Year 1737.

LETTERS TO SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON.

LETTER I.

To Sir THOMAS LYTTELTON, at Hagley.

DEAR SIR, London, Feb. 4, 1728.

I AM mighty glad you have made choice of ſo agreeable a place as Lorrain to ſend me to; I ſhall be impatient to hear that you have got a ſervant for me, that my ſtay here may be the ſhorter: in the mean while, you may be ſure, I ſhall not neglect to make the beſt uſe of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verſes; for her judgement does great honour to thoſe that pleaſe her. The ſubject is Blenheim-caſtle: I would have ſent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to tranſcribe them; you ſhall therefore receive them encloſed in my next letter.

The news you tell me of —— does not a little pleaſe me: whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendſhip that is between us more agreeable to you; for my ſatisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by obſerving you had not that eſteem for him as I could wiſh you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deſerve it better every day, and confirm himſelf in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleaſed with my Perſian Letters, and Criticiſm upon Voltaire; but, with ſubmiſſion to your judgement, I do not ſee how what I have ſaid of Milton can deſtroy all poetical Licence. That term has indeed been ſo much abuſed, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of ſuch extravagant fictions, that one would almoſt wiſh there were no ſuch words. But yet this is no reaſon why good authors may not raiſe and animate their works with flights and ſallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of reſtraining them within the

bounds of juſtneſs and propriety; for nothing can licenſe a poet to offend againſt Truth and Reaſon, which are as much the rules of the ſublime as leſs exalted poetry. We meet with a thouſand inſtances of the true nobleneſs of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made uſe of, and yet nature very ſtrictly obſerved. It would be endleſs to point out the beauties of this kind in the Paradiſe Loſt, where the boldneſs of his genius appears without ſhocking us with the leaſt impropriety: we are ſurprized, we are warmed, we are tranſported; but we are not hurried out of our ſenſes, or forced to believe impoſſibilities. The ſixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is ſtretched too far, and the *juſt* is ſacrificed to *the wonderful*; (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the ſchools.) To ſet this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Luſiados* of the giant that appears to the Portugueſe, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The ſtorms, the thunders, and the lightnings that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he repreſents; we are pleaſed with ſeeing him thus armed, becauſe there is nothing in the deſcription that is not founded upon truth: but how do ſwords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, becauſe it wants probability to ſupport it. We can eaſily imagine the Cape, extending its arms over the ſea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempeſts that mariners always meet with upon that coaſt, render ſuch a ſuppoſition very juſt; but with what grounds of reaſon can we ſuppoſe, that the angels, to defend the throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

"Non tali auxilio, nec defenſoribus iſtis,
"*Numen* egit."

The liberty in one fable is reſtrained to nature and good ſenſe; in the other it is wild and unbounded, ſo as frequently to loſe ſight of both.—Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion, and defend my own; for I ſhall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with thoſe who have ſuch regard to our judgement as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the head-ach; I can have but very little pleaſure in any thing, though it be ever ſo agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTE

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, Calais, April 29.

BEHOLD the promiſed poem!

PARENT of arts, &c.*

I cannot recollect the tenderneſs you ſhewed to me at parting, without the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude and duty to you. In reply to our long diſcourſe, I only beg leave to ſay, that there is a certain degree of folly excuſable in youth, which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I deſire no pardon. I hope my dear mother has dried her tears: my duty to her. I will write to you both when I come to Luneville. I am,

Your very dutiful and obedient ſon,

G. L.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR, Luneville, May 13.

THE incloſed is in anſwer to Sir Robert Walpole from Monſieur le Prince de Craon, who has ſhewn me all the favour and civility that I might expect from ſo powerful a recommendation. The duke himſelf was pleaſed to tell me, that he would endeavour to render my ſtay here as agreeable to me as poſſible. You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter; and do juſtice to Prince Craon, who has expreſt his regard to it in the ſtrongeſt manner, and by a kindneſs which I cannot enough acknowledge. I hope every thing goes on to your ſatisfaction in the affair I left you engaged in. It will be the greateſt happineſs to me to hear that you are pleaſed and in good health. I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

G. L.

"To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

"MONSIEUR, Luneville, May 13.

"J'ay reçu par Monſieur Lyttleton la lettre dont vous "m'honorez. Je tâcheray de répondre à ce que vous ſou-

* This poem is omitted here; it being already printed, p. 446.

" haitez de moi, en lui procurant ici, auprès de son Alteſſe
" Royalle, les agréments dûs à ſa naiſſance et à votre re-
" commendation ; et je m'en report au fidel compte, qu'il
" vous en rendra. Rien n'eſt plus flatteur pour moi, Mon-
" ſieur, que le ſouvenir de Milord Walpole. Je n'ay per-
" du aucune occaſion de me renouveller dans ſes bonnes
" graces depuis ſon retour en Angleterre ; et j'ay chargé
" tous mes amis qui y ont paſſe de me ménager une amitié
" qui m'eſt ſi précieuſe. Accordez la vôtre, Monſieur,
" au deſir que j'ay de la mériter, et à l'attachement avec le-
" quel j'ai l'honneur d'être,

" Vôtre très humble et très
" Obéiſſant ſerviteur,
" Le Prince CRAON."

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR, Luneville, June 8, 1728.

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon my ſiſter's marriage, and wiſh you may diſpoſe of all your children as much to your ſatisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a preſent of it to my pretty little M— ! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon ſhare of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. — upon the abrupt departure of her intended huſband : to be ſure ſhe takes it much to heart ; for the loſs of an only lover, when a lady is paſt three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loſs of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother deſires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the ſage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for ſo great a work ; my genius is light and ſuperficial, and lets ſlip a thouſand obſervations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much induſtry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houſes there are in Paris ; how many veſtments in a proceſſion ; how many ſaints in the Romiſh Calendar, and how many miracles to each ſaint : and yet to ſuch a pitch of exactneſs the curious travellers muſt arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he muſt be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully tranſcribing the inſcriptions, though they had no better author than the ſexton or curate of the pariſh. For my part,

I was

I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay I did not so much as take an inventory of the relicks in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a short particular of what rarities I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, rarée-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, Luneville, July 21.

I Thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs: but I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of quadrille has possest the land from morning to midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgement at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the

only one among them who has common ſenſe; and he is ſo ſcandalouſly debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his converſation is equally ſhocking to my morals and my reaſon.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exerciſe of the academy: I have been abſent from the laſt near three weeks, by reaſon of a ſprain I got in the ſinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and ſhe continue well. I am, Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, Luneville, Auguſt 18.

I Wrote to you laſt poſt, and have ſince received yours of the 20th: your complaints pierce my heart. Alas, Sir, what pain muſt it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience; and perhaps, after all, I may return and not anſwer your expectations. This thought gives me ſo much uneaſineſs, that I am ready to wiſh you would recall me, and ſave the charge of travelling: but, no; the world would judge perverſely, and blame you for it: I muſt go on, and you muſt ſupport me like your ſon.

I have obſerved with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your chearfulneſs of mind impaired. My heart has aked within me, when I have ſeen you giving yourſelf up to a melancholy diffidence, which makes you fear the worſt in every thing, and ſeldom indulge thoſe pleaſing hopes which ſupport and nouriſh us. O, my dear Sir, how happy ſhall I be, if I am able to reſtore you to your former gaiety! People that knew you ſome years ago ſay, that you were the moſt chearful man alive. How much beyond the poſſeſſion of any miſtreſs will be the pleaſure I ſhall experience, if, by marrying well, I can make you ſuch once more! This is my wiſh, my ambition, the prayer I make to heaven as often as I think on my future life. But, alas! I hope for it in vain if you ſuffer your cares and inquietudes to deſtroy your health: what will avail my good intentions, if they are fruſtrated by your death? You will leave this world without ever knowing whether the promiſes of your ſon were the language of a grateful heart, or the lying proteſtations of a hypocrite: God in heaven forbid

bid it ſhould be ſo! may he preſerve your health and prolong your days, to receive a thouſand proofs of the laſting love and duty of the moſt obliged of children! We are all bound to you, Sir, and will, I truſt, repay it in love and honour of you. Let this ſupport and comfort you, that you are the father of ten children, among whom there ſeems to be but one ſoul of love and obedience to you. This is a ſolid, real good, which you will feel and enjoy when other pleaſures have loſt their taſte: your heart will be warmed by it in old age, and you will find yourſelf richer in theſe treaſures than in the poſſeſſion of all you have ſpent upon us. I talk, Sir, from the fulneſs of my heart, and it is not the ſtyle of a diſſembler. Do not, my dear Sir, ſuffer melancholy to gain too far upon you: think leſs of thoſe circumſtances which diſquiet you, and rejoice in the many others which ought to gladden you: conſider the reputation you have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity, ſo uncommon in this age! imagine that your poſterity will look upon it as the nobleſt fortune you can leave them, and that your children's children will be incited to virtue by your example. I don't know, Sir, whether you feel this; I am ſure I do, and glory in it. Are you not happy in my dear mother? was ever wife ſo virtuous, ſo dutiful, ſo fond? There is no ſatisfaction beyond this, and I know you have a perfect ſenſe of it. All theſe advantages well weighed, will make your misfortunes light; and, I hope, the pleaſure ariſing from them will diſpel that cloud which hangs upon you and ſinks your ſpirits. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR, Luneville, Sept. 18.

I Thank you for giving me leave to go to Soiſſons; it is true, I have great mind to the journey; and as to my health, I have always found, that whatever pleaſes me does me good. You will laugh at the regimen, but I appeal to Miſs P— whether the ſight of Stowe gardens had not a better effect upon her than all the drugs in Burges's ſhop. My ſpirits were very low when I writ you my laſt letter, and I had not judgement enough then to conſider that the way to relieve your melancholy was to appear chearful myſelf; however, I beg you to believe that what I ſaid was the language of my heart, though it needed not have been ſaid with

ſo much warmth. I moſt ſincerely love you, and cannot help being deeply affected at your leaſt complaint. But don't let this deprive me of your confidence, for I have no greater pleaſure in life than ſeeing myſelf honoured with it.

I am frighted at the ſickneſs in Worceſterſhire; pray God preſerve you and your whole family! Such is the prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and obedient ſon,

G. L.

LETTER VIII.

Soiſſons, Oct. 28.

I Thank you, my dear Sir, for complying ſo much with my inclinations, as to let me ſtay ſome time at Soiſſons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reaſons for diſliking Luneville, was the multitude of Engliſh there, who moſt of them were ſuch worthleſs fellows, that they were a diſhonour to the name and nation. With theſe I was obliged to dine and ſup, and paſs a great part of my time.

You may be ſure I avoided it as much as poſſible; but, *malgré moi*, I ſuffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themſelves not to admit any foreigner into their company; ſo that there was nothing but Engliſh talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soiſſons are men of virtue and good ſenſe; they mix perpetually with the French, and converſe for the moſt part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this ſubject; but give me leave to ſay, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my ſentiments in this particular are the ſureſt proofs I ever gave you of my ſtrong and hereditary averſion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainbleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindneſs. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep ſtrict guard over the cardinal, for fear the German miniſters ſhould take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman ſo many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whoſe arms to throw himſelf.

Ripperda's eſcape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not ſeem to want another obſtacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own intereſts in this buſineſs, 'tis impoſſible

impoſſible that the good work of peace ſhould go on much longer. After all, moſt young fellows are of his party, and wiſh he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill miniſters at a congreſs, but would make good ſoldiers in a campaign.

No news from —— and her beloved huſband: their unreaſonable fondneſs for each other can never laſt; they will ſoon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray heaven I may prove a falſe prophet! but married love, and Engliſh muſick, are too domeſtick to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad ſhe has no complaint. You ſay nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and ſiſters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handſome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I ſhall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your moſt affectionate and dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR, Soiſſons, Nov. 20.

THIS is one of the agreeableſt towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to ſtrangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually ſhare with them in their pleaſures. I have learnt more French ſince I came here, than I ſhould have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The deſire of a further progreſs and improvement in that tongue, has led me into ſome thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you ſend me to Italy next ſpring, as you once deſigned to do, one great inconvenience will ariſe, viz. that before I am perfect in ſpeaking French, I muſt apply myſelf to Italian, from which it may probably come to paſs that I ſhall not know much of either. I ſhould, therefore, think it more for my advantage to make the tour of France, before I ſet out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reaſon, which at leaſt will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be neceſſary to ſettle firſt, upon account of the purity of the language, which is ſpoke corruptly in other places) is ſo unwholeſome

as to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccuſtomed to that air; and therefore moſt travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy theſe two objections to the foregoing ſcheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: ſuppoſe I ſtay here till after February, I may in March, April, May, and June, ſee Orleans, Lions, and Bourdeaux, and paſs July, Auguſt, and September, in the ſouthern provinces. The air of thoſe countries is ſo pure, that the greateſt heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the ſhorteſt road I can take for Italy, and ſo through Tuſcany to Rome, where I ſhall arrive about December, having ſeen what is curious in my way.

I may paſs two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the moſt delightful part of Italy, and the fineſt air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Meſſina, and from thence to Malta, which lies juſt by. From Naples I may travel along the coaſts of the Adriatick ſea, by Ancona and Loretto, to Venice, where, if I ſtay but to the end of July, I ſhall have Auguſt, September, and October, to ſee Padua, Verona, Milan, and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian gulph. In the winter I may ſettle at Sienna, where there is a good academy, and where they are not troubled with any Engliſh. From thence I may go to Turin, if you pleaſe, and ſtay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a ſecond time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and ſo by Dijon to Paris When I am there, it will be wholly in your breaſt how long you would have me ſtay abroad, and whether I ſhould come home the ſhorteſt way, or have the pleaſure of ſeeing Holland. This, Sir, is the plan that I offer to you which I hope you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it ſo exact as never to depart from it; but am perſuaded that, generally ſpeaking I ſhall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorrain into it, becauſe it lies quite out of the way, and becauſe (to ſay the truth) I am unwilling to go thither I know, my dear Sir, I ſhould acquaint you with my reaſons for the diſlike I have expreſſed againſt that place. This is not ſo eaſy an *eclairciſſement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of perſons depend upon a combination of circumſtances, many of which are in themſelves minute but have weight from their aſſemblage with the reſt. Our minds are like our bodies; they owe their pain or pleaſure

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) the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of hich is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible re the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we ve; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make pon us, and the delights or uneasiness which they cre-te! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that oncur to sooth or to disorder them. But in both, the im-ressions are more strong as the frames which they act upon re more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute any of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my tem-er, and I flatter myself you will not think that reason the orst I could have given you. But there are others more ros and evident, which I have already in part informed ou of, and which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the rst lessons of any art. The reason is, that the aukward-ess we have shewn in such beginnings, lessens us in the yes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it as given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there nore unavoidably subject to *quelques bevües d'ecolier*, as the *olitesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than lsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in thers, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depress-s my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company, where one fears too nuch to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill eceived, has as bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing tself. This is the first and strongest reason, why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of he foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught o value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me lescribe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But supposing no danger in this brutal unimproving socie-y, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults loes it expose our morals and understanding? A fool, with majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Don't imagine, dear Sir, that I am setting up for a reform-r of mankind, because I express some impatience at he folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far rom expecting they should all be wits, much less phi-osophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me,

not

not to prejudice me in favour of other people's, when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagancies that have always an excuſe, ſometimes a grace, attending them. Youth is agreeable in its ſallies, and would loſe its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reaſonable head, and an honeſt heart, are never to be diſpenſed with. Not that I am ſo ſevere upon Luneville and my Engliſh friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good ſenſe among them. There are ſome undoubtedly; but all I know are uneaſy at finding themſelves in ſuch ill company. I ſhall trouble you no farther upon this head; if you enter into my way of thinking, what I have ſaid will be enough: if you don't, all I can ſay will have no effect. I ſhould not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happineſs of converſing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear Sir, in this diſtant way of conveying my notions to you; and let me talk to you as I would to my deareſt friend, without awe, correctneſs, or reſerve. Though I have taken up ſo much of your time before, I cannot help giving myſelf the pleaſure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken me into his family. I have the honour of his converſation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was ſo good as to deſire me to aſk your leave to paſs the winter with him; and, to encourage me to do it, promiſed me that I ſhould not be without my ſhare of public buſineſs. The firſt packet that comes from Fountainbleau I expect to be employed, which is no ſmall pleaſure to me, and will, I hope, be of ſervice.

Don't you think, Sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me, and deſire him to excuſe it, if his civilities make me troubleſome to him longer than you deſigned? You know ſo well how to do thoſe things, that I am perſuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a ſecret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzendorff is going out of favour; this is of conſequence to the negociations, but you muſt not mention it: while I am not truſted with affairs, you ſhall know all I hear, but afterwards *nil patri quidem*. I was ſaying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of priſon into the land of liberty; he repli-

plied, that whatever the duke might think, he was in nger of going to priſon again.

This was ſaid ſome time ago, and things may have alter- ſince. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR, Soiſſons, Dec. 20.

A Sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broke all my mea- ſures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to ſtay there in e room of Meſſrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on eir return for England. His Excellency is ſo kind and ood as to deſire me to accompany him to Paris, and live ere *en famille*, at leaſt till I hear from you. As the ex- ence will not be great, having the convenience of his ta- e; and as a winter journey to Lorrain is impracticable; have ventured to take this ſtep without your orders. It is ith me as it is with embaſſadors, who, though ever ſo eſirous of keeping cloſe to the letter of their inſtructions, e ſometimes obliged to act without them, and follow their wn judgement without conſulting their ſuperiors. The roposal of being let into buſineſs, and the advantage of Mr. oyntz's converſation, makes me very unwilling to quit him ow, when I begin to know him more intimately, and to in his confidence. I have already copied ſome papers for m, and don't doubt but he will continue to employ me.

I have troubled you ſo often with Ripperda, that I am moſt aſhamed to mention him again; but the concluſive ſwer of Mr. Stanhope to the duke of Ormond, and the her Spaniſh miniſters, was, that when Spain would give o the Engliſh rebels, England would ſend back Ripperda.

Prince Frederick's journey was very ſecret; Mr. Poyntz d not hear of it till Friday laſt; at leaſt he had no pub- notice of it. There will be fine ſtruggling for places. hope my brother will come in for one. Adieu, Sir, Be- eve me always

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

I HAVE ſo much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; ſo kind a compliance with all my wiſhes

ſurpaſſes

ſurpaſſes my acknowledgement. Your two letters to Mr Poyntz had their effect, and were anſwered with a profuſion of civilities, and marks of friendſhip and eſteem; but the incloſed will inſtruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permiſſion to quit Lorrain, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have miſtaken my ſenſe in ſome arguments made uſe of there, but it is needleſs to ſet you right. Your kindneſs and indulgence to my deſires, is an argument more perſuaſive than all the reſt, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, Sir, ſpent more than I could wiſh, and the neceſſity of doing it gives me no ſmall uneaſineſs; but it is an undoubted fact, that without ſhew abroad there is no improvement. You yourſelf confeſs it, when you ſay the French are only fond of ſtrangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You expreſs a great uneaſineſs for fear I ſhould grow fond of games of chance. I have ſometimes riſqued a little at them, but without any paſſion or delight. Gaming is too unreaſonable and diſhoneſt for a gentleman, who has either ſenſe or honour, to addict himſelf to it; but, to ſet you quite eaſy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and deſire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myſelf to this deſtructive paſſion, which is ſuch a whirlpool, that abſorbs all others. It is true I have been a ſufferer at quadrille, and muſt even ſuffer on, for *point de ſocieté ſans cela c'eſt un article preliminaire à tout commerce avec le beau monde* I may venture to aſſure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aſide, as you apprehend.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G.

LETTER XII.

"SIR, Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

I HAVE received your two kind letters, in which you are pleaſed very much to over-value the ſmall civilities it has lain in my power to ſhew Mr. Lyttelton. I have no reaſon to thank you, Sir, for giving me ſo convincing a mark of your regard, as to interrupt the courſe of his travels on my account, which will lay me under a double obligation to do all I can towards making his ſtay agreeable and uſeful to him; though I ſhall ſtill remain the greater gainer in the pleaſure of his company, which no ſervices of mine can ſufficien

ſufficiently requite. He is now in the ſame houſe with me, and by that means more conſtantly under my eye than even at Soiſſons; but I ſhould be very unjuſt to him, if I left you under the imagination, that his inclinations ſtand in the leaſt need of any ſuch ungenerous reſtraint. Depend upon it, Sir, from the obſervation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in ſo tender a point, that he retains the ſame virtuous and ſtudious diſpoſitions, which nature and your care planted in him, only ſtrengthened and improved by age and experience; ſo that, I dare promiſe you, the bad examples of Paris, or any other place, will never have any other effect upon him, but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under theſe happy circumſtances he can have little occaſion for any other advice, but that of ſuſtaining the character he has ſo early got, and of ſupporting the hopes he has raiſed. I wiſh it were in my power to do him any part of the ſervice you ſuppoſe me capable of. I ſhall not be wanting, to employ him, as occaſion offers, and, to aſſiſt him with my advice where it may be neceſſary, though your cares (which he ever mentions with the greateſt gratitude) have made this taſk very eaſy. He cannot fail of making you and himſelf happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taſte and delicacy of genius, he can but recall his mind, at a proper age, from the pleaſures of learning, and gay ſcenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigue of buſineſs. This I have ſometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, though his own good judgement made it very unneceſſary.

Though I have only the happineſs of knowing you, Sir, by your reputation, and by this common object of our friendſhip and affections, your ſon; I beg you would be perſuaded that I am, with the moſt particular reſpect, Sir,

Your moſt humble, and obedient ſervant,

S. POYNTZ."

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Feb. 1729.

I MADE your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handſomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination, how long I ſhall ſtay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He aſſured me, with the ſame obliging air of ſincerity and goodneſs as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the leaſt ſo; and that my company again at Soiſſons would

would be the greateſt relief and pleaſure to him; with many other kind expreſſions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I can't repeat. I have a thouſand thanks to pay you, Sir, for ſo kindly preventing my deſires, and continuing me in the poſſeſſion of a happineſs which I was afraid was almoſt at an end. The time I ſpend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the moſt agreeable, as well as the moſt improving, part of my life. He is a ſecond father to me, and it is in his ſociety that I am leaſt ſenſible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneaſy at the ſituation the king's ſpeech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithſtanding the little triumph that the enemies of the government may ſhew upon the preſent ſeeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confuſion, and to the honour of the councils they oppoſe. The greateſt miſchief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not ſenſible of, was by the number of diſaffected papers, full of falſe and malicious inſinuations, which, being tranſlated and ſhewn to foreign miniſters, unacquainted with the lenity of our conſtitution, and the liberty of ſcandal it allows, made them think that the nation would diſavow the meaſures taken by the court, and were the principal cauſe of the delays and difficulties that retard the public peace. The vigorous reſolutions of both houſes to ſupport his majeſty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that deciſion we deſire. Adieu, my dear Sir; and believe me to be

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR, Paris, March 11.

THE affair of the Goſport man of war has raiſed a moſt extravagant ſpirit of reſentment in the French. They talk of nothing leſs than hanging their own officer, and ſeem to expect that ours ſhould come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he ſays, he has had no account of it from England; but deſires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a falſe report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the caſe muſt have happened frequently, he ſhould think it very proper that as many precedents as can be found ſhould be collected and ſent him over. He apprehends as much as yo

you a popular declamation from the Craftſman on this unlucky ſubject. The imbarkation you ſpeak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garriſons; perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to truſt me with, though I hardly imagine ſo; becauſe I have ſuch marks of his confidence, as convince me he does not doubt of my diſcretion.

Love to my brother——; I dare ſay he will be a gainer in the end of this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow has ſo much of the martial ſpirit in him. What you tell me of——amazes me. I ſhall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too ſoon; ſince he, whoſe affection I was ſo ſure of, has ſo injuriouſly convinced me of my miſtake. I confeſs I thought malice or ill-nature as great ſtrangers to him as to poor———: but what are the judgements of young men? Indeed, my dear Sir, we are very ſilly fellows.

I can't help tranſcribing a few lines of my ſiſter's letter, of the 10th, to ſhew you, that your goodneſs to your children meets at leaſt with a grateful return:

"We ſhould paſs our time but ill, if the good humour "of my mother did not make us all chearful, and make "amends for the loſs of thoſe diverſions which London "would afford us. The oftener I converſe with her, the "more I love her; and every one of her actions ſhews "me a virtue I wiſh to imitate. This you muſt be ſenſi"ble of, as well as I; but there is ſuch a pleaſure in "praiſing thoſe we love, that I muſt dwell a little upon "the ſubject, which, I dare ſay, will be as grateful to "you as it is to me. How happy are we with ſuch pa"rents! When I ſee my father almoſt ſpent with the cares "of his family; my dear mother confined here for the "good of her children; I'm overpowered with gratitude "and love! May you and they continue well! and I want "nothing elſe to compleat my happineſs." This, Sir, is a faithful extract, and ſpeaks the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear Sir,

I remain, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR, Haute Fontaine, near Soiſſons, May 27.

I HAVE letters from my lord——— and his governor, in which they both expreſs the higheſt ſenſe of the

friendſhip you have ſhewn them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured ſervice you did his relation, and ſpeaks of it as the greateſt obligation. My friend Ayſcough too boaſts of your protection, and profeſſes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your ſon. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all theſe favours, beſtowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleaſure of a grateful mind, which finds itſelf honoured in the obligation. I believe there is no young man alive, who has more happineſs to boaſt of than myſelf; being bleſſed with a ſound conſtitution, affectionate friends, and an eaſy fortune; but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have ſo deep a ſenſe, as the truſt and amiable harmony between the beſt of fathers and myſelf.

This is ſo much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the ſource of all the reſt, and as it is not to be loſt by misfortune, but dependant upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation. I am perſuaded that no weakneſſes or failings, which do not injure them, will occaſion the withdrawing of it from me; and therefore I conſider it as ſecure, becauſe I have uſed my mind to look upon diſhoneſty and ſhame as ſtrangers it can never be acquainted with: ſuch an opinion is not vanity, but it is ſetting thoſe two things at a neceſſary diſtance from us; for it is certain, that the allowing a poſſibility of our acting wickedly or meanly, i really making the firſt ſtep towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compiegne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almoſt at a criſis and there is great reaſon to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. W— has a ſurpriſing influence over the c—, ſ that, whether peace or war enſue, we may depend upon ou ally. In truth, it is the intereſt of the French court to b faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely b the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people t wiſh the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mer cantile intereſt has at no time been much conſidered by th court. If you reflect upon the apprehenſions of the goverr ment from the ſide of Spain, and their very reaſonable jea louſy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their manag ing the friendſhip, and adhering to the alliance, of Gre Britain. The ſuppoſition, that preſent advantage is the ba and end of ſtate engagements, and that they are only to b meaſured by that rule, is the foundation of all our ſuſpicio

again

againſt the firmneſs of our French ally. But the maxim is not juſt. Much is given to future hopes, and much obtained by future fears; and ſecurity is, upon many occaſions, fought preferably to gain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Haute Fontaine, near Soiſſons, July 6.

THE kind anſwer you made to my laſt was as great an addition to my happineſs as any I could poſſibly receive. You ſeem very uneaſy as to public affairs: and, indeed, conſidering the many inward and domeſtic calamities we are afflicted with, I cannot ſay but you have reaſon. I hope, however, to be able very ſhortly to ſend you ſome news, that will raiſe your ſpirits; for every thing is brought to a criſis; and, without ſome unforeſeen accident, we may expect a happy concluſion. And now, Sir, as far as I dare, I will tell you the reaſons for the confidence which I have expreſt. Out of two and twenty millions of piaſtres, that the galleons brought home, the king of Spain's ſhare is but ſix, allowing him all pretenſions to *dimes*, *droits d'entrée*, &c. and a moderate *indulto*. By the treaty of the Prado, and other conventions, the indult is fixed to five *per cent.* in time of war, as well as peace; but, as he has been at extraordinary charges in bringing of them home this year, the negociants are willing to allow him thirteen or fourteen *per cent.* in conſideration of it. If he arbitrarily reſolves to take more, beſides ruining his trade, which entirely ſtands upon the faith of thoſe conventions, he ſo far exaſperates France, that he may depend upon their entering vigorouſly into a war againſt him; and even with that, he will not have half enough to make good his engagements to the emperor; no, not even to pay his arrears.

It is, then, probable, that he will either break thoſe engagements, and ſign a peace with us, or ſeize upon the whole freight of the galleons; in which caſe France would find itſelf ſo concerned as to be compelled to right itſelf by arms, as principal in the quarrel, not as ally.

But as ſuch a violence, ſo contrary to treaties and to the intereſts of Spain, would render the queen odious to the nation, even though the war ſhould be carried on with ſucceſs, there is great reaſon to think ſhe will not venture it, conſidering the king's paſſion for abdication, and the uncer-

tainty her authority is in. I have ſtill a farther reaſon to hope we ſhall have peace, but it is not proper to mention it. I ſhall only ſay, that, as the queen's ambition for the eſtabliſhment of her family was the foundation of the Vienna treaty, a juſt ſenſe of the difficulty, perhaps impoſſibility, of obtaining it upon that plan, and a more eaſy and reaſonable one offered to her, may reconcile her to the proviſional treaty. After all, my dear Sir, I make no doubt but, let things come out ever ſo well, people will not want objections and complaints. Perfection is ſo impoſſible to be attained, and we are ſo apt to expect it, that it is in vain to hope any meaſures can be taken, that will meet with a general approbation. The badneſs of the weather, ſcarcity of corn, and even the ſicklineſs of the times, are laid to the miniſtry's charge; and ſo they would, if, inſtead of making alliance with France, we were now quarrelling with it to gratify the emperor. But you, I am ſure, will be ſatisfied, if by the negociations here our trade and honour are ſecured; and ſo they will be, or we ſhall adjourn to Flanders. His excellency deſires his humble ſervice to you. I hope my beloved mother is well. Pray my humble duty to her. And I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

The courier from Madrid is expected in five or ſix days.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Auguſt 13.

AS the courier brings you this, and there is no danger of its being opened, I make no ſcruple to acquaint you with all I know of the negociations; but only muſt beg you to take no notice of it to any body.

The queen of Spain has, as well from her own experience as the ſkilful repreſentation from Mr. Keene, been made ſo ſenſible of the inſincerity of the emperor in the promiſes he has made her, and the little ſhe could rely upon them, that ſhe is willing to throw herſelf, and all her intereſts, into the hands of England, provided that we, together with France and Holland, would engage to ſecure the ſucceſſion of Tuſcany and Parma to don Carlos, by Spaniſh garriſons to be placed in them, or at leaſt Swiſs troops in the Spaniſh pay. This laſt condition is contrary to the quadruple alliance which provides for the ſucceſſion of don Carlos to the dutchie

dutchies; but ſtipulates that they ſhall be held by neutral garriſons. However, the allies of Hanover have thought fit to grant it upon better terms, and to guarantee the diſpoſition they have made againſt any power who ſhall oppoſe or trouble it. It is the intereſt of all Europe, that the ſucceſſion of thoſe countries ſhould be ſecured to Spain. The emperor is too powerful already, and may become maſter of the liberties of Italy, if he has not a neighbour in thoſe ſtates who will be ſtrong enough to check him. The face of affairs in Europe is much changed ſince the quadruple alliance, which was formed to prevent the miſchiefs which might have enſued from the difference of the imperial court with that of Spain; whereas the treaty of Soiſſons has no other end than to prevent the much greater ones that would ariſe from their too cloſe union. I ſhall not enquire whether, in the former treaty, we did not compliment the emperor too far, nor take notice how ill we have been requited; but I am ſure we ſhall gain more by obliging Spain, and make the balance more even. The only difficulty to be conſidered is, whether this ought to have been done without the emperor's participation, or whether we can make good ſuch a diſpoſition without endangering the peace. In regard to the firſt, it is certain, the imperial court has no reaſon to expect any confidence from the allies of Hanover, after the many inſtances of inſincerity and *mauvaiſe foi* they have given us during the whole courſe of the negociations.

We have very ſure grounds to think, they have made the ſame propoſals to the queen of Spain, for other purpoſes, without communicating it to us; but is it likely ſhe would accept it from their hands, rather than from ours, whoſe ſincerity ſhe has experienced, and who have power and means to make good our engagements? Had we acquainted the emperor with our project, and ſued him to come into it, it would have been making him maſter of the negociations, and thereby hazarded their being prolonged to what length he pleaſed, which, conſidering the juſt impatience of the Engliſh nation, would have been worſe than concluding them by a war with Spain. One with the emperor is little to be feared, conſidering the formidable ſtrength of the alliance, and the difficulties that prince lies under from the unſettled ſtate of the ſucceſſion. It is more probable he will come into peaceful meaſures, as more conformable to his ſituation and the humour of his miniſters, who are all of them averſe to war. But it is undoubted, that our refuſing the queen of Spain her demands for don Carlos, would have forced her

desperately to close with the emperor's proposal, and enter into any engagements for the interests of her son, to which (as she told Mr. Keene) she had still more left to sacrifice. If we had provoked her to a war, we must have spent millions to obtain by force what this treaty gives us upon a condition, which it is our interest to grant. We expect a courier in a day or two from Mr. Keene, who will inform us more certainly than Banniers has, what to expect both from Spain and the emperor. Mr. Poyntz says, the effects of the galleons will not be delivered quite so soon as you expect, but that he hopes it will not be long first. It is very probable the article I have mentioned, as the fundamental one, in the treaty of Soissons, will be a secret one, and signed separately by the English, Spanish, French, and Dutch. The infinite variety of interests which have assembled so many powers will, I hope, be speedily adjusted; though you will own it is a work of time, and not so suddenly to be brought about, as some politicians in England seem to think. The affair of Mecklenburgh is the most troublesome, and one of the most important. H. B. M. is strenuous in opposing the Aulick council; and it is happy for the states of the empire, that they have so powerful a protector of their rights and liberties. As soon as our dispatches arrive from Spain, you shall hear the result of all I have acquainted you with in this.

I am very proud of the honour you did me, in approving of the reasoning in my last; it was founded upon Mr. Poyntz's discourse, and the papers he had the goodness to let me see, which I made the best use of I could. I am obliged to Mr. Pope for enquiring after me, and beg you would return my compliments.

Nobody can have a higher opinion of his poetry than I have; but I am sorry he wrote the Dunciad.

I most heartily rejoice that you enjoy your health, and pray God to continue it. His excellency is well, and desires his compliments. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, August 25th.

I AM glad you find the news I sent you so generally confirmed, but must beg pardon for an incorrect expression that escaped me in my last; having said that A^s. of H. guaranteed

ranteed the succeſſion to D. C. which I believe, is only true of England, France, and Holland.

Pour ce que regarde M. Keene, je puis ſeulement vous dire qu'il me ſemble que nos miniſtres ont toujours fait beaucoup de cas de ſon habilité, et qu'ils ont beaucoup deferé a ſes conſeils en tout ce que regarde la cour d'Eſpagne. Je ſçais auſſi que ſon ſentiment a toujours été d'emploier jamais les menaces en traitant avec cette cour; parceque, connoiſſant la fierté Eſpagnole, il croyoit qu'on ne pourroit rien gagner d'eux par ces moyens: c'eſt pourquoi il etoit d'avis, ou de venir à une guerre ouverte, ſans nous arréter a faire des menaces, ou de proceder par des voyes de douceur comme nous avons fait juſqu'ici. Voila ſon ſyſtême; et on s'eſt bien trouvé de l'avoir ſuivi. Il me paroit d'autant plus raiſonnable que je ne croy pas qu'on auroit jamais pû intimider la reine d'Eſpagne, qui, de l'humeur dont elle eſt, ne ſe ſeroit pas miſe en peine de voir le royaume de ſon mari plongé dans tous les maux de la guerre, pourvu que cela n'eut pas empeché ſes deſſeins en faveur de ſon fils. Elle ſe regarde comme une etrangére, et ne s'attend pas à reſter deux jours en Eſpagne, ſi le roi venoit a mourir ou à abdiquer la couronne. Mais enfin je ne pretens pas juſtifier tous les pas de M. Keene, dont quelques uns peuvent avoir été trop peu reſpectueux aux ordres qu'il à reçus. Vous dites que l'article de la guarantée pourroit bien etre conteſté en d'autres endroits que à Vienne. Je le crois; car il y a un certain parti chez nous, qui eſt fort dans les intérets de l'empereur, et qui ſera ſans doute fort faché de voir le peu de ſoins que nous en prenons. Mais laiſſons murmurer ces meſſieurs-la; et faiſons toujours une bonne paix, ſans nous ſouçier de leur mécontentments. Je ne puis pas vous repondre deciſivement ſur le dedommagement des portes de nos marchands: c'eſt une choſe à ſouhaiter, mais je doute de ſon execution. Ce qu'il y a d'aſſuré c'eſt qu'on reparera les torts de notre commerce, et qu'on le mettera en ſeureté pour l'avenir.

Dieu ſçait ſi ce que je vous ecrit eſt bon François, car je n'ay pas aſſez de tems pour l'étudier, ni pour en corriger le moindre mot.

G. L.

LETTER XIX.

MONSIEUR, Paris, Auguſt 30.

NOUS avons reçu des nouvelles fort extraordinaires d'Hannovre; ſçavoir, que le roi ſe voit ſur le point

d'etre attaqué dans ſes etats par ſon voiſin le roy de Pruſſe. Ce prince a une ſi forte inclination pour le grands hommes, qu'il les prend par tout où il les trouve ; et il vient nouvellement de faire enlever par ſes officiers pluſieurs ſujets d'Hannovre, qui avoient le malheur d'etre deſtinées par leur taille à entrer dans ſes troupes, ſans demander leur conſentement, ou celui du roi leur maitre. S. M. ſe croyant obligé à faire des repriſailles, arreta tous les Pruſſiens qui ſe trouvoient alors dans ſes etâts ; mais il promit, en même tems, au roi de Pruſſe, de les mettre tous en liberté, auſſitot que lui de ſon coté auroit congedie les Hannoveriens. Le procedé etoit fort equitable ; mais Frederic declara, que ſi le roi ne lui envoyoit pas une autre reſponſe plus ſatisfactoire avant un jour qu'il lui marqua, il viendra s'en faire raiſon a la tete du quatre vingt mille hommes.

Comme le roi ne ſe mit pas en peine de ſes menaces, et laiſſa paſſer le tems preſcrit, S. M. P. donna ordres à cinquante mille hommes de ſes troupes, de marcher en diligence aux frontiers ; et pour faire voir qu'il etoit bien ſerieux, il debourſa une groſſe ſomme, pour les entretenir. De façon que nous ſommes a la veille d'une guerre au milieu de nos negotiations pour la paix, et pour une ſujet qui n'a aucun raport aux difference que nous travaillons à terminer, nous ne doutons pas que l'empereur ne fomente ſous main la querelle, et qu'il ne tâche d'allumer un feu de cette etincelle qui embraſeroit toute l'Allemagne. On travaille pourtant à l'etouffer avant qu'il eclate ; mais on a tout à craindre de la folie du roi de Pruſſe, et des artifices de la cour imperiale. Comme ce roi a une armée ſur pied beaucoup plus forte que celle de S. M. B. et que le pays d'Hannovre eſt tout ouverte ; il eſt a craindre que l'ennemi n'y faſſe de grands progrès avant que le roi pourra ſe mettre en etat de l'empecher.

Les ſuites d'une pareille entrepriſe ſeroient aſſurement funeſtes a l'aggreſſeur ; mais les commencements pourront bien etre facheux pour ſa majeſté. Ce n'eſt pas la premiere extravagance de cette nature que le roi de Pruſſe a faite ; il a autrefois elevé un merchand Suedois, qui voyagoit dans le voiſinage de ſes etats, et pluſieurs Saxons, pour les forçer de ſervir dans ſes troupes ; et on a eu beaucoup de peine à lui perſuader de les rendre aux inſtances et aux menaces des puiſſances intereſſées. Je croy que de toutes les tetes couronné de l'univers c'eſt la plus inſenſée. Il ſe peut bien que vous avez deja entendu cette nouvelle ; mais comme je la tiens de ſon excellence, j'ay cru qu'il ne ſeroit pas mal à propos de vous la mander. Il me flattre que ſi la guerre ſe faiſoit tout de bon

vou

vous m'envoyerez à Hannovre, pour ne pas manquer à une ſi belle occaſion de me ſignaler au ſervice et à la vice du Roi. C'eſt une grace que j'attends de votre bonté, et du regard que vous m'avez toujours temoigné pour mon honneur et une reputation. Mais en trois ſemaines d'icy nous en parlerons plus certainement; et alors je prendrai le parti que vous jugerez le plus convenable. Son excellence à été fort indiſpoſé, mais il commence à ſe retablir. J'eſpere que vous vous portez bien, et que Madame eſt arrivée ſans accident a Hagley.

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Sept. 8.

SUNDAY by four o'clock we had the good news of a dauphin, and ſince that time I have thought myſelf in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is ſo improved on this occaſion, that they are all ſtark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and ſing about the ſtreets by hundreds, and by thouſands. The expreſſions of their joy are admirable; one fellow gives notice to the public, that he deſigns to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf, *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he ſees, *qu'il ſçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine firework to-morrow, his majeſty being to ſup in town.

The duke of Orleans was ſincerely, and without any affectation, tranſported at the birth of the dauphin.

The ſucceſſion was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to ſupport, and he pioufly ſings halleluja for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy. It is very late, and I have not ſlept theſe three nights for the ſquibs and crackers, and other noiſes that the people make in the ſtreets; ſo muſt beg leave to conclude, with aſſuring you that I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Sept. 16.

THE difference with Pruſſia is nearly compoſed; that king being intimidated with the firmneſs he found in his majeſty's allies to ſtand by him in caſe of a rupture, which he

he flattered himself they would not have done, especially the French. On the other side, Sickendorf the imperial minister, (who had intimated, in private discourse with the Danish secretary, that if the king of G. B. called in any of his allies to his assistance against Prussia, his master would think himself obliged to assist that kingdom with his forces) being asked in council, "whether the king of Prussia might depend upon "succours from his imperial majesty;" replied, "that he "had no orders to promise any." I suppose, you have a more ample account of this affair from Mr. West, so shall say no more of it. Mr. Poyntz has been very ill; but, I thank God, is on the mending hand.

We are now in the middle of September; and though the thoughts of leaving so kind a friend are very unpleasing to me, yet as I am now at the latest term I ever proposed, and as a further delay would make my journey to Italy impracticable, I am obliged to mention it to you, and to desire immediate leave to set out that way.

His excellency himself advises me not to defer it any longer, the winter being the proper season for seeing Rome; and this we are now in, for passing the Alps.

It is probable he will not be long in France; and therefore it is not worth my while, for a month or two longer, to lose the opportunity of my travelling as I always designed.

I hope I have given you no reasons to alter your first intentions of sending me to Italy, a country I long to see, and where I may expect to improve myself considerably.

You will undoubtedly thank Mr. Poyntz, upon my taking leave of him, for the many, and indeed infinite obligations I have to him, which do me so much honour, and of which I have so deep a sense. I protest to you, my dear Sir, that as you are the only person in the world to whom I am more indebted than to him; so, after you, there is nobody whom I more love and honour, and to serve whom I would sacrifice life and fortune so willingly as Mr. Poyntz. Were he a private man, and divested of that lustre which great abilities and employments give him, his virtues only would gain him the veneration and love of all the world. My nearness to him has given me opportunity to study his character, and I have found it more beautiful and perfect the closer I looked into and examined it. I propose to myself a great deal of pleasure in telling you some particulars of his conduct, which his modesty concealed from eyes that were less intent upon him than mine.

You need not give yourself the trouble of looking out for recom-

recommendations for me to any of the Italian courts, I being acquainted with their miniſters here, and not doubting but I ſhall have as many as I want.

The tumult of the people for the dauphin is a little over, and the nation are returning to their ſenſes. I remain,

Dear Sir, your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Sept. 27.

MR. Stanhope is on his way to Spain. The caprice and ſtubbornneſs of the king of Spain (which is not always to be governed even by his wife) made it neceſſary to ſend a miniſter to that court, of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. It is a melancholy reflexion, that the wiſeſt councils and beſt meaſures for the public good are ſometimes to be fruſtrated by the folly and incapacity of *one* man!

How low is the ſervitude of human kind, when they are reduced to reſpect the extravagance, and court the pride, of a ſenſeleſs creature, who has no other character of royalty, than power to do miſchief!

However, I hope, all will turn out well, and that his Catholic majeſty will behave himſelf a little like a king, ſince the queen will have him be one in ſpite of his teeth. About three months ago, ſhe caught him going down ſtairs at midnight, to abdicate, in his night-gown. He was ſo incenſed at the ſurprize and diſappointment, that he beat her cruelly, and would have ſtrangled her if ſhe had not called for help.

This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain, to amuſe him with ſeeing ſights, in order to keep St. Ildefonſo out of his head. The journey has coſt immenſe ſums, ſo that the indult and treaſure they expect from Lima is already mortgaged, and the king more in debt than ever.

I have a word or two to add to my French letter, upon the ſucceſſion of don Carlos. There is a ſecret article in the quadruple alliance, not much attended to, which ſays, that in caſe the Dutch ſhould be unwilling to pay their ſhare of the neutral garriſons, the king of Spain ſhould, if he pleaſed, take upon himſelf to furniſh their quota for them (that is, two thouſand men).

ARTICLE SEPARE'.

"Que ſi les Seigneurs Etats Generaux des Provinçes Unies

"des

" des Pais Bas trouvoient qu'il leur fut trop a chargé de four-
" nir leur quote part des subsides qui seront payez aux Can-
" tons Suisses, pour les garrisons de Livourne, Porto Feraio,
" de Parme, et de Plaisance, selon la teneur du traité d'alli-
" ance conclue ce jourd'huy; il a été declaré expressement
" par cet article separé, et convenu entre les quatre parties
" contractantes, que dans ce cas le roi Catholique pourra se
" charger de la portion qu'auroient à payer les Seigneurs
" Etats Generaux."

By which it is plain, that the fifth article was not designed to be strictly understood; but that, notwithstanding the prohibition there expressed, a proportion of troops, in Spanish pay, might be admitted into Italy. But, what is of much greater importance, there is a private article in the Vienna treaty, by which the emperor is allowed expressly to send a body of 8,000 imperialists into Tuscany and Parma, upon the death of the present possessors. This is so certain, that upon the illness of the grand duke, which was apprehended to be mortal, the imperial minister actually wrote to hasten the march of the troops that way. This point the emperor obtained without our knowledge or consent, in contradiction to the terms of a treaty which we made in favour of his interests, and in prejudice to our own. And yet he and his friends complain of us, for securing ourselves against his breach of treaty, by giving up an article we are no ways concerned in, and which he had made so light of himself.

One would be astonished how Spain could be prevailed upon to yield him such a point; but the whole Vienna treaty is perfect infatuation on that side, where every real advantage is given up to the chimerical marriage with the arch-dutchess.

Mr. Poyntz is better; but the deep concern he takes in every incident that affects the negociation, much retards his recovery. Never did man love his country better, or was more active in its service. I have been much out of order, with a distemper that has been universal at Paris, and is probably owing to the Seine water; but I am very well again.

I am troubled and uneasy at my expences here, though you are so good and generous not to mention them in any of your letters. I am guilty of no extravagance; but do not know how to save, as some people do. This is the time of my life in which money will be ill saved, and your goodness is lavish of it to me I think without offending your prudence. My dear Sir, I know no happiness but in your kindness; and if ever I lose that, I am the worst of wretches. I remain, Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Oct. 6.

I HAVE the greateſt thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your laſt and ſhall labour to deſerve that goodneſs which is ſo kind and complaiſant to my deſires. I ſhall, in obedience to your orders, ſet out for Italy to-morrow, where I hope to make ſuch improvements as will anſwer the expence of the journey. But whatever advantage or pleaſure I may propoſe, I cannot, without a ſenſible affliction, take leave of my dear friend Mr. Poyntz, of whoſe favours to me I have ſo deep a ſenſe, that I cannot too often expreſs my acknowledgements. The time I have enjoyed his company has been ſpent ſo happily, and ſo much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not ſo much the livelineſs of his wit, and uncommon ſtrength of his judgement, that charm me in his converſation, as thoſe great and noble ſentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the moſt virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-ſeat, where I hope the air, and a little repoſe from the fatigue of buſineſs, will entirely reſtore his health. I ſhall obſerve your cautions againſt grapes, new wine, and pretty women, though they are all very tempting, but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to aſſure you of my duty and affection. I have wrote to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as ſoon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleaſure of being able to aſſure you, that the final project of a treaty ſent to Spain, is entirely ſatisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redreſs and reparation for all abuſes, grievances, and wrongs.

I am, dear Sir, with due reſpect,
Your moſt dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXIV.

" SIR, Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

MR. Lyttelton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exerciſe of the country, which has almoſt reſtored me to health. The firſt uſe I make of it, Sir, is

is to return you my ſincere thanks, for making me ſo long happy in his good company, which, I may with great truth ſay, has contributed more than any thing elſe, to make the tediouſneſs of this ſplendid baniſhment ſupportable to me, and to ſoften the impreſſions which the many perverſe turns of the negociations muſt have made upon my mind. I wiſh it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature diſpoſes him to over-value them, ſuch as they were; but I can only hope, that our future acquaintance may afford me opportunity of diſcharging ſome part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued uniformly the ſame as I deſcribed it laſt winter, and I am morally ſure will never alter in any country, or any part of life, for the worſe. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They ſeem to proceed chiefly from an ill digeſtion, which, I believe, may ſometimes be occaſioned by the vivacity of his imagination's purſuing ſome agreeable thought too intenſely, and diverting the ſpirits from their proper function, even at meals; for we have often been obliged at that time to recall him from *reveries* that made him almoſt abſent to his company, though without the leaſt tincture of melancholy.

I mention this laſt circumſtance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and ſpleen being the rock on which minds of ſo delicate a texture as his are moſt in danger of ſplitting. I have ſeen two or three inſtances of it myſelf in young gentlemen of the greateſt hopes; and the epiſtles wrote by Languett, to Sir Philip Sydney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular caſe to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promiſed more; but returning to England, conſcious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendſhip, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom buſineſs muſt be tranſacted, he conceived a total diſguſt for the world; and retiring into the country, ſat down with patience to conſume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleaſure aſſure you, that I ſee no ſymptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever chearful and active, and full of ſuch a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as ſuch zeal for the honour and intereſts of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him ſink down into indolence and inaction. However this ſickneſs of the mind, and an ill ſtate of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points moſt neceſſa-

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ry to guard againſt, in a nature the moſt exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to aſk pardon, for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the beſt of fathers; though this very circumſtance makes all my care ſuperfluous; but the friendſhip your ſon has expreſſed for me ever ſince his being here, and more particularly in my late illneſs, and at parting, is too ſtrong upon my mind, to ſuffer me to ſuppreſs any hint that may be of the moſt diſtant uſe to him, or may convince you of the ſincerity of that reſpect, with which I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble, and obedient ſervant,

S. POYNTZ."

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, Lions, Oct. 16.

I CAME well to Lions laſt Friday, after a very pleaſant journey, if the roads had been a little better. I am mightily pleaſed with this fine city, and could be willing to ſtay longer in it; but it begins to rain, and I muſt make haſte to paſs the Alps.

I cannot take leave of France, without ſending you a few obſervations upon the preſent ſtate of it; but I do it upon condition, that you ſhall ſhew them to nobody, though they ſhould have the good fortune to pleaſe you.

The preſent king is ſo little known, either to his ſubjects or foreigners, that the firſt have not much to ſay in his praiſe, and the latter are at full liberty to ſuppoſe what they pleaſe to his diſadvantage. For this reaſon, and perhaps from a little pleaſure we take in mortifying the French, we have generally a worſe notion of him than he really deſerves. We repreſent him as ill-natured, brutal, and incapable of buſineſs; but this character does not juſtly belong to him in any one particular.

I have enquired into the truth of the ſtories we are told of his barbarity, and find them entirely falſe. He has ſhewn great marks of good-nature, particularly to the queen, in being the only man in France that did not hate her for not bringing him a ſon. His behaviour to thoſe about him is perfectly affable and eaſy; I think more ſo than is conſiſtent with majeſty.

There is no one act of violence or injuſtice that can be laid to his charge; nothing vicious or irregular in his conduct. As to his incapacity for buſineſs, they are much miſtaken who ſuppoſe that he does nothing but hunt and ſleep.

I know

I know for certain, that there is no affair of moment, either foreign or domeſtick, that the cardinal does not communicate to him. I believe, indeed, he always acquieſces in his miniſter's opinion; but he is conſtantly conſulted and let into all the ſecret of affairs before any body elſe is truſted with it, even the *garde des ſceaux* himſelf. Nor is this confidence ever prejudicial; for he is maſter of an impenetrable ſecrecy, which is a good deal owing to the natural phlegm and reſervedneſs of his temper. It is hard to ſay whether he has courage or not; but the cardinal thinks he has, and dreads to engage him in a war for fear he ſhould grow too fond of it. He is cold, unactive, and inſenſible to all kind of pleaſures; his very hunting does not delight him; and this is what the French are angry at: they love that their monarch ſhould be gallant, magnificent, and ambitious, and do not care what price they pay for it, provided there be great news from Flanders, and fine entertainments at Verſailles.

Lewis the fourteenth underſtood their genius, and humoured it, in his wars and in his amours; but the frugality of the preſent court, and the dulneſs of a continued peace, are things they cannot reliſh.

In truth, his majeſty's worſt fault is a kind of baſhful timidity, which makes him ſhun all occaſions for ſhewing himſelf, and has very much the air of heavineſs. He is devout, which may degenerate into bigotry, as it did in his grandfather. It is to be feared, from the eagerneſs he expreſſes of winning money at play, that he may grow avaricious; but that is not always a certain ſign: his virtues and vices will probably remain as much concealed as they are now, during the life of the cardinal; but at his death, flattery and love may give him a new turn; or his diſpoſition, being no longer under any check, may exert itſelf more conſpicuouſly. Upon the whole, there appears nothing ſhining, nothing elevated or commanding, in his character, but ſuch a mediocrity as may make his people eaſy, and very capable of governing a kingdom, where there are no factions to contend with, and no diſaffections to overcome. His firſt miniſter is the moſt abſolute that ever exerciſed that authority in France, not excepting even Richelieu.

There is not one man in the whole nation dares ſpeak of any buſineſs to the king beſides himſelf, and thoſe immediately under his direction. The parliament is hardly the ſhadow of what it was. The princes of the blood, and the nobility, are all penſioners and dependants of the court, from the dukes and marſhals of France to the low-

eſt officer in the ſervice; their intereſt, once ſo formidable to the power of the miniſtry, is reduced to ſuch a degree of weakneſs, that not one them, if he had courage to rebel, is able to raiſe fifty ſoldiers againſt the king. And, what is of no leſs moment, the women are quite out of play, and are obliged to content themſelves with love-intrigues, inſtead of cabals againſt the miniſtry, to which they have a more violent inclination. So that the authority of the cardinal is without bounds; the diſpoſal of all dignities and employments is ſolely in his hands; and all buſineſs both at home and abroad is managed by his miniſtry and orders. The uſe he has made of this authority has been ſo juſt and beneficial to the ſtate, that, except the Janſeniſts, whom he treats with too much rigour, the nation is generally ſatisfied with his adminiſtration. He found the people almoſt ruined by the fatal *ſyſteme* of the Miſſiſippi; the king's finances ill directed, and his treaſures waſted in needleſs penſions and profuſe expences. The principle of his conduct therefore was, to eaſe the people, to reſtore their decaying trade, to ſave the king all the money he was able, and to retrench all ſuperfluous goings-out. But, in order to do this, he was convinced of the neceſſity of maintaining peace by all the means that were conſiſtent with the ſafety and honour of the ſtate. This has always been his intention in all treaties and alliances with foreign powers, particularly Great Britain, with whom he has cultivated the ſtricteſt friendſhip, becauſe he is ſenſible that we have the ſame views as he has for the preſervation of the public tranquility. On the contrary, Spain and the emperor, by a turbulent and ambitious conduct, have alarmed and put him upon his guard, and he has given his allies the ſtrongeſt proofs of being determined to bring them to reaſon. At home he has conſtantly purſued his plan of ſaving the public money; and it is thought, if he lives five years longer, and the peace continues, the king's revenues will be upon a better footing, and his treaſury fuller, than they have been under any miniſter this fifty years. He is himſelf a great deſpiſer of wealth, and conſequently uncorrupt, living modeſtly, and without any affectation of pomp or grandeur.

The greateſt complaint againſt him is the perſecution of the Janſeniſts, to whom he is a bitter enemy; not, however, out of love to the Jeſuits, but becauſe it is a maxim of his policy, not to ſuffer any difference of opinions, but to oblige every body to hold one faith, that he may the eaſier keep them under one maſter. As for the Jeſuits, they

gain no advantage by the severities against their antagonists, except the pleasure of revenge, for their ambition is very much restrained; and, though one of them be confessor to the king, the cardinal has denied him the privilege of nominating to benefices, which used to attend that place, and contributed more than any thing to raise the power and credit of the order.

Neither does he suffer them to meddle at all in politicks; it being another of his maxims, not to permit the members of any sect or order whatever to have any thing to do with state affairs, because it is to be feared that such persons, having a separate interest from the state, will prefer the advantage of their particular body to the general, upon all occasions where they interfere. And of the truth of this there are many instances. He is the very reverse of Mazarin, both in his temper and administration; naturally honest and sincere, he hates all artifice in business, and is therefore very much disgusted with the imperial ministers, who affect fineesse and tricking in their negociations, more than any other court. Nobody has more sweetness and humanity in his disposition.

His conversation is free and agreeable, without descending from his dignity; his behaviour very moral and religious, though in his younger days he was suspected of a little gallantry. There is something very insinuating in his wit, and very proper for a courtier; but no extraordinary talents Had he come a little earlier to the ministry, he would have been more knowing, and have made a greater figure. He has a paternal affection for the king's person, and an ardent zeal for his service; and it is believed, that were his majesty to die, the old gentleman would retire wholly from business, and take care of nothing but his salvation. You see by the account I have given you, that he is not the crooked politician we take him for in England, nor yet so weak as some here are apt to think him; but a man of plain sense, that lays down a reasonable scheme, and pursues it constantly and fairly.

I come now to say something of the people; but the character is so well known in England, that it would be very impertinent to talk about it. I shall only observe, that the king had died before the birth of a dauphin, the same reason which renders them submissive to the present government, would have made them all rebels to the duke of Orleans; I mean the principle of divine, unalterable, hereditary right. The clergy, who enjoy a third of the lands of

France, and who in all nations are preachers of the *jus divinum* becauſe they pretend to it themſelves, would no doubt have been very zealous for the king of Spain; but at preſent they are very good ſubjects, only a little refractory againſt the conſtitution *Unigenitus*. The duke of Berwick, who is at the head of the army, is ſtrongly for the Engliſh alliance; and ſo is marſhal Villars.

It remains to give ſome account of the trading part, which, to the great misfortune of this nation, is the leaſt conſiderable of the three. When cardinal Richelieu came firſt to the miniſtry, the naval power of France was in ſo low and deſpicable condition, that a nation, formidable by land to all its neighbours, was liable to be inſulted at ſea by every little corſair and privateer. In the ſpace of a few years, that great man ſo improved their ſhipping, that they began to be able to make head againſt the ſtrongeſt maritime powers. Afterwards his diſciple, M. Colbert, upon the plan his maſter had traced him out, carried their commerce to ſuch a point, that it alarmed the jealouſy of the Engliſh and Dutch as much as their acquiſitions on the continent. They gained great eſtabliſhments in America; they ſet up various manufactures; they got all the treaſures of the flota and galleons into their hands; they became the chief traders in the Levant. I need not tell you how much the indolence of Charles the ſecond, and the weakneſs of his brother, contributed to this increaſe of the French trade: even our own partial hiſtories confeſs it. But the wars that ſucceeded the Revolution, the neglect of the following miniſters, the *ſyſteme* *, and other ruinous enterprizes, have ſince reduced them very much; and, though they are at preſent protected by good fleets, and much encouraged by the court, they are ſtill very full of complaints: they are terribly exaſperated againſt the court of Spain, for their frequent infractions of treaties of commerce, in detaining the effects of the galleons, and demanding extravagant indults of the proprietors; beſides many particular grievances and wrongs, of which it is not proper to enter into a detail. The Engliſh aſſiento contract, and the favourable privileges granted to them by the ſucceeding conventions, are great mortifications to the merchants here; not only as they were in poſſeſſion of that trade themſelves during all the war, but as they are in great need of it, to furniſh themſelves with piaſtres to carry on their commerce to the Levant. They pretend we are guilty of

* Miſſiſippi.

many abuſes in the exerciſe of our privileges, and that we find means to elude the reſtraints they have left us under. They are alſo exceedingly alarmed at our new linen manufacture in Ireland; which, they imagine, will be greatly detrimental to the trade of Bretagne and Normandy; no doubt, with very good reaſon. There are ſeveral late advantages we have gained over them in the Levant, in Barbary, and the Weſt Indies, at which they are very uneaſy, but it is likely to be to little purpoſe. The government is made guarantee by ſeveral treaties, particularly that of Hanover, to all the branches and privileges of our trade, as we now enjoy them; and therefore they can neither complain of us, nor look for any ſatisfaction while thoſe treaties ſubſiſt, which are in no danger of being broke. After all, their country is ſo ſituated for commerce, ſo fruitful in productions which others want, and the people are ſo induſtrious, that one would imagine, with proper encouragement, they could not fail of gaining the ſuperiority over all their neighbours. But, notwithſtanding all theſe natural advantages, the abject ſlavery they are in, the number of hands that are employed in the military ſervice, the ſwarms of idle eccleſiaſtics, and, above all, the chimerical diſtinction between a gentleman and a merchant, will always keep their traffic low; and the country will continue in the poverty I ſee it now, which is more miſerable than I could ever have imagined.

I ſhall conclude my remarks by obſerving, that the roguery and rapine of the intendants of towns and balliages, and the partial execution of their power of levying taxes, is a greater cauſe of the ruin of the provinces than the ſeverity of the government.

It is indeed the curſe of arbitrary ſtates, that the inferior officers are worſe tyrants than thoſe they ſerve, and revenge their own ſlavery upon the wretches who are ſtill lower than themſelves, by a more grievous inſolence and extortion. This, and the corruption of their courts of juſtice, where favour and ſolicitation have more weight than right or equity, are the conſtitutional maladies of the nation, and grown ſo habitual to it that they are hardly to be removed. Thank God, we know neither in England; but are bleſt in an impartial adminiſtration of the wiſeſt laws, and ſecured from concuſſions and other violences, by the noble privilege we enjoy of being taxed by none but our repreſentatives.

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I am more ſtrongly attached to my own country by what ſee of the miſeries abroad, and find the ſpirit of Whiggiſm grows upon me under the influence of arbitrary power: it will ſtill encreaſe when I come into Italy, where the oppreſſion is more ſenſible in its effects, and where the fineſt country in the world is quite depopulated by it.

I ſet out to-morrow for Geneva, in company with Sir William Wyndham's ſon, and ſhall go from thence to Turin. I have ſufficiently tired you with ſo long a letter, ſo ſhall end with aſſuring you of the reſpect and affection with which I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXVI.

MON CHER PERE, Geneva, Oct. 26.

IL y a trois jours que je ſuis a Geneve; et je vous aſſure que j'en ſuis tout à fait charmé. Le lac, les montagnes, et les promenades, qui ſont autour de cette belle ville, preſentent la vue la plus riante et la plus agreable qu'on puiſſe voir; et la ſocieté en dedans eſt auſſi polie et auſſi ſçavante que dans aucun endroit de l'Europe. Il me paroit qu'on auroit beaucoup de peine à trouver ailleurs une ſi jolie retrait pour l'exerciſe et pour l'etude. En venant de Lions icy, je me ſuis un peu detourné de ma route, pour voir le grand couvent des Chartreux, qui eſt ſitué dans un deſert affreux, parmi des rochers et des precipices preſque inacceſſibles, où de tout coté on voit tomber des torrents du plus haut ſommet des montagnes, pour former une petite riviere, qui remplit la profondeur du vallon, et coule avec beaucoup de rapidité entre des bois et des forets ſauvages dont tout le pais eſt couvert. Jamais ſituation n'a été plus conforme au genie des Chartreux que celle cy que choiſit leur fondateur pour y batir leur couvent, ni plus propre à leur faire oublier le monde par l'eloignment de toute ſocieté humaine, et de toute ce qui peut reveiller leur deſirs. La maiſon eſt batie ſimplément, et ne conſiſte que dans un long arrangement de cloitres et de cellules ſeparées les unes des autres, avec une egliſe, et une ſalle à manger. Vous ſçavez qu'ils ne parlent que les dimanches et les jours de fête, et qu'ils mangent maigre toute l'année. Une ſolitude et une diſcipline ſi rigoureuſe les rend ſans doute très miſerables; ils vivent pourtant longtems, et joüiſſent d'une tranquillité apparente. Leur temperance conſerve leur ſanté; et ils s'amuſent dans leur

cellules à des occupations mechaniques et laborieuſes, qui ſervent à vaincre l'ennui de leur priſon. Il y en a cependant quelques uns, qui, n'etant pas propres au travail, languiſſent dans une oiſivité penible, et ſe tuent à force de rever.

Ils nous ont reçu M. Wyndham et moi avec beaucoup de politeſſe; et nous ont fait les honneurs de leur maiſon, en nous donnant un bon ſouper en maigre, et des lits aſſez commodes dans leur cellules. Leur Ordre eſt riche, quoiqu'il ne paroit pas dans leur maniere de vivre; le couvent, où j'ay été, poſſede tous les bois et toutes les montagnes qui l'environnent par l'eſpace de trois ou quatre lieux. Je ſouhaitrois que le recit que je viens de faire pourroit vous donner quelque idée du plaiſir que j'ay eprouvé en voyant une ſolitude plus ſauvage et plus rude qu'aucune de celles qu'on nous depeint dans les romances, et où Don Quixote n'auroit pas manqué de trouver des géans et des enchanteurs. La hauteur prodigieuſe des rochers, le bruit des eaux qui en tombent, l'ombre des bois dont ils ſont ornés, et la riviere qui en arroſe les pieds, forment une ſcene ſi nouvelle et ſi étonnante, que le plus habile pinçeau ne viendra jamais à bout d'en peindre la bizarrerie et la beauté.

Je partirai en deux jours pour Turin, où je ferai une ſejour de deux ou trois ſemains. Je m'attends à trouver beaucoup d'incommodité en paſſant les Alpes, parceque les neiges commençent deja à tomber. J'eſpere de reçevoir bientot de vos nouvelles, et de pouvoir me rejouir de la certitude qu' elles me donneront de votre ſanté, et de celle de ma chere mere et de mes freres et ſœurs. Adieu.

G. L.

LETTER XXVII.

MON CHER PERE, Turin, Nov. 16.

IL y a dix ou douze jours que je ſuis icy, ou j'ay trouvé une reception fort honnête, dont je ſuis redevable aux recommendations de monſieur le marquis de Santacru, ambaſſadeur d'Eſpagne au congrés, qui a demeuré long tems à cette cour, et y eſt fort conſideré. Si la paix ſe fait, il ira en Angleterre, ou je vous prie, Monſieur, de vouloir bien le remerçier pour moi des civilités qu'il m'a fait. J'ay eu un aſſez rude paſſage ſur le Mont Cenis; la neige tomban avec beaucoup de violence; et le vent de bize, qui nou donna dans le viſage, nous cauſant un froid epouventable Danzel en a eu le plus grand mal; car une groſſe fiévre l'

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pris, et il reſte toujours fort malade. Nous montâmes ſur des mulets; mais, pour deſcendre, il nous fallut des chaiſes à porteurs, à cauſe des precipices que la neige rendoit plus gliſſantes, et qui veritablement faiſoient peur. Les brouillards etoient ſi epais, qu'ils nous empechoient de voir les autres Alpes qui nous environnoient, et qui ſont beaucoup plus hautes que le Mont Cenis, quoique celui cy a trois lieües de hauteur. Ce qui nous faiſoit le plus de plaiſir etoit un torrent, qui peut s'appeller une riviere, qui tomboit de la çime de la montagne, et formoit des magnifiques caſcades entre les rochers qui s'oppoſent à ſa chute. La plaine de Piedmont eſt belle, et fort bien cultivée; ce qui nous a charmé d'autant plus que nous ſortimes du pays le plus deforme, et le plus deſert du monde. Je ne vous ferai pas la deſcription de Turin; c'eſt une ville aſſez connüe. Le Roi nous a reçu fort gracieuſement Monſieur Wyndham et moy. Il eſt toujours à ſa maiſon de Campagne, dont nous ſommes très fachés, parceque nous ſouhaiterions de lui faire notre cour.

He has his eyes very intent upon what we are doing on the ſide of Tuſcany, and would be glad to give us ſome diſturbance. The Milaneſe is the object of his ambition; and as a peace would be an obſtacle to any new acquiſitions, he is very much out of humour with the thoughts of it. They would not let him ſend a miniſter to the congreſs, becauſe they knew the part he would have acted there would not be very favourable to the repoſe of Europe. He is a great general, and has a fine army, and never loſt by a war.

Je conte de reſter icy ſept ou huit jours encore; enſuite j'iray à Genes et de la à Milan. J'ay par tout des bonnes recommendations, qui ſont des choſes fort neceſſaires pour les voyageurs. Je ſuis dans la derniere impatience de reçevoir de vos nouvelles, et d'apprendre que ma chere mere ſe porte bien, et que ma ſœur eſt heureuſement accouchée. Monſieur Wyndham voyage toujours avec moi, ce qui me fait beaucoup de plaiſir, comme ce jeune ſeigneur a infiniment d'eſprit, et du ſçavoir vivre, et qu'il eſt bien reçu de tout la monde. Vous aurez de mes nouvelles auſſitot que j'arriverai a Milan, ſi je ne vous ecris pas de Genes.

We have one great enemy in the army, the marſhal d'Uxelles; but that is of no conſequence to our affairs. I long to hear of Mr Stanhope's ſucceſs at the court of Spain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Genoa, Nov. 30.

I HAVE been at Genoa four days, and ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Milan. I am extremely pleaſed with the magnificence and beauty of this town, which is one of the fineſt in Italy. Nothing can be more noble than its ſituation, which riſes in an amphitheatre from the ſea, and has a ſpacious port before it, that is defended with a tolerable fortification, and is generally well filled with merchants ſhips.

Its palaces are fit to lodge kings; but I ſhall reſerve the deſcription of them to entertain you with at Hagley fireſide. The form of its government is ſo well known, and ſo nearly reſembles that of Venice, that I need ſay nothing to you about it. The low ſtate of its commerce, and the weakneſs of its once powerful fleet, which is now reduced to five gallies, have been obſerved by every traveller theſe thirty years. But what the republic ſuffers moſt in, is the decline of genius and ſpirit in their governors. The great families of Doria, Spinola, and Grimaldi, which are famous over all Europe for having produced ſo many illuſtrious generals, cannot now boaſt of one ſoldier in all their branches; the modern nobility are all ſunk in eaſe and ſloth, without courage or ability to act either for their own honour or their country's. So that the ſtate muſt neceſſarily languiſh, and would probably fall into the hands of ſome powerful neighbour, if the jealouſy of other princes did not hinder it, which is at preſent its beſt ſecurity. They are in great apprehenſions of the king of Sardinia who is continually undertaking ſomething to their prejudice and demanding conceſſions from them, which they ought not to grant, but are not able to refuſe. The greater part of the nobility are ſlaves to the intereſts of the emperor from the eſtates they poſſeſs in the Milaneſe, and kingdom of Naples, which render them obnoxious to that prince's power, and deſtroy the liberty of the ſtate. He often extorts ſums of money from them, greater or leſs, as he finds occaſion, beſides taxing them higher than his other ſubjects in thoſe countries. The preſent doge is a Grimaldi, but his dignity is almoſt expired. I muſt juſt take notice of ſome little arts that they practiſe here in their elections and reſolutions of ſtate, to let you ſee that the method of voting by ballot may be abuſed as well as any other. The body is divided into two partitions, one white, the other red; to each

each member of the council they give a ball, which thrown into the white conſents, into the red denies: after all have put in, they count the balls on either ſide, and ſo decide the queſtion by the majority. But it often happens, that ſome perſon has addreſs enough to convey in two balls inſtead of one; ſo that, when they come to reckon, they find a vote too much, which renders the election void, and obliges them to begin again, or put off the affair till another day, as is generally the caſe. This gains time to the loſing party for new *brigues*, and frequently changes the event. There are more tricks that they play of the ſame nature, as ſtopping up the whole by paper thruſt about half way in; but the firſt is moſt ſucceſsful. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR, Venice, Dec. 30.

AFTER ſeeing abundance of things well worthy of obſervation, and ſuffering a great many fatigues, I am got through the worſt roads in Europe as far as Venice. My pleaſure in coming to this town would have been much greater, if I had found any letters here from you and my other friends, as I had reaſon to expect; but whether it is my banker's negligence, or ſome diſorder in the poſt, I have not received a line from any body, which makes me very uneaſy, and gives me a thouſand fears. The public papers bring good news; the peace is ſigned with Spain, of which I wiſh you joy, and hope it will ſoon lead us to a general one. They tell us here, that the emperor is extremely diſſatisfied, and determined to oppoſe our new engagements. I believe they are not thoroughly informed; but if it be true, I am ſure he complains without any juſt cauſe. If he was ſincere in the quadruple alliance, he cannot be averſe to the eſtabliſhment of don Carlos in Italy: why then ſhould he be ſo angry at what is done for the better ſecuring that eſtabliſhment? If he is not ſincere, how can we be blamed for taking our precautions againſt him? But it ſeems he is jealous of a Spaniſh power getting foot in Italy. Would not the quadruple alliance have brought in one, after the death of the preſent duke? and what elſe does this treaty do, but a little advance the ſame deſign? The introducing Spaniſh garriſons into Tuſcany during the great duke's life is thought a hardſhip; but would it not have

have been an equal grievance to have impoſed neutral ones upon them? Are Swiſs troops more immediately under his dependance than Spaniſh ones will be? or are not all foreign forces equally offenſive to a prince in his own dominions? It is indeed a hardſhip, but a neceſſary one for the peace of Europe, and not at all greater than it would have been by the former treaty. I hear Mr. Stanhope is made a peer, and they ſay that Mr. Walpole will be ſecretary of ſtate; but nothing is talked of for Mr. Poyntz. I hope his modeſty will not be made a reaſon for leaving his other virtues unrewarded: I am ſure he had as great a ſhare in the merit of the preſent treaty as either of his collegues. You will pardon me, if I give you no account of my journey from Genoa hither; the number of things that pleaſed me are too great, and muſt be reſerved for converſation. Venice is the place in the world, that a traveller ſees with moſt ſurprize. We have a very fine opera; Colzona and Farinelli ſing; the laſt is a prodigy, and even beyond Seneſino. I beg my duty to my dear mother; and I remain, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR. Venice, June 13th, 1730.

LAST poſt brought me two of yours, dated October 20th, and November the third, which were extremely welcome. I writ to you from Turin and from Genoa, and laſt poſt from Venice, to let you know I was got well hither. Mr. W—— came with me all the way, and I aſſure you he is a very good Whig, as well as a very pretty gentleman. How far his father's authority may force him to change his ſentiments when he comes to England, I cannot tell; but they are now entirely agreeable to the excellent underſtanding he is maſter of. I receive your leſſon of œconomy as a great and important truth, which I cannot too often ſet before me, and which I have too much neglected. I know that extravagance and ill management have made as many rogues as avarice; and that liberty is inconſiſtent with the dependance which a broken fortune ſubjects every man to.

I ſhall go from hence to Rome in about fifteen days. The caution you give me in relation to the gentlemen of the Pretender's party, whom I may chance to meet with there,

is what I conſtantly obſerved towards ſome of the ſame perſuaſion whom I knew at Paris.

I hope you will have an eaſy ſeſſion of parliament; for ſurely the peace with Spain is a very popular one, and I am every day more convinced that the emperor's oppoſition will come to nothing.

The ſubject of part of this letter will not let me conclude it, without aſſuring you what a grateful ſenſe I have of your generoſity and goodneſs to me, which are infinitely beyond my deſerts, and demand ſuch returns as I can never make, though my life be ſpent in obeying you, as I fully reſolve it ſhall be. Adieu, my dear Sir; let me know often that you are well, and that you continue to love me. I hope it is needleſs to ſay, that I honour, eſteem, and love you more than any perſon or being upon earth, and that I remain

Your ever dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, Venice, Feb. 11th.

I HAVE yours of the 24th of December, with the duplicate. I anſwered that the poſt before laſt, and incloſed a copy of the former one, which I hope you received. I am glad to hear the land tax is diminiſhed; it is no wonder the city is diſcontented, for, if I do not miſtake, it is at preſent governed by Tory magiſtrates; and they are not of a humour to be pleaſed with any good ſucceſs to court meaſures. You have by this time, no doubt, been publickly acquainted with all the terms of the Spaniſh treaty, and I am perſuaded that you have found them honourable and advantageous. I cannot be of your opinion, that the congreſs will laſt much longer, or terminate in a war. The emperor has little to gain in Italy, and much to loſe; neither has he other reaſon of complaint, except that he did not give the law to Europe, as he would have done. I know that he is marching troops (I think they ſay 40,000 men) into his dominions here; but I ſhall not believe the reſt of Italy in any danger, until I ſee him ſend 100,000, which he is not in a condition to do; and even if he did make his utmoſt efforts, I ſhould doubt of his power to oppoſe ſo formidable a confederacy: but it is the opinion of this republic, which is a very good judge of politicks, that all theſe menaces will end in ſmoke; and that he is only doing as he has done

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at almoſt every treaty that has been ſigned theſe thirty years, delaying his acquieſcence or acceſſion, in order to be courted a little, and ſave his honour. I have more particular reaſons for thinking ſo, but they are ſuch as I cannot truſt to the common poſt.

I ſtaid here a fortnight longer than I deſigned, in hopes of going to Rome with Mr. Walpole; but an unforeſeen accident having fixed him here, I ſhall ſet out to-morrow quite alone, which will be very melancholy. I beg my dearеſt father to believe, that no ſon ever loved a parent with more tenderneſs, or felt his obligations to him with more gratitude, than his ever obliged and obedient ſon,

G. L.

P. S. When you ſee my lord H——, I beg you would make him my compliments upon his negociation, and the reward of it.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, Rome, April 12.

IT is impoſſible to tell you how ſincerely I am afflicted at your complaints about your head; I would willingly ſuffer any ſhare of them, if it was poſſible to caſe you by it. It is ſo natural to give advice upon theſe occaſions to thoſe for whom we are much concerned, that I cannot help ſaying you would do mighty well to try a journey to Spa, if it was only for exerciſe and change of air; I have known great cures performed that way upon people in your caſe, and it is a remedy you have not yet experienced. I writ to you about ten days ago, to tell you that I was pleaſed with Rome, and that I had ſeen Mr. ——, who is in good health, though a little upon the decline. I am going to Naples to-morrow, to ſtay about eight days, and ſo come back hither, where I propoſe to ſettle till the beginning of June; after that time, there is no ſtirring out of Rome till the end of September, on account of the infectious air in the Campagna; ſo that, as unwilling as I am to leave a place ſo agreeable to me, I am obliged to it, for fear of being a priſoner. I propoſe to paſs the great heats at Milan; though I cannot ſay I have any fixed deſign, becauſe my ſtay in any place will depend upon my liking the company, and above all upon the will of my deareſt father.

I believe you will have a mind to ſee me next ſummer in England, ſo ſhall endeavour to get out of Italy by the end of autumn.

autumn. I have received a moſt kind letter from Mr. Poyntz, in which he gives me very ſtrong aſſurances of a general peace, and that I may purſue my travels through Italy without impediment. Speaking of the manner of the treaty of Seville's being received in England, he ſays, "the ſatisfaction that it gives will much encreaſe, when it comes "to be known and felt, that, far from having made a *paix* "*platrée*, we are really upon better terms with Spain than "ever, and have the predilection over all the powers of "Europe in her friendſhip; which, I may venture to aſſure you in confidence, is really the caſe."

I here ſend you the verſes which I wrote to his excellency, and I hope you will not deem them a tedious poſtſcript to my letter*. I remain, dear Sir, your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, Rome, May 7.

YOUR commands ſhall always be received with an implicit obedience from me, however contrary they may be to my inclinations; or, to ſpeak more juſtly, I have no inclination ſo ſtrong as that of doing all I can to convince you of my love and duty to the beſt of fathers. I have been at Naples ſince my laſt; which I am very glad of, becauſe it lies quite out of my preſent road, and I muſt have left it unſeen. I ſhall go from Rome with a ſtrong imperfect knowledge of the great variety of fine antiquities that are in it; more time than I have paſſed here being requiſite to ſee them as one ſhould do. I ſhall paſs through Florence and Bologna, which are the moſt conſiderable places where I have not been; and embark at Genoa, for Marſeilles. I ſhall expect to find a letter from you at Paris, where I hope to arrive in about ſix weeks, if no accident prevents. I ſhould be inſenſible of praiſe to a fault, if I were not proud of the honour her majeſty does me, ſo much beyond any thing I could flatter myſelf with the hopes of; but I cannot help being very apprehenſive that I ſhall not anſwer the advantageous opinion ſhe has been pleaſed to entertain of me, from the partial report of my friends. Your ill ſtate of health makes me ſo uneaſy, that it will not let me take much pleaſure in any thing. If you like the incloſed verſes, I deſire you would give them to Mr. Pope, to whom I have taken the li-

* Theſe verſes are already printed amongſt the poems, p. 453.

berty

berty to addreſs them*. They contain a good piece of advice; and I hope it is given in a manner that will make it acceptable. In ſpeaking of Italy, I have confined myſelf to the decay of learning there, becauſe Mr. Addiſon has written ſo very finely upon every other point, in his verſes to lord Hallifax, that I durſt not think of attempting them after him. With great impatience to ſee you, I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, Admiralty, Nov. 18, 1734.

I DEFERRED the pleaſure of writing to you ſo long, that I might be able to give you a more certain account of the peace, which has been ſo variouſly reported, that I could form no judgement on the truth; nor am I now at all ſatisfied with what I hear of it, as I ſuſpect there is ſomething more at bottom; but what is generally ſaid, from the beſt authority, to be contained in the preliminaries, is as follows:

Firſt, The emperor to have Parma and Placentia, with all the Milaneſe, except the Novarois, and a ſmall diſtrict adjoining to it of little value, which is to be given to the king of Sardinia, *pour tout potage*.

The duke of Lorrain to marry the eldeſt archdutcheſs, to be immediately declared king of the Romans, and to have Tuſcany at the death of the preſent duke thereof. His brother to marry the ſecond daughter. Don Carlos to be king of the two Sicilies, with the emperor's conſent. Staniſlaus to renounce the crown of Poland; but to be put into the immediate poſſeſſion of the dutchy of Bar, with the name of king, and to have Lorrain at the death of the duke of Tuſcany. France to acknowledge king Auguſtus, and, after the death of Staniſlaus to reunite Lorrain and Bar to itſelf for ever.

You ſee at the firſt view of theſe articles, that France has acted in manifeſt contradiction to all their pretences and declarations in the beginning of the war. They declared, they entered into it with no other view than to ſupport the claim of Staniſlaus to the crown of Poland and their own honour, which was concerned in that election: they alſo proteſted, that they would not gain a foot of ground by any ſucceſs they might meet with in it, but conſider only the intereſt of their allies. Inſtead of this, they acknowledge king Auguſtus,

* Theſe verſes are printed above, p. 455.

make

make a peace prejudicial to their allies, and receive no other advantage or compenſation, but an encreaſe of territory after the death of Staniſlaus.

On the other ſide, the emperor is eſtabliſhed more advantageouſly in Italy than before. The preſent dominions of don Carlos are taken from him, his reverſion of Tuſcany alſo diſpoſed of in favour of the houſe of Auſtria, and the new conqueſts he has made left much expoſed; ſo that Spain has great cauſe to be diſſatisfied, as it is ſaid they are, even to the refuſing being included in the peace. Yet it is believed they muſt come in at laſt, not being able to carry on the war without France.

You will aſk, therefore, if there are no ſecret articles, what could induce the French to ſuch a treaty, which diſobliges their friends, to gain their enemies, at a time when they were ſuperior in the field, and in a condition to inſiſt on better terms? I can account for it but one way, which is this, that they ſaw, if they preſſed harder on the emperor, he would be driven, though contrary to his inclinations, to marry his daughter to don Carlos, by which alliance all the dominions of the houſe of Auſtria would come to be united in his perſon, and perhaps annexed to the crown of Spain, which would be the erecting of a new barrier againſt France, more ſtrong and more able to oppoſe them than any the houſe of Lorrain can ever conſtitute. They therefore choſe rather to make their peace, which gives the two archdutcheſſes to thoſe princes, and to themſelves no inconſiderable enlargement of their territory and revenue, than to hazard the forming of a power, which would reſtore that balance again in Europe which they have ſo long been labouring to break: and when once the archdutcheſſes are married, and there is no danger on that ſide, they may ſafely join with don Carlos a ſecond time, to recover his right in Tuſcany, and drive the emperor once more out of Italy. This ſeems to me no improbable conjecture, ſuppoſing there are no ſecret articles, either relating to Flanders, or the commerce of England and Holland: but there is room to ſuſpect ſome ſuch thing, if not a worſe and more dangerous deſign, ſince it is certain that, in contempt of our mediation, neither we nor the Dutch were conſulted in this treaty; but all the contending powers agreed together (as far as they are agreed) to make up their quarrels without our help, and even without our participation, which gives us a melancholy proſpect of their future intentions towards us, if not of ſome preſent ſecret purpoſe, which perhaps is the ſpring of their extraordinary

dinary proceeding. However, we must satisfy ourselves, and rejoice that a peace is got, whoever made it; for nothing was so dangerous to the ministry, as the continuance of a war, which they could neither have well engaged in, nor kept out of, had it lasted a little longer. I am apt to think Spain will come in before next spring, that is, before they can make a new campaign; and possibly the good offices of France for the restitution of Gibraltar may be made the price of their acception. They say the Dutch express the utmost anger at having been treated so contemptuously on this occasion. I do not give you this news as absolutely to be depended upon, but as the best I can collect from those on both sides who are supposed to be best informed. The reasonings upon it you may adopt or reject, as you think fit; for I am far from being clear in any part of them. They are probable speculations, and no more.

May you be always as well convinced of my love and duty towards you, as I am of your affection and regard to, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, Stowe, Sept. 11.

WHEN I came to lord B—'s, I found that Pope had excused himself from his visit there, as well as to Hagley; so was obliged to keep the horses to carry me to Stowe. Lord B—'s seat is a vast design; and when it has time to grow and form itself, there will be nothing in England equal to it, in the great French manner of long lines, extensive woods, noble downs, dry soil, and immensity of command. But at present it is only a fine sketch, and most of its beauties are in idea.

I cannot say it made me amends for the loss of Hagley, which indeed I never left with more regret. The desire of being with you would be enough to make me uneasy at parting from you; but my concern and apprehensions for your health add a good deal to that uneasiness. I am, with the truest respect, and much more affection than I know how to express, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR, Auguſt 11, 1737.

THE pleaſure we felt at the birth of the young p—eſs has been clouded ſince, by a meſſage from the k—, expreſſing the higheſt reſentment againſt his R. H. for carrying the princeſs to lie in at St. James's, though it was done at her own earneſt deſire; and when the danger ſhe was in of wanting all neceſſary help where ſhe was (there being neither midwife, nurſe, nor any thing there) gave the p—ce no time for deliberation. All theſe reaſons and more were modeſtly urged by his R. H. to juſtify his conduct, and to appeaſe the anger of the k— in a letter he wrote in anſwer to the meſſage; but not meeting with the ſucceſs which he hoped from it, and being ſtill forbid to wait on his m—, he wrote a ſecond, in which, waving all apologies, he aſked pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, and expreſt the greateſt affliction at lying under his m—'s diſpleaſure. To which no anſwer was given, but "that this letter being the "ſame in ſubſtance with the former, the k— would make "no other anſwer to it." Upon this foot it remains; but we have the ſolid ſatisfaction of ſeeing the p—eſs and child both in good health, and likely to continue ſo. I am, with the moſt grateful affection, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR, Auguſt 18.

I WILL make no excuſe for not writing to you ſooner, but that which I dare ſay you have made for me in your own thoughts, a very great and continual hurry of buſineſs. I am much obliged to you for wiſhing me at Hagley, and can truly aſſure you my wiſhes are there too; but it is quite impoſſible to think of it this year: howevever, do not be in pain for fear I ſhould be ill; for, though the town is ſo ſickly, by great temperance and conſtant riding about, I have made ſhift to eſcape this epidemical fever, and am every way better in my health than when you left me. The ſituation the p— is in does, I dare ſay, give you great concern, as well as me. No ſubmiſſion on his ſide has been wanting, to obtain a pardon for the fault laid to his charge, and avoid a rupture of which that could be the cauſe; but thoſe ſub-

miſſions have not been able to prevent one, and a door is ſhut to all further applications, by his m— having forbid him to reply. Another ſubſequent order has occaſioned ſome of his ſervants laying down their offices; and laſt Tueſday morning Mr. P—l—m, contrary to the talk of the court, and I believe to the expectation of the p—, reſigned the ſeals, which his R. H. unſollicited by me, and without my expecting it, immediately gave to me.

I need not tell you, that while my being in his ſervice would have brought any difficulty upon his conduct or mine, no conſiderations ſhould have induced me to accept of this, or any employment in his family; but thoſe doubts no longer ſubſiſting, I could not decline, with any reſpect to him or credit to myſelf, the honour of ſerving him in the way that he deſired. I am, with the greateſt reſpect and affection, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Cliffden, Oct. 22.

I CAME here yeſterday, to thank his R. H. for having augmented my ſalary £.240 a year, by putting it upon the ſame foot with that of Mr. M—y—x, under the k— when he was p—.

Beſides the convenience this will be to me at this time eſpecially, I am pleaſed with it as a mark of my royal maſter's regard to me in the preſent conjuncture.

I ſuppoſe, by this time, you have heard that all the thoughts of a winter's campaign in Old France are quite laid aſide; and I congratulate you upon their being ſo, as we both judged alike of thoſe deſigns.

There is very good news arrived from Germany; Prince Charles has entirely cut off all poſſibility of marſhal Mallebois joining, either Broglio or the compte de Saxe; upon which the former is gone back to Prague, where he probably muſt ſoon periſh, or ſurrender at diſcretion. The latter is ſo diſguſted, that it is ſaid he will lay down his command; and Mallebois is preparing to march back into France, or at leaſt to the French frontier, having declared to the emperor, that he can do him no further ſervice this year in Germany. The elector of Saxony has refuſed to let him have the proviſions he had depended upon being ſupplied with out of his territories, and it is talked as if the Engliſh army would march to

intercept

intercept his retreat; but that I very much doubt. Belleisle is absolutely disgraced, and the German war appears to be quite given up by the French. I believe you may depend upon these accounts being true, as they come from the best authority; but if all is not true, so much at least is certain, that the court is extremely elate upon it. I wish things looked as well at home; but they bear a very gloomy face; the discontent of mankind in general being higher than ever, and a very troublesome session expected.—I can most truly say, that nobody can feel for you with more affection than, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

P. S. There are letters to-night, confirming what I have told you of the state of the French in Germany, and which further add, that Bencuelan, the Austrian general in Bavaria, has received a strong reinforcement.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, Argyle-street, Feb. 22, 1743.

WE have just saved the sugar colonies from a scheme that would, I believe, have been very hurful to them; and, instead of it, agreed to-day to the taking the surplus arising from the late duty upon malt spirits, which will give us a fund to borrow the rest of the money we want, at 3 *per cent.* A little time will, I suppose, clear up the mystery of what France designs; as yet it seems very unaccountable, if they have not a greater force in the Mediterranean than the government here has any reason to think that they have. The Brest fleet might have gone thither three weeks ago, without our being able to hinder, or follow them. Why they did not, I have not yet heard any satisfactory cause assigned; perhaps a few days more will enable us to form a true judgement, whether they have acted wisely, or played the fool.

We have sad intelligence; but from such as we have, we learned to-day, that four or five of their men of war are in a part of the Flemish road, which they call the Graveline pits, where it is hoped Sir John Norris may meet with them, and give a good account of them. What is become of the rest of their fleet, nobody knows. You will think that very strange, but we are so used to it here, nobody wonders at

it; such a state of ignorance being at present the natural state of our government. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

G. L.

LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR, May 5, 1744.

MR. West comes with us to Hagley, and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too. His Seasons will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in private letters from Germany, of the king of Prussia's having drank himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time. Those letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his m—y drew his sword, and would have killed the officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the k—, who was immediately shut up, and the q—n, his mother, has taken the regency upon herself till his recovery. I do not give you this news for certain, but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, he is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.

The king of Sardinia's retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that town, certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as any decisive advantage gained by the enemy, because the passes that still remain, are much stronger than those they have forced. We expect, with impatience, to know what will be the effect of the Dutch embassador to Paris.

I pray God the summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you. It is the only thing wanting, to make Hagley park a paradise.

Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death; his case is a dropsy, and he wants strength of nature to bear the necessary evacuations for the cure of that distemper. I feel his loss very sensibly; for, beside the public marks he has given me of his esteem, he has late

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ly expreſſed the moſt tender friendſhip for me, both to myſelf and others, which, at ſuch a time, affects one more than any compliment paid while he was in health.

I am, with the trueſt reſpect and affection, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 17, 1747.

IT is a moſt ſenſible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being ſo bad with the ſtone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Laſt night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was ſo much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneaſineſs for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found ſhe had been much worſe again, ſo that our alarm was as great as ever: ſhe has ſince mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard laſt poſt; only that ſuch frequent relapſes give one more cauſe to fear that the good ſymptoms, which ſometimes appear, will not be laſting. On the other hand, by her ſtruggling ſo long, and her pulſe recovering itſelf ſo well as it does after ſuch violent flurries, and ſuch great ſinkings, one would hope that nature is ſtrong in her, and will be able, at laſt, to conquer her illneſs.

Sir Edward Hulſe ſeems now inclined to truſt to *that*, and to trouble her with no more phyſic; upon which condition alone ſhe has been perſuaded to take any food to day. Upon the whole, her caſe is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing poſitively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as ſevere a trial as it can well ſuſtain; more indeed, than I thought it could have borne; and you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will make uſe of all the ſupports that religion or reaſon can give me, to ſave me from ſinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains, that of my loſs, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty ſupports

me above my own ſtrength, for the ſake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the reſignation with which I endeavour to ſubmit to his will. If it pleaſe him, in his infinite mercy, to reſtore my dear wife to me, I ſhall moſt thankfully acknowledge his goodneſs; if not, I ſhall moſt humbly endure his chaſtiſement, which I have too much deſerved.

Theſe are the ſentiments with which my mind is replete: but as it is ſtill a moſt bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it muſt not paſs from me, it is impoſſible for me to foretell: but I hope the beſt. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful diſtemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert W— would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not ſo ill. However, his mind leans always to hope, which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be ſure, we ought not yet to deſpair; but there is much to fear, and a moſt melancholy interval to be ſupported, before any certainty comes—God ſend it may come well at laſt! I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt afflicted, but moſt affectionate ſon,

G. L.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR, April 25, 1747.

WHATEVER compliments have been made me about my laſt ſpeech (which have indeed been more than I ever received upon any other occaſion), I can very truly aſſure you, they did not give me one thouſandth part of the pleaſure which I feel from the ſatisfaction that you expreſs on that account. To have you pleaſed with my conduct, and to contribute in any manner to your happineſs, is the ſupreme joy of my heart, and the beſt object of my ambition. Your affectionate prayers for me will, I do not doubt, draw down the divine favour upon me, and bring conſolation to me in that affliction which ſtill hangs heavy upon me, though I do my utmoſt to bear up againſt it. I pray God to enable me to deſerve your bleſſing, and conſider both the good and the evil of this world as of no very great moment, except in the uſe that we make of both.

The laſt mail from Holland brings an account that the prince of Orange was on Wedneſday laſt declared in full

form

form ſtadtholder of the Seven Provinces, Beſides the preſent effects of this great revolution, which I hope will be good and beneficial to us if a right uſe be made of it, the ſolid and permanent union, that in all probability will be eſtabliſhed by it between us and the Dutch, muſt be a great future advantage. The duke is at the head of a brave army of 110,000 men, within ſix miles of Antwerp; he cannot ſtay there two days, for want of forage and other neceſſaries, without either taking the town, or beating the French.

To do the firſt, he muſt begin by doing the laſt (as I heard general Huſke ſay to-day) and it will be no eaſy matter; becauſe they are poſted upon very ſtrong ground.

Poſſibly he may contrive by marches and counter-marches to get beyond them, but it appears a difficult work. If a batttle is fought where they are now, it will be a bloody one. I wait with anxious impatience for the event.

There has been a ſmart ſkirmiſh between one part of our army, and a detachment of theirs, to our advantage; 1000 French being killed, with no conſiderable loſs on our ſide. This will help to put ſpirit into our troops, who are already in very good heart. We hear that Medley has picked up a whole Spaniſh regiment going to Genoa (I wiſh it had been a French one) and 200 French. I forgot to mention that Sas Van Ghent is ſaid to be taken, but Hulſt ſtill holds out. Theſe however are petty events, compared to the great one in view. If one could credit a report that is come of Genoa's being taken, that would be ſomething. But the poſt is going out; ſo I can add no more, but that I am, moſt affectionately, dear Sir,

Your dutiful ſon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR, London, April, 26, 1748.

I MOST heartily wiſh you joy of the happy and amazing event of the preliminaries being ſigned, at a time when even the moſt ſanguine among us expected nothing but ruin from the continuance of the war, and almoſt deſpaired of a peace; in a month's time or leſs, not only Maeſtricht would have been taken, but Holland invaded; and the d— of C———, to oppoſe that invaſion, had ſcarce a third part of the enemy's force. Orders had alſo

been given to blow up and demoliſh all the fortifications of Tournay, Ypres, Namur, and Bergenopzoom.

Yet the peace we have obtained is upon the whole a better for England, than that which was offered laſt year by count Saxe. Neither the diſtreſſes of France with regard to her commerce and her finances, though very great, nor any other apparent cauſe can ſufficiently account for her granting ſuch a peace, and ſtopping ſhort in the midſt of ſuch a career. It muſt be the work of a faction in her court, which our miniſters have had the good ſenſe to avail themſelves of; and it has drawn us out of greater diſtreſſes and difficulties than can be conceived by thoſe who do not know the interior of our affairs. Had we been in the ſituation of France, and France in ours, I will venture to ſay, no Engliſh miniſter would have dared to ſign ſuch a peace, not even thoſe miniſters who ſigned the peace of Utrecht. In ſhort, *it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.* The court of Vienna is angry at preſent, but ſhe muſt come to reaſon ſoon; and had we ſtayed to make peace till ſhe was pleaſed, we muſt have ſtayed till our utter deſtruction. The king of Sardinia has not yet ſigned; but his language is much more moderate than hers, and no doubt he will ſoon come in. His miniſter here ſays, had he been at Aix, he would not have heſitated to ſign one moment. There can be no doubt of the acquieſcence of Spain to what France has ſtipulated for her, though the Spaniſh miniſter has not yet ſet his hand to it.

Adieu, dear Sir! may the good news revive your ſpirits, and be a conſolation to you for my poor mother's death! Kiſs my ſon for me, give him my bleſſing; and tell him, I now hope he will inherit Hagley, inſtead of ſome French marquis, or Highland laird, who I was afraid would have got it if the war had continued. I am, dear Sir, with the utmoſt affection,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſon,

G. L.

N. B. Maeſtricht is given up to France, to be re-delivered to us again.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT

OF

A JOURNEY INTO WALES:

IN TWO LETTERS

TO

MR. BOWER.

LETTER I.

Brynker, in Carnarvonſhire, July 6, 1756.

I WRITE this from the foot of Snowdon, which I propoſed to aſcend this afternoon; but, alas! the top of it, and all the fine proſpects which I hoped to ſee from thence, are covered with rain: I therefore ſit down to write you an account of my travels thus far, as I promiſed when I left you, and to ſatisfy your deſire of ſeeing North Wales in deſcription at leaſt, ſince you are not at leiſure to accompany me thither.

I ſet out from Bewdley, with Mr. D— and Mr. P—, on Tueſday laſt. In our way thence to Ludlow, we ſaw Sir E. B——'s, in a charming ſituation for the beauty of the proſpects, but too much expoſed, and in a dirty country. The houſe is ſpoiled by too large and too fine a ſtair-caſe and hall, to which the other rooms are by no means proportioned. Some of them are wainſcotted and inlaid very finely. There is a park, which would be more beautiful, if the maſter of it had a little more taſte. I hear his ſon has a good one; but the baronet himſelf hath not much more than his anceſtor, who was killed by E. Douglas, at the battle of Shrewſbury. From this place we proceeded to the Clee Hill, a mountain you have often ſeen from my park; it affords a lovely proſpect on every ſide, but it is more difficult to paſs over than any in Wales, that I have yet ſeen; being covered all over with looſe ſtones, or rather with pieces of rocks. However, we paſſed it without any hurt to ourſelves or horſes.

Ludlow is a fine, handſome town, and has an old caſtle, now in a neglected and ruinous ſtate; but which, by its remains, appears to have been once a very ſtrong fortreſs, and

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an habitation very ſuitable to the power and dignity of the lord preſident of Wales, who reſided there. Not far from this town is Okely Park, belonging to lord Powis, and part of that foreſt which Milton, in his maſque, ſuppoſes to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquiſhed: but, at the revolution of every ſeven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town; as lord Powis knows to his coſt, for he has ſpent twenty or thirty thouſand pounds in entertaining them at theſe ſeaſons; which is the reaſon that he has no houſe at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the ſituation deſerves it; for there are many ſcenes, which not only Comus, but the lady of Milton's maſque, would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of, from a man of good taſte; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we paſſed through a country very romantic and pleaſant, in many ſpots; in which we ſaw farms ſo well ſituated, that they appeared to us more delightful ſituations than Clermont or Burleigh. At laſt we came by a gentleman's houſe, on the ſide of a hill opening to a ſweet valley; which ſeemed to be built in a taſte much ſuperior to that of a mere country eſquire. We therefore ſtopt, and deſired to ſee it, which curioſity was well paid for: we found it the neateſt and beſt houſe, of a moderate ſize, that ever we ſaw. The maſter, it ſeems, was bred to the law, but quitted the profeſſion about fifteen years ago, and retired into the country, upon an eſtate of £.500 *per annum*, with a wife and four children; notwithſtanding which incumbrances, he found means to fit up the houſe in the manner we ſaw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hill about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable proſpect ſeen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you ſee how vulgar minds value ſuch improvements, I muſt tell you an anſwer made by our guide, who was ſervant to lord Powis's ſteward, and ſpoke, I preſume, the ſenſe of his maſter, upon our expreſſing ſome wonder that this gentleman had been able to do ſo much with ſo ſmall a fortune; "I do not, ſaid he, know how it is, but he is always doing ſome nonſenſe or other." I apprehend moſt of my neighbours would give the ſame account of my improvements at Hagley.

Montgomery town is no better than a village; and all that remains of an old caſtle there, is about a third part of a ruinous

inous tower: but nothing can be finer than the ſituation of it and the proſpect. It muſt have been exceeding ſtrong in ancient times, and able to reſiſt all the forces of the Welſh; to bridle them, it was built in the reign of William Rufus; three ſides of it are a precipice quite inacceſſible, guarded with a deep and broad ditch. I was ſorry that more of ſo noble a caſtle did not remain, but glad to think, that, by our incorporating union with the Welſh, this and many others, which have been erected to ſecure the neighbouring counties of England againſt their incurſions, or to maintain our ſovereignty over that fierce and warlike people, are now become uſeleſs.

From hence we travelled, with infinite pleaſure (through the moſt charming country my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint) to Powis Caſtle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago; but there are ſtill remains of a great houſe, ſituated ſo finely, and ſo nobly, that, were I in the place of lord Powis, I ſhould forſake Okely Park, with all its beauties, and fix my ſeat as near there, as the moſt eligible in every reſpect. About £.3000 laid out upon it, would make it the moſt auguſt place in the kingdom. It ſtands upon the ſide of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, the town of Welſh-Pool, terminated with high mountains. The oppoſite ſide is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whoſe ſummits are rocky, and of groteſque ſhapes, that give variety and ſpirit to the proſpect. Above the caſtle is a long ridge of hills finely ſhaded, part of which is the park; and ſtill higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all deſcription. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, is to my eyes the moſt beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I ſhall find any place there ſuperior, or equal, to it; becauſe the highlands are all uncultivated, and the lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably ſhaded with hedge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn-fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large, and the mountains, that riſe like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the ſcene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, becauſe at Powis Caſtle they appear at ſuch a diſtance as not to deſtroy the beauty and ſoftneſs of the country between them. There are indeed ſome high hills within that incloſure, but, being

woody

woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place. We went from thence to see Pestill Rhaider, a famous cascade; but it did not quite answer my expectations, for though the fall is so high, the stream is but narrow, and it wants the complement of wood, the water falling like a spout on an even descent, down the middle of a wide naked rock, without any breaks to scatter the water. Upon the whole, it gave me but little pleasure.

After having seen the Velino, we lay that night at the house of a gentleman who had the care of lord Powis's lead mines; it stands in a valley, which seems the abode of quiet and security, surrounded with very high mountains on all sides; but in itself airy, soft, and agreeable. If a man was disposed to forget the world, and be forgotten by it, he could not find a more proper place. In some of those mountains are veins of lead ore, which have been so rich as to produce in time past £.20,000 *per annum*, to the old duke of Powis, but they are not near so valuable now. Perhaps, *holy father*, you will object, that the idea of wealth dug up in this place does not consist with that retirement. I agree it does not; but, all the wealth being hid under ground, the eye sees nothing there but peace and tranquility.

The next morning we ascended the mountain of Berwin, one of the highest in Wales; and when we came to the top of it, a prospect opened to us, which struck the mind with awful astonishment. Nature is in all her majesty there; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country. The enormous mountains, or rather rocks, of Merionethshire inclosed us all around. There is not upon these mountains a tree or shrub, or a blade of grass; nor did we see any marks of habitations or culture in the whole space. Between them is a solitude fit for Despair to inhabit; whereas all we had seen before in Wales seemed formed to inspire the meditations of Love. We were some hours in crossing this desart, and then had the view of a fine woody vale, but narrow and deep, through which a rivulet ran as clear and rapid as your Scotch burns, winding in very agreeable forms, with a very pretty cascade. On the edge of this valley we travelled on foot, for the steepness of the road would not allow us to ride without some danger; and

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in about half an hour we came to a more open country, though ſtill incloſed with hills, in which we ſaw the town of Bala with its beautiful lake. The town is ſmall and ill-built; but the lake is a fine object: it is about three miles in length, and one in breadth, the water of it is clear, and of a bright ſilver colour. The river Dee runs through very rich meadows; at the other end are towering high mountains; on the ſides are graſſy hills, but not ſo well wooded as I could with them to be: there is alſo a bridge of ſtone built over the river, and a gentleman's houſe which embelliſhes the proſpect. But what Bala is moſt famous for is the beauty of its women, and indeed I there ſaw ſome of the prettieſt girls I ever beheld. The lake produces very fine trout, and a fiſh called *whiting*, peculiar to itſelf, and of ſo delicate a taſte, that I believe you would prefer the flavour of it to the lips of the fair maids at Bala.

After we left the banks of the lake, where we had an agreeable day, we got again into the deſart; but leſs horrid than I have already deſcribed, the vale being more fertile, and feeding ſome cattle. Nothing remarkable occurred in our ride, until we came to Feſtiniog, a village in Merioneth-ſhire, the vale before which is the moſt perfectly beautiful of all we had ſeen. From the height of this village you have a view of the ſea. The hills are green, and well ſhaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom; on each ſide are meadows, and above are corn fields along the ſides of the hills; at each end are high mountains, which ſeemed placed there to guard this charming retreat againſt any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good ſtudy of books, one might paſs an age there, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and ſettle at Feſtiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honeſt Welſh farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his firſt wife he had 30 children, 10 by his ſecond, 4 by his third, and 7 by two concubines; his youngeſt ſon was 81 years younger than his eldeſt, and 800 perſons deſcended from his body attended his funeral. When we had ſkirted this happy vale an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the ſea, which is dry at low water. As we paſſed over the ſands, we were ſurprized to ſee that all the cattle preferred that barren place to the meadows. The guide ſaid, it was to avoid a fly, which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infeſted them in the valleys. The view of the ſaid ſands are terrible, as

they

they are hemmed in on each ſide with very high hills, but broken into a thouſand irregular ſhapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which ſeemed to be piled one above the other. The ſummits of ſome of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be aſcended. They do altogether ſtrongly excite the idea of Burnet, of their being the fragment of a demoliſhed world. The rain which was falling when I began to write this letter did not laſt long; it cleared up after dinner and gave us a fine evening, which employed us in riding along the ſea coaſt, which is here very cold.

The grandeur of the ocean, correſponding with that of the mountain, formed a majeſtic and ſolemn ſcene; ideas of immenſity ſwelled and exalted our minds at the ſight; all leſſer objects appeared mean and trifling, ſo that we could hardly do juſtice to the ruins of an old caſtle, ſituated upon the top of a conical hill, the foot of which is waſhed by the ſea, and which has every feature that can give a romantic appearance.

This morning (July 7) being fair, we ventured to climb up the top of a mountain, not indeed ſo high as Snowdon, which is here called Moel Guidon, *i. e.* the neſt of the eagle; but one degree lower than that called Moel Happock, the neſt of the hawk; from whence we ſaw a phænomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales; on the one ſide was midnight, on the other bright day; the whole extent of the mountain of Snowdon on our left hand, was wrapped in clouds, from top to bottom; but on the right the ſun ſhone moſt glorioufly over the ſea-coaſt of Carnarvon. The hill we ſtood upon was perfectly clear, the way we came up a pretty eaſy aſcent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards, and below, a vale, which though not cultivated, has much ſavage beauty; the ſides were ſteep, and fringed with low wood,

There were two little lakes, or rather large pools, that ſtood in the bottom, from which iſſued a rivulet, that ſerpentined in view for two or three miles, and was a pleaſing relief to the eyes.

But the mountains of Snowdon, covered with darkneſs and thick clouds, called to my memory the fall of Mount Sinai, with the laws delivered from it, and filled my mind with religious awe.

This afternoon we propoſe going to Carnarvon, and you may expect a continuation of my travels from Shrewſbury, which is our laſt ſtage. Through the whole round of them we

we heartily wiſhed for you, and your friend Browne, and your friend Mrs. S——, who is a paſſionate admirer of proſpects: and that you could have borrowed the chariot of ſome gracious fairy, or courteous enchanter, and flown through the air with us. You know I always admired Mrs. S—— for the greatneſs of her taſte, and ſublime love of nature, as well as for all her other perfections. Adieu, my dear Bower. I am perfectly well, *eat like a horſe*, and *ſleep like a monk*; ſo that I may, by this ramble, preſerve a ſtock of health, that may laſt all winter, and carry me through my parliamentary campaign. If you write to the Madona *, do not fail to aſſure her of my trueſt devotion. The moſt zealous Welſh catholic does not honour St. Winifred more than I do her. I wiſh you may not be tired with my travels; but you know I am performing my promiſe.

I remain your's, &c.
LYTTELTON.

LETTER II.

DEAR BOWER, Shrewſbury, July 14, 1756.

MY laſt letter ended in ſetting out for Carnarvon, where I arrived that afternoon. I had a very fine view of the ſea, and one of the fineſt towns I had ſeen in England or Wales; the old walls of which, with their towers and bulwarks, are almoſt entire; they are high and ſtrongly built. The towers are round, and rather more of the Roman than Gothic form of architecture. At one end they join to the wall of the caſtle, which is a vaſt and noble building, of which the outſide is likewiſe well preſerved, but the inſide is demoliſhed. The people here ſhew the remains of a chamber, where king Edward the ſecond was born, and received the ſubmiſſion of all the nobility in Wales in his cradle. The caſtle itſelf was built by his father, and is indeed a noble work.

As we rode from Carnarvon, the country about was ſoftened into a ſcene of the moſt pleaſing kind, and was rendered more ſo by the contraſt with that from which we came. We travelled along the ſhore from Menai, an arm of the ſea, as broad as the Thames, over-againſt lord Duncannon's. Our road led us over fine ſhady lawns, perfumed ſo with honey-ſuckles, that they were a *paradiſetto*.

* A lady, to whom her friends gave that appellation.

Over

Over gentle hills, from whence we had a lovely view of the Menai and the iſle of Angleſea, which lies on the oppoſite ſide of it, and then loſt them again in agreeable valleys, like thoſe of Reading, or the Hertfordſhire vales. We enjoyed thoſe ſcenes for ſome miles, till we came into a ferry, by which we paſſed into Angleſea, and landed at the ſeat of Sir Nicholas Bailey, which is the pleaſanteſt ſpot in the iſland. He has Gotherized an old houſe with good judgement and taſte. The view from it is charming; he ſees the ſweet country through which we had travelled, from Carnarvon to Snowdon above it, which ennobles the proſpect; the Menai winds, in a moſt beautiful manner, juſt under his windows; his woods ſhade the banks of it on each ſide of it, quite down to the water; above which, intermixed with them, are ever-green lawns, which, if helped with a very little art, would, together with his wood, make a garden, or park, of the moſt perfect beauty; but all is yet in a rude and neglected ſtate. From thence we went to Baron-hill, the ſeat of lord Bulkeley, above the town of Beaumaris, in the ſame iſland; it has a view of the ſea, and coaſt of Carnarvon, which is indeed very fine; but I think inferior to that of lord Edgecombe's, with which I have heard it compared. The houſe is a bad one; the gardens are made in a very fine taſte; but upon the whole, I like it much leſs than Sir N. Bayley's, though the reputation of the former is greater in Wales.

All the reſt of the iſle of Angleſea is a naked and unpleaſant country, without a tree or hedge to be ſeen in it, uncultivated ſtill from the obſtinacy of the people, in adhering to the ignorance of their forefathers; ſo that I am told it does not produce the tenth part of what the land is capable of, if improved by the agriculture of England. From Beaumaris we rode over the ſands, at low water, to Penman Mawr, a high and rocky mountain, the paſſage over which muſt have been very frightful, before they built a wall along the edge of the road, which ſecures you from the danger of falling down the precipice that is below it into the ſea; but with this guard it is very agreeable, the proſpect of the ſea and country being very fine.

I never ſaw any thing that ſtruck me more than the firſt view of Conway caſtle, to which we ſoon came after paſſing this mountain; it was built by Edward the firſt, in much the ſame ſtyle with that of Carnarvon; but ſtronger and more regular. The ſituation is noble, and it ſtands upon a rock of conſiderable height; inſtead of a ditch,

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three sides of it are defended by an arm of the sea, and four turrets that rise above the towers, besides two others at one end, standing below the others, about the middle of the rock, that over-hangs the sea. The walls between are battlements, and look very strong; they are, in some places, fourteen or fifteen feet thick, in none less than twelve. The whole together hath the grandest appearance of any building I ever beheld, especially as the walls of the town, which are built like those of Carnarvon, but with bolder and handsomer towers, appear right in one view to the eye with the castle, when first you approach it. All the outside remains, except one tower, as in the time of Edward the first; and that was not demolished either with battering engines or with cannons, but by the people of the place taking stones from the foundation, for their own use, whenever they pleased; the consequence of which was, the greatest part of the tower fell into the sea: but the upper part more surprizingly continues still firm in the form of an arch; and lord Hertford, the present proprietor, hath forbid any dilapidation for the future. We were told his grandfather would have lived in this castle, could he have purchased any lands in the country about; but finding none to be sold, he dropped the design.

I wish he had pursued it, for then we might have seen the inside intire; a sight which would have given me a great deal of pleasure. But now the floors, cielings, and roofs, are all taken away, so that we can hardly guess at its ancient magnificence. The hall must have been a noble room; it is 100 feet long, 30 wide, and 30 high; the roof was supported by very beautiful arches, which still remain. There are two chimneys in it, and it was well lighted. The stone-work of the windows is exceeding handsome. Had our friend Millar (the builder of Hagley house) been with us, he would have fallen down and adored the architect. The eight towers seem to have contained three very good bed-chambers each, placed one above another, besides some upper rooms. The chambers are 18 feet diameter, except one called the king's chamber, which has a bow window, gained out of the thickness of the wall; and the room is by that means extended about 30 feet; over the arch of that window, are the arms of Edward the first.

This and all the other chambers appear to the eye 12 or 13 feet high; but I am promised an accurate plan of the

whole by one of the country. It certainly merits very particular examination; but I ſhould have been more curious about it, had it been built in *Henry the Second's time.* From Conway caſtle, we travelled half a day's journey through a very romantick country, to Rudland, or rather Land-caſtle, the remains of which are leſs perfect than Carnarvon or Conway; nor was it ever equal to them, either in extent or beauty, which I am ſorry for, as *it was* built by *Henry the Second.* Not far from hence, at a place called Bodrudan, we paſſed a rainy day in a very comfortable manner, with an old acquaintance of mine, who is the lady of the caſtle, and hath forbid all depredations, which the people of the neighbourhood uſed to make, by taking it down to build and repair their houſes and pigſties, which would have demoliſhed it like the tower of Conway. The next morning we went to the tops of the hill, from whence we had a view of the whole vale of Clwydd, from one end to the other, which is equalled by none in England for fertility and beauty. There is neither mountain or rock to be ſeen in any part of it: after you turn your back upon Rudland, the hills on one ſide of it riſe very gradually by gentle aſcents: moſt of them are cultivated quite to their ſummits, others half way up; and when the tops are not encloſed, they are a fine graſſy down, like Clent-hill, and ſhaded and enlivened with wood, like the ſlopes in my park; but yet I prefer the ſcenes in Montgomeryſhire to this lively vale: there is a great beauty in this, but there is no majeſty; whereas there, as in the mind of our friend the *madona*, the ſoft and the agreeable is mixed with the noble, the great, and the ſublime. About the middle of this vale, upon the brow of a hill, ſtands Denbigh caſtle, a very fine ruin; it encloſes as much ground as Conway or Carnarvon, but hath not ſo much building. The towers of it are ſtanding at a very conſiderable diſtance from one another, being fewer in number; but they are in the ſame ſtyle of architecture, having been built in the reign of the ſame king, who by theſe ſtrong fortreſſes ſecured to himſelf and his poſterity the dominion of North Wales. The hall is ſtill pretty entire, and rivals that of Conway, except that the roof doth not appear to have been arched.

The towers are all in a ruinous ſtate; I think it a pity and ſhame to the owner, that more care is not taken to preſerve ſuch reſpectable remains of antiquity. When we left the

the vale of Clwydd, we went into a barren and mountainous country, which continued from Rythin as far as Wrexham.

The church of the latter is called one of the wonders of Wales; it does indeed equal, if not exceed, any in England. I have not deſcribed to you the cathedral of Bangor or St. Aſaph; the firſt I did not ſee, and I was told it was not worth ſeeing; the latter hath nothing in it to deſerve deſcription: nevertheleſs I ſhould be glad to ſee the dean of E—— well ſeated in either of them, or rather at St. Aſaph. From Wrexham we went to Wynſtay, the ſeat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Part of the houſe is old; but he had begun building a new one before his death, in a very good taſte. One wing is finiſhed, and that alone makes a very agreeable houſe. The view from it is the moſt chearful I ever beheld; it ſtands in the middle of a very pretty park, and looks over that into a moſt delightful country; but if the park was extended a little farther, it would take in a hill, with the view of a valley, moſt beautifully wooded; and the river Dee winding in ſo romantic and charming a manner, that I think it exceeds that of Feſtiniog, or any confined proſpect I ever beheld: among other objects that embelliſh the ſcene, there is a fine bridge of ſtone. Tell Mrs. C—— S——, I would have her leave Clermont, and the banks of the Thames, and build a houſe in this lovely ſpot. I will viſit her every year; ſhe will not be at any expence in making a garden, for nature hath made one to her hands, infinitely better than that of S——. Upon one of the neighbouring hills, which hath the ſame proſpect as this, one Mr. Yorke has a ſeat, which I only ſaw at a diſtance; and which, I am told by a lady at Shrewſbury of a good taſte, excels any Wales for natural beauty.

Indeed the country, for five or ſix miles, is of another temper, exceedingly fertile, and very romantic. While I was looking at it, I aſked Mr. P—, "Whether he thought it poſſible for the eyes to behold a more pleaſing ſight?" He ſaid, "Yes; the ſight of a woman one loves." My anſwer was, "When I was in love I thought ſo.

Our laſt viſit in Wales was to Chirk-caſtle; it was deſtroyed in the civil wars, and hath been rebuilt; it is a bad imitation of an old caſtle; the moſt diſagreeable dwelling-houſe I ever ſaw; nor is there any magnificence to make amends for the want of convenience; the rooms are large indeed in one part, but much too low; and the cielings are

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ſo heavy with clumſy fret-work, that they ſeem ready to fall upon one's head; it has a fine extenſive proſpect, but no other beauty of any kind, nor is the proſpect to be compared with ſome we have ſeen at the other caſtles in Wales.

I am, &c.

LYTTELTON.

FINIS.

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